

WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A 1939 GIRL

Silver Screen

c
ember



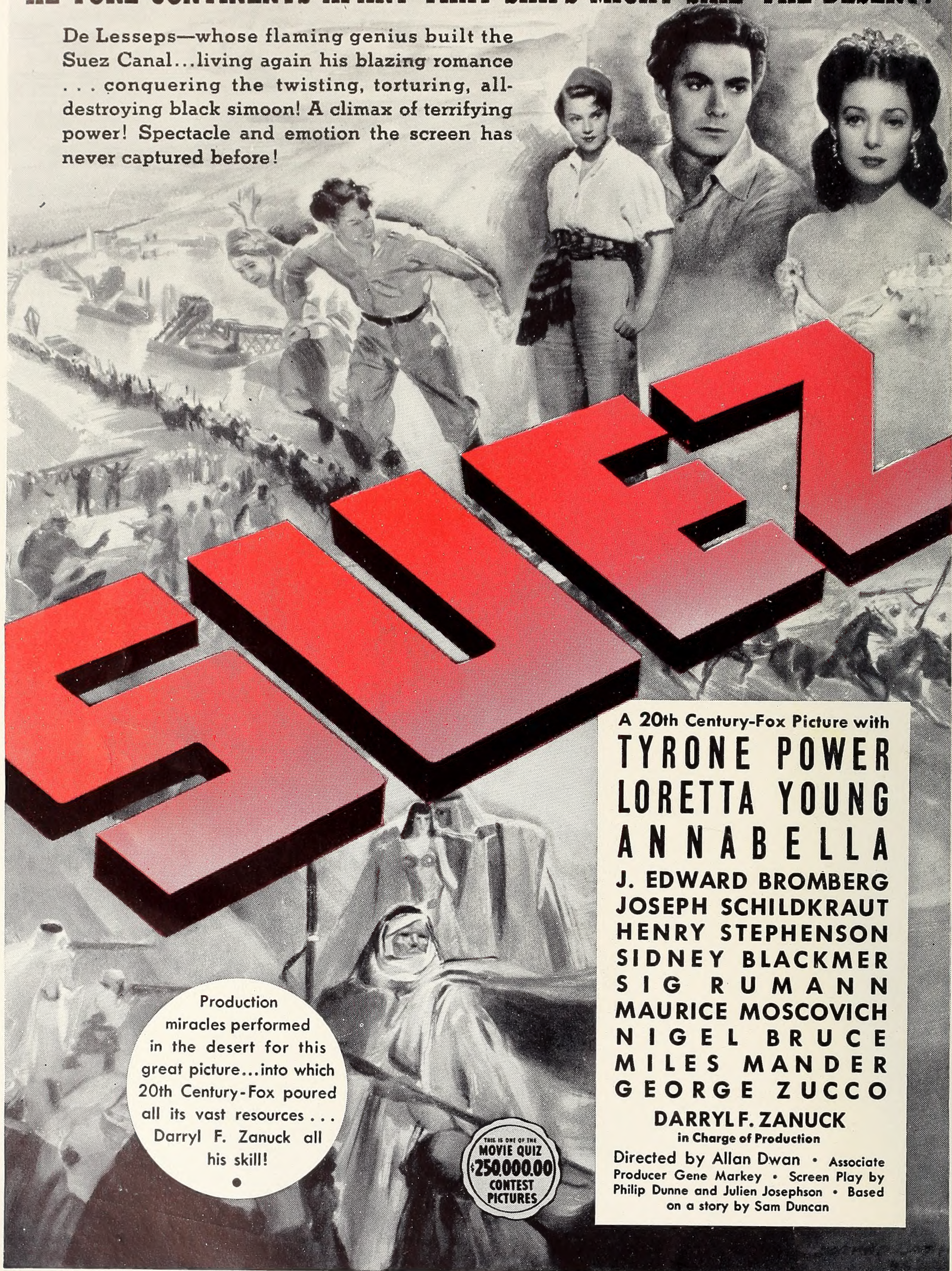
Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper in
"The Cowboy and the Lady."

"THREE FLOPS AND YOU'RE OUT!"

DRIVEN BY THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN . . .

HE TORE CONTINENTS APART THAT SHIPS MIGHT SAIL THE DESERT!

De Lesseps—whose flaming genius built the Suez Canal...living again his blazing romance . . . conquering the twisting, torturing, all-destroying black simoon! A climax of terrifying power! Spectacle and emotion the screen has never captured before!



A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TYRONE POWER

LORETTA YOUNG

ANNABELLA

J. EDWARD BROMBERG

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

HENRY STEPHENSON

SIDNEY BLACKMER

SIG RUMANN

MAURICE MOSCOVICH

NIGEL BRUCE

MILES MANDER

GEORGE ZUCCO

DARRYL F. ZANUCK

in Charge of Production

Directed by Allan Dwan • Associate
Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by
Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Based
on a story by Sam Duncan

Production
miracles performed
in the desert for this
great picture...into which
20th Century-Fox poured
all its vast resources . . .
Darryl F. Zanuck all
his skill!



"Well, I certainly did my smile no favor— Neglecting that tinge of 'pink'!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer
and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Foolish, foolish you! The loveliest smile in the world grows dim if neglected. And you neglected yours.

Oh yes you did! Of course you brushed your teeth every day. But you never gave a thought to your gums, did you? You suspected that first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush meant trouble, but you just didn't bother!

Well, today you're going to see your dentist (it's the sensible thing to do)! Today you're going to learn that gums as well as teeth need special care! And if he suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage you're going to follow his advice—if you want to recapture that lovely, appealing, winning smile!

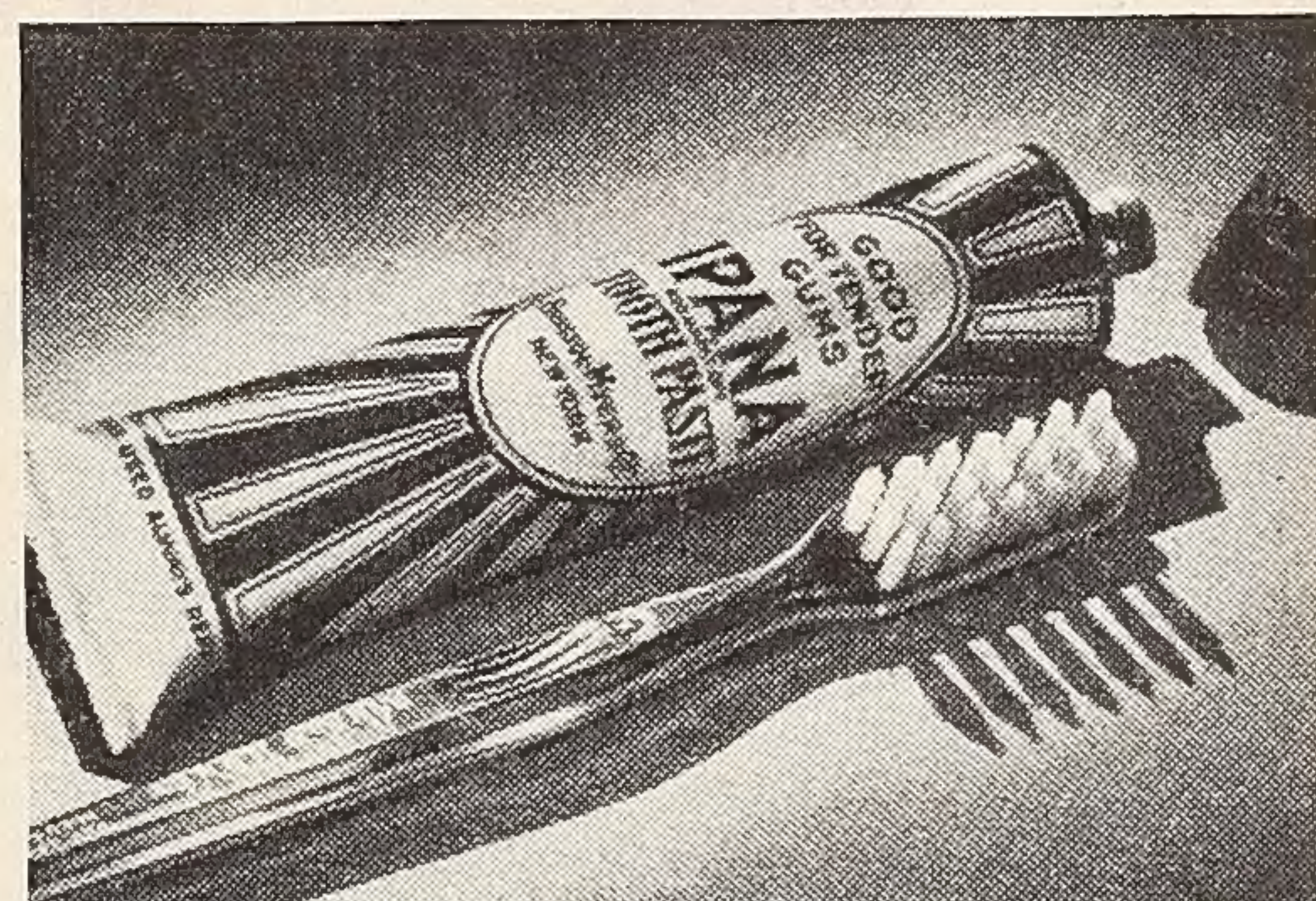
Guard Against "Pink Tooth Brush" And Protect Your Smile

IF you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. Let him decide if there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll say your gums are simply *lazy*—that they need more *work* to help keep them firm and strong.

All too frequently our modern foods are too soft, too well-cooked to give our gums the stimulation they need for better health. Understand this—and you'll appreciate why modern dentists so frequently advise the regular use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer—more resistant to trouble.

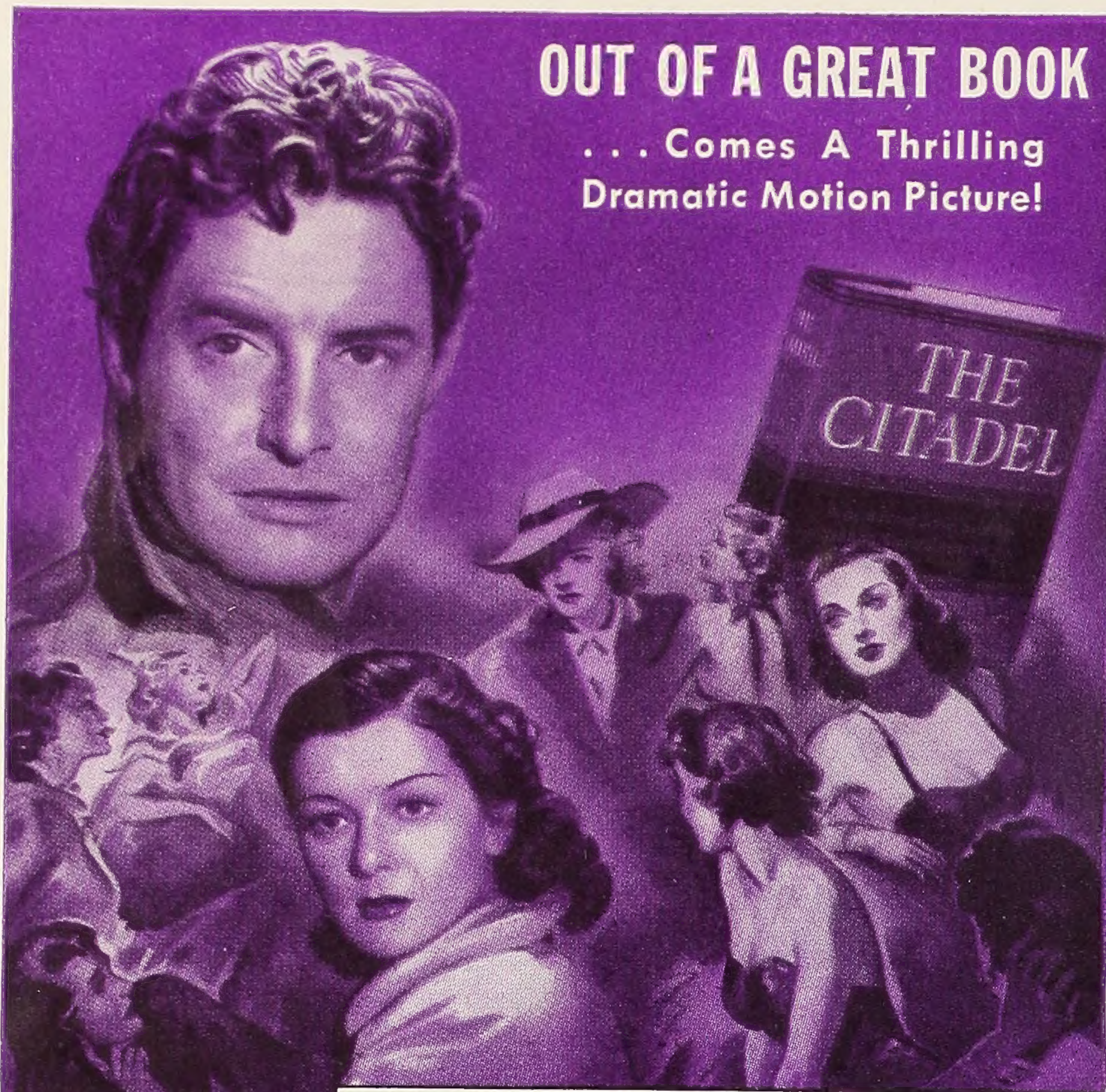
Don't risk your smile! Get a famous and economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to keep your smile a winning smile!



TRY THE NEW **D.D.** TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



OUT OF A GREAT BOOK

**... Comes A Thrilling
Dramatic Motion Picture!**

"Beautiful Women
will never let you
starve, doctor—
just cultivate a
bedside manner!"

THE

CITADEL

ROBERT DONAT
Rosalind RUSSELL

IN

A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION

Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin

with **RALPH RICHARDSON**
REX HARRISON · EMLYN WILLIAMS

Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple,
Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill. Addi-
tional dialogue by Emlyn Williams.
Produced by Victor Saville

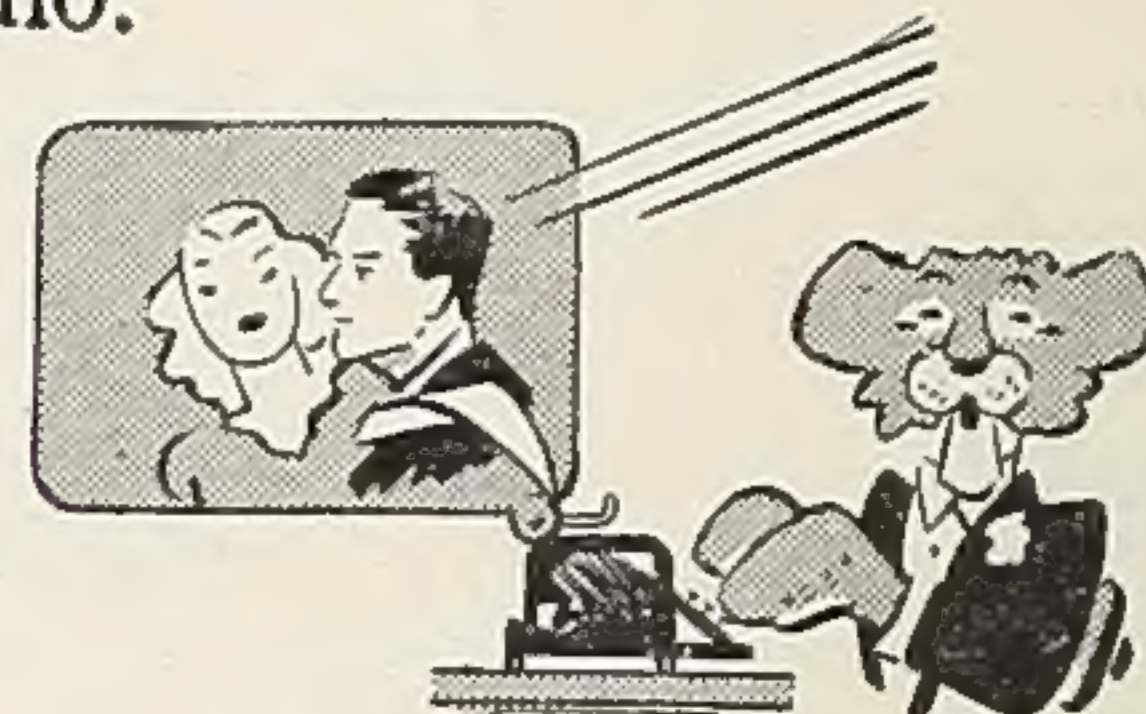
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



With everybody writing a col-
umn, I don't see why I should
not take a crack at it myself.

★ ★ ★

My idea is to tell you about
some of the Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer pictures and personali-
ties. And folks, I've got the in-
side dope on everything that
goes on in the world's greatest
studio.



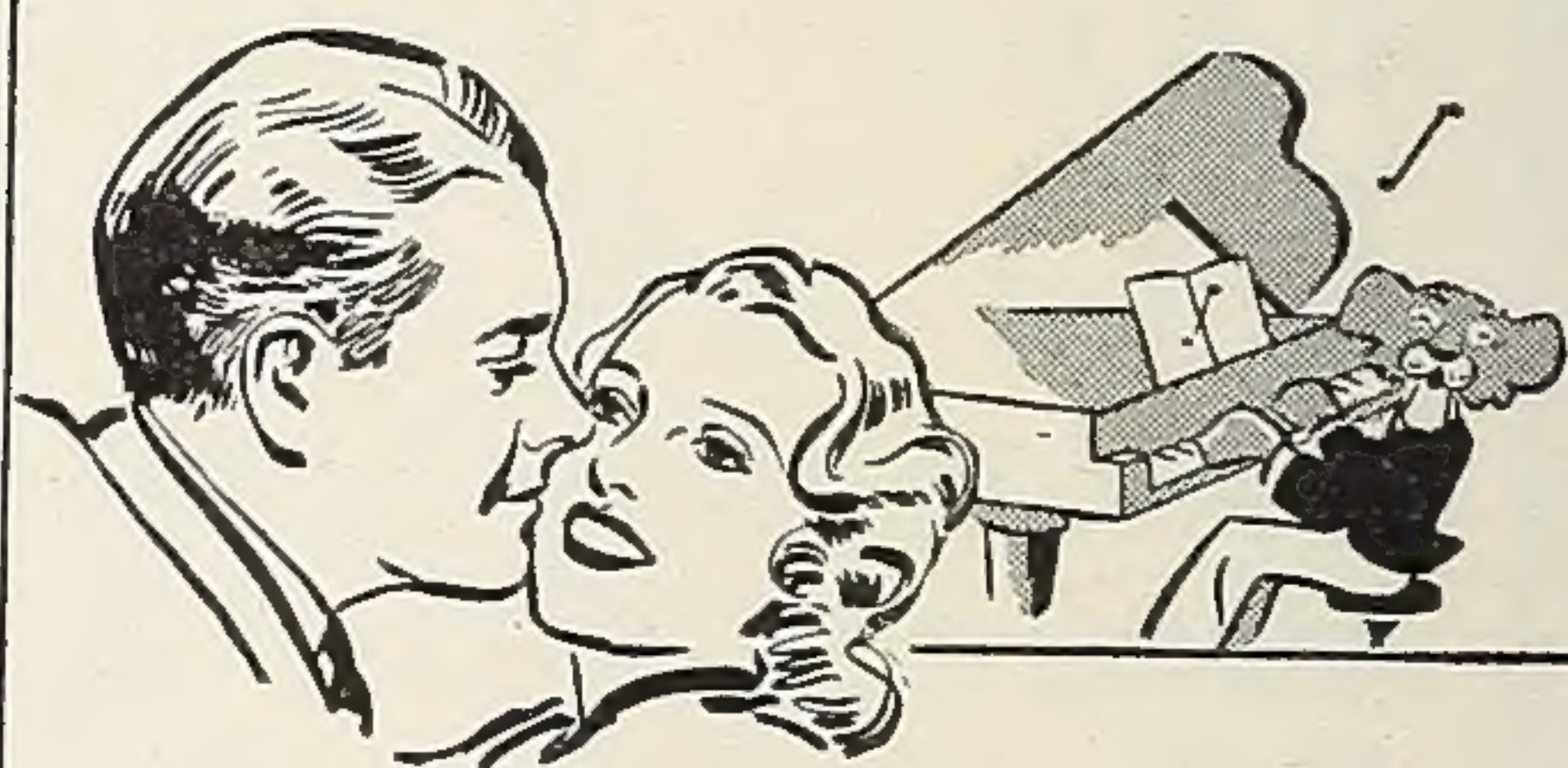
The late Will Rogers said all he
knew was "what he read in the
papers." All I know is what I
see on the screen (and what my
spies at the studio report to me).

★ ★ ★

You've read all about "The
Citadel" in our advertisement
on the left. It's made of the
sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer,
is "Sweethearts", which, with
appropriate fanfare, brings us
once again that thrush-throated
pair, Jeanette MacDonald and
Nelson Eddy.

★ ★ ★

"Sweethearts" is their first
modern musical. Modern as the
dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the
"glad girl") and Alan Campbell.



Hunt Stromberg, who produced
"Naughty Marietta", "Rose
Marie" and "Maytime", and
Director W. S. Van Dyke II,
are the sweethearts who give
us "Sweethearts"—and it's all
in beautiful Technicolor.

★ ★ ★

And if you want to hear more
about pictures, write for my
little book, "The Screen Fore-
cast," M-G-M
Studios, Culver
City, Cal. It's free!



Just call me *Lea*

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT!

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

LENORE SAMUELS
Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

	PAGE
WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A 1939 GIRL.....MARIAN RHEA	16
<i>The New Beauty Specifications</i>	
FLASHSHOTS.....JEROME ZERBE	18
<i>Café Society Launches The Winter Season</i>	
PROJECTION OF MERLE OBERON.....ELIZABETH WILSON	20
<i>The Girl With The Personality</i>	
CAPTURING JESSE JAMES!.....EDMOND OTIS	22
<i>On Location In The Ozarks</i>	
RADIO TYPES THEM FOR KEEPS.....RUTH ARELL	24
<i>What's Good Enough For The Radio—Is Good Enough</i>	
"CALLING ALL GHOSTS!".....ED SULLIVAN	26
<i>The Movie Houses Awaken The Headliners Of Yesterday</i>	
GAMES TO MAKE YOUR PARTY GO!.....GRACE SIMPSON	28
<i>Hollywood In Holiday Mood</i>	
"THREE FLOPEROOS AND YOU'RE OUT!".....LAURENCE MORGAN	30
<i>No Career Can Survive Bad Pictures</i>	
CHRISTMAS BETWEEN FRIENDS.....HELEN LOUISE WALKER	32
<i>Gifts That Have A Meaning</i>	
HEDY'S HERE!.....ROBERT JOSEPH	34
<i>Hollywood Adores Europe's Siren</i>	
ANOTHER EAST SIDE GENIUS.....S. R. MOOK	51
<i>John Garfield Adds His Name To A Famous List</i>	
PERSONALITY COMES IN ALL SIZES.....ANNABELLE GILLESPIE-HAYEK	52
<i>The Conquering Adolescents</i>	

MONTHLY FEATURES

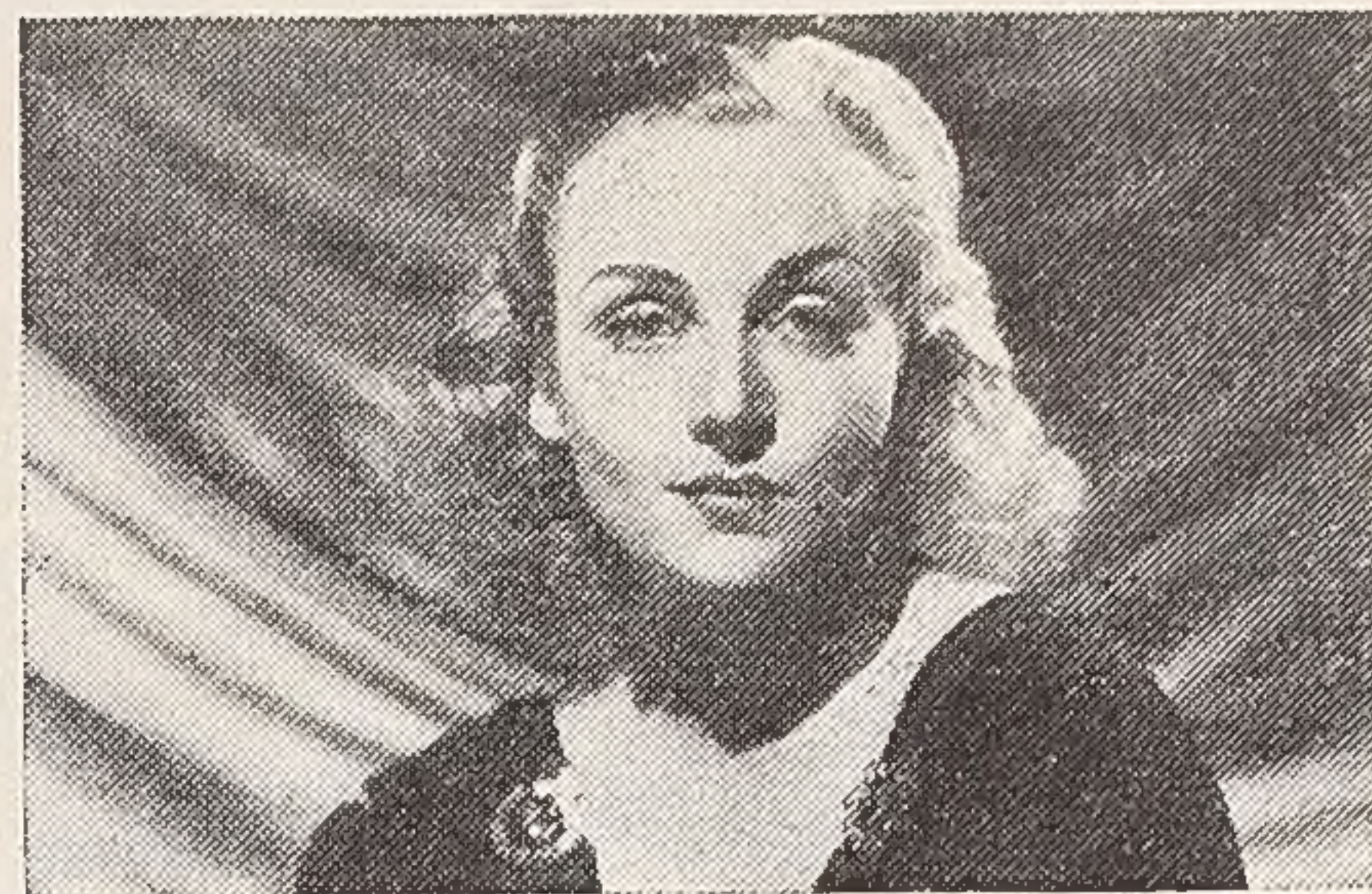
THE OPENING CHORUS.....	5
TIPS ON PICTURES.....	8
THESE DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS!.....MARY LEE	10
<i>Make Them Happy By Planned Giving</i>	
KEEP THIN WITH GELATINE AND ASPIC.....RUTH CORBIN	12
<i>Cold Dishes Are Nice For Light Meals</i>	
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS.....	15
PICTURES ON THE FIRE.....S. R. MOOK	54
<i>Silver Screen's Studio Survey</i>	
REVIEWS.....	58
WRITE A LETTER OF CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM.....	62
<i>Prize Awarded To The Best Letter</i>	
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....CHARLOTTE HERBERT	82
THE FINAL FLING.....ELIOT KEEN	82

ART SECTION

WE POINT WITH PRIDE.....	35
<i>To Mickey Rooney</i>	
THE GIRLS WHOM HOLLYWOOD IS WATCHING.....	36-37
<i>Stars Rising In The West</i>	
SPECIAL HOLIDAY PICTURES.....	38-39
<i>Where To Spend Your Christmas Money</i>	
PERSONALITY PLAYERS.....	40-41
<i>Is Glamour Taking The Place Of Art?</i>	
THE BIG PICTURE OF THE MONTH.....	42-43
<i>Silver Screen's Masterpiece Series</i>	
TOP-NOTCHERS.....	44-45
<i>This Season's Hats</i>	
SWINGING THROUGH THE NIGHT.....	46-47
<i>Glamorous Evening Gowns</i>	
PICTURES PLANNED FOR NOVEMBER RELEASES.....	48-49
<i>A Film For Every Mood</i>	
HOW TO SPEND \$2,000,000!.....	50
<i>Shooting "Suez"</i>	

COVER PORTRAIT OF MERLE OBERON BY MARLAND STONE

The Opening Chorus



Carole Lombard

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

Well, I guess you wish I'd stop playing games sometimes and get hep to the fact that there are such important things in this world as work and deadlines, but we might just as well face it, I am an escapist, and it's too late to do anything about it now. When there are drearier things for me to escape than work and deadlines, you can be quite certain that I will escape them.

Lately I have been playing a game in the better poolrooms—I mean playrooms—of Hollywood, which some people call "Geography" and some people don't call at all, being completely mystified by the whole thing. This game is guaranteed to salvage a party fast sinking into the doldrums; the guests who planned to leave at ten-thirty stay on to one and two trying to figure it out.

Now I shall tell you how to play this game so that you, too, can be the life of the party. If there is no one among the guests who has ever played the game (and always make sure of that in a quiet sort of way) you select one person to be in "cahoots" with you—preferably a mental type. I have chosen Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert with excellent results. Once, however, I chose a Glamour Girl, whom I discovered to my horror couldn't spell, but don't think I'm going to reveal her name—not with Christmas coming on I won't.

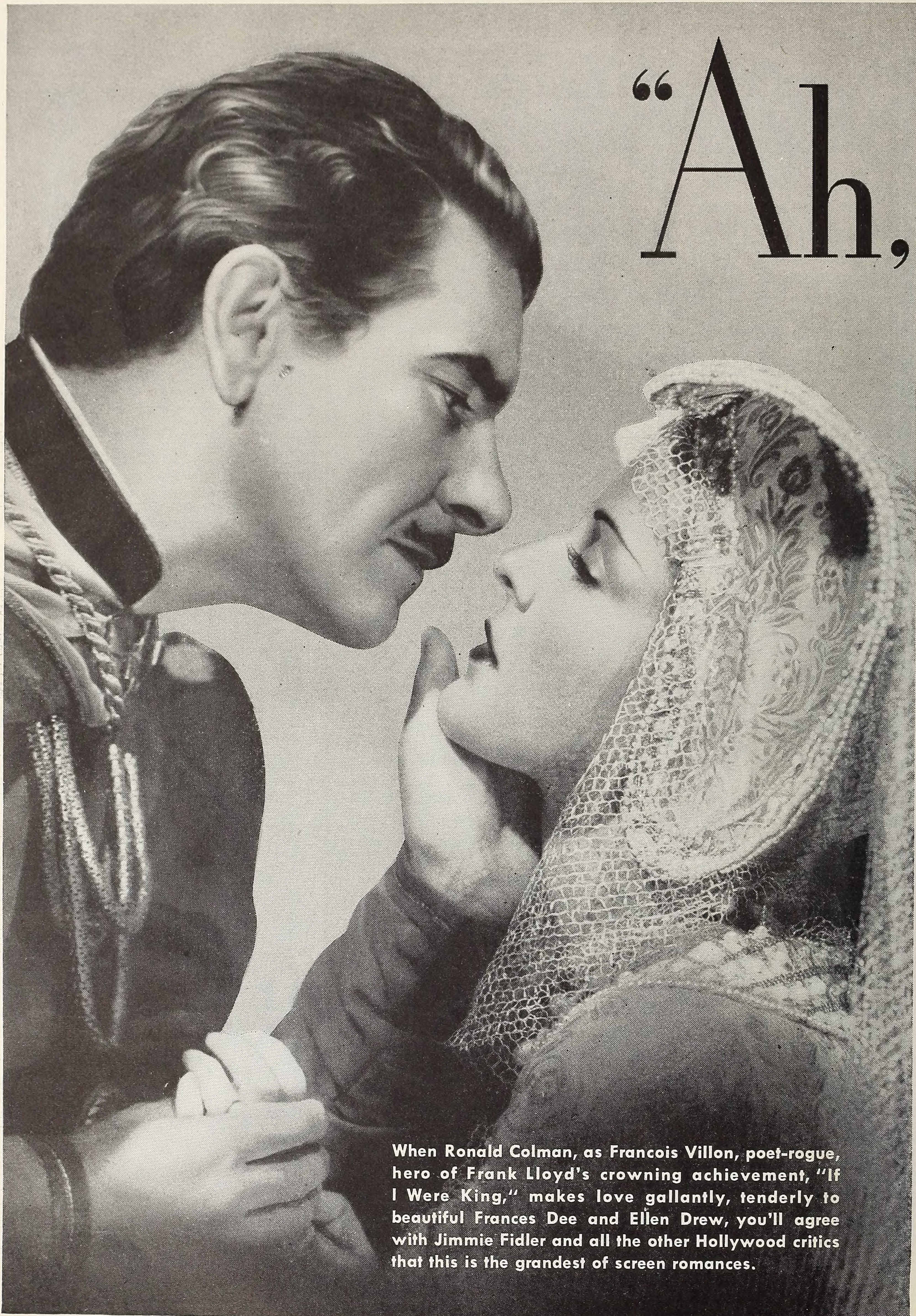
Now this is the way the game goes. You use the first letter of the name of a city, town or country for your consonant. The five vowels, a-e-i-o-u, stand for the number of days and weeks. Now, the great mental giant goes into the next room, and all the unsuspecting little guests decide on a name of a movie star—we'll take Tyrone Power for example—and the person in "cahoots" calls to the g.m.g and says: "I was feeling bored last month so I decided to travel a bit. I went to Peoria and stayed four days, and from there I flew to Washington, where I remained two weeks and then took a train for Richmond. There I stayed indefinitely." Immediately, just like that, the g.m.g bellows "Tyrone Power."

Well, you can well imagine, sooner or later some smarty is going to catch on to those consonants anyway, so to throw them off you turn it into symbolic spelling. For instance, the guests ask for Greta Garbo, so the person in "cahoots" says, "Last week I went to Florida where I stayed two days, started to leave but liked it so much I stayed two more days, and then I left and went to Texas." In the language of us mystics that spells "feet," and "feet" in any language means Greta Garbo.

Liza

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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“Ah,

When Ronald Colman, as Francois Villon, poet-rogue, hero of Frank Lloyd's crowning achievement, "If I Were King," makes love gallantly, tenderly to beautiful Frances Dee and Ellen Drew, you'll agree with Jimmie Fidler and all the other Hollywood critics that this is the grandest of screen romances.

Love . . .

IF I WERE KING

The stars would be your
pearls upon a string
The world a ruby for your
finger ring . . .

Adolph Zukor presents

Ronald Colman

in Frank Lloyd's

"IF I WERE KING"

with **Frances Dee • Basil Rathbone**

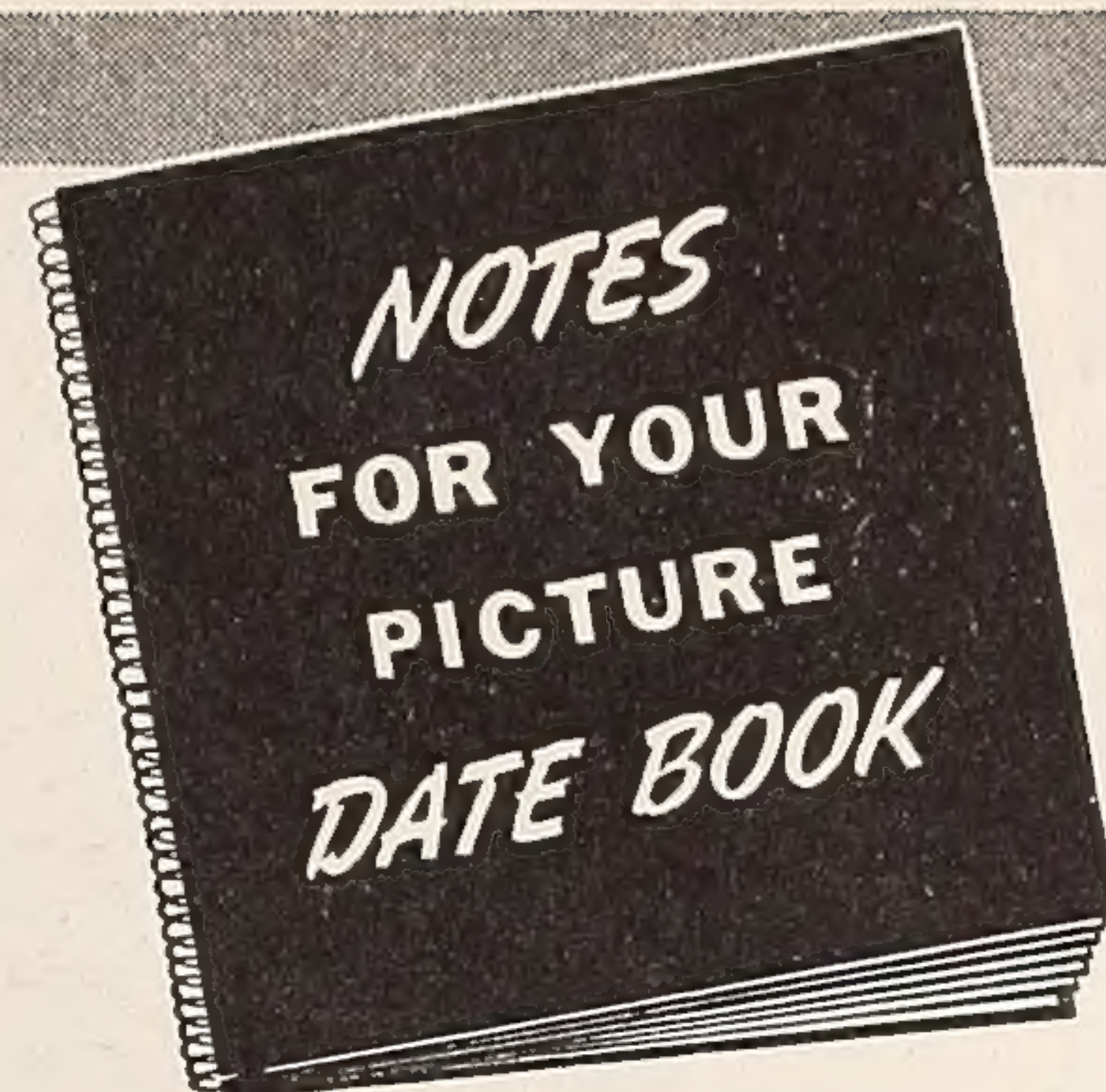
Ellen Drew • C. V. France • Henry Wilcoxon

Produced and Directed by Frank Lloyd

Screen Play by Preston Sturges

From the Play by Justin Huntly McCarthy

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



"Men With Wings". . .
the first aviation picture ever filmed completely in Technicolor, with its flaming romance, its thousands of thrills, its cast of thousands headed by such favorites as Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland and Louise Campbell, produced and directed by William A. Wellman, who created "Nothing Sacred" and "A Star is Born!"



"Escape From Leavenworth". . .

Paramount's punch-packed adventure yarn, formerly titled "The Last Ride," is now making its first appearances round the country, and if you've not already thrilled to the emotional impact of this thundering story of a man who could tame wild horses but couldn't tame his son, be sure you grab the first opportunity to do so. Critics call this Akim Tamiroff's top role.

**ASK YOUR
LOCAL
THEATRE**

when these
Paramount Hits Play



SWEET LIPS must be free from LIPSTICK PARCHING

"Sweet Lips!" If you long to hear these thrilling words, avoid Lipstick Parching!

Choose a lipstick that knows lips must be silky soft... as well as warmly bright.

Coty protects the thin, soft skin of your lips by including in every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick eight drops of "Theobroma." This softening ingredient helps your lips to a moist smoothness. In 7 ardent and indelible shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢.

"Air-Spun" Rouge To Match... Another thrilling new Coty discovery! Torrents of air blend colors to new, life-like warmth. The shades match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. 50¢.



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Tips On Pictures

Words To The Wise. A Few Hints On Where To Spend Your Evenings.



Lanny Ross and Gloria Stuart have evidently decided to "call off" all arguments during this tender scene in "The Lady Objects."

BOYS' TOWN—Splendid. Based on the true life story of Father Flanagan, who founded a little town called by this title out in Omaha, Nebraska, this film should capture the attention of all true humanitarians. Spencer Tracy plays the role of the loveable priest, and Mickey Rooney plays the Town's most unruly boy.

EDGE OF THE WORLD—Excellent. Tales of little known communities in far away corners of the world are always exciting adventures for us. This one, produced on the Island of Foula, off the Northwest coast of Scotland, concerns itself with the daily lives of a lonely group of Island natives and is intensely dramatic in spite of its great simplicity. Catch it at one of your arty theatres.

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Fine. A musical in the upper brackets, with Pat O'Brien playing the hard boiled manager of one of Hollywood's most exclusive night clubs, and Margaret Lindsay cast as his press agent. During a major predicament she unearths a hitherto unknown band led by John Payne and sees to it that her proteges "stay in the money." It has plenty of good songs and plenty of comedy, too. (Johnny Davis-Melville Cooper.)

GRAND ILLUSION—Excellent. This won a prize in France, where it was produced, a prize well-deserved, we think. To us it is superb screen literature, telling in the simplest possible way the thoughts and emotional reactions of a group of French soldiers sent to a German prison camp during the World War. The English subtitles make it very easy to follow, and in the cast you will find that old silent film favorite, Eric Von Stroheim.

LADY OBJECTS, THE—Good. Gloria Stuart cast as a very successful modern Portia married to a struggling young architect, Lanny Ross. Feeling definitely inferior to his wife in regard to money matters, Lanny takes a night job as the All-American Crooner at a smart cafe. Here he is accused of murder, on circumstantial evidence, and his wife proves her mettle by getting him acquitted.

MR. WONG, DETECTIVE—Good. This inaugurates a new series of films featuring an Americanized Chinese detective (who was given birth in Collier's magazine recently). This characterization does not borrow from Charlie Chan in any way, and stands up right smartly on its own account, especially as portrayed by Boris Karloff. (Grant Withers, Maxine Jennings, Evelyn Brent.)

MAN TO REMEMBER, A—Fine. A simple country doctor is the subject of this truly human story of life as it is lived from day to day and year to year by the rank and file of us. How important a part the family physician had to play

in the lives of the people depicted in this story is only appreciated, unfortunately, after his death. (Edward Ellis, Anne Shirley, Lee Bowman.)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Fair. This is a satire on the divorce colony at Reno and has its moments of humor, but they're not frequent enough. Hope Hampton plays the rôle of an opera singer who gets jittery when her wealthy ranch-owner husband demands that she give up her career. Result—a trip to Reno with fairly amusing results. Hope sings several operatic arias and several sentimental ditties, and acquits herself right nobly. Good cast includes Glenda Farrell, Randolph Scott, Helen Broderick.

SHADOWS OVER SHANGHAI—Good. It was inevitable that some company would eventually use war-torn China as the basis of a melodramatic film, and this is it. Good, too. It has all the ingredients needed to keep you interested—action, mystery, romance. And in the cast our old friends, James Dunn, Robert Barrat, Linda Grey.

SHARPSHOOTERS—Good. Beginning another exciting new series of films, to be centered in this case around a group of intrepid newsreel cameramen. This full length episode has to do with a mythical kingdom, the boy ruler of which is in desperate danger of having his life snuffed out by the country's political gangsters. (Brian Donlevy, Douglas Dumbrille, C. Henry Gordon, Lynn Bari, etc.)

STORY OF A CHEAT, THE—Splendid. A witty, extremely entertaining film produced, directed, and acted by the great Sacha Guitry, France's gift to the stage. It is philosophical as well as romantic—in fact has everything to capture the heart of all true lovers of distinguished foreign films. There are English subtitles to make it easy for you to understand. (Jacqueline Delubac-Rosine Doreau.)

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Good. After seeing this exciting football film, all your routing will go to the Army, especially with John Howard as the star and Mary Carlisle as the Major's pretty daughter. No, we're not telling you the plot. You already know it. But we can tell you that it's never been done better. (Robert Cummings-William Frawley.)

VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—Fine. The story of this may be pretty old stuff but it's told so spontaneously, and is photographed so beautifully against the natural setting of the gigantic California redwood forests, you'll like it all over again. Especially with Wayne Morris portraying the likeable young hero, Claire Trevor, the saloon owner who reforms, Alan Hale, the loyal lumberjack, and Charles Bickford playing the villain up to the hilt, as they say.

These are the

"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"



JAMES CAGNEY

as Rocky . . . "Sure, I got a past—the gutter! But I got a future, too! I'm going to take what I can get—until they get me!"



PAT O'BRIEN

as Father Connolly . . . "Rocky and I were kids together. I was lucky. He wasn't—or I might be headed for the chair now instead of him!"



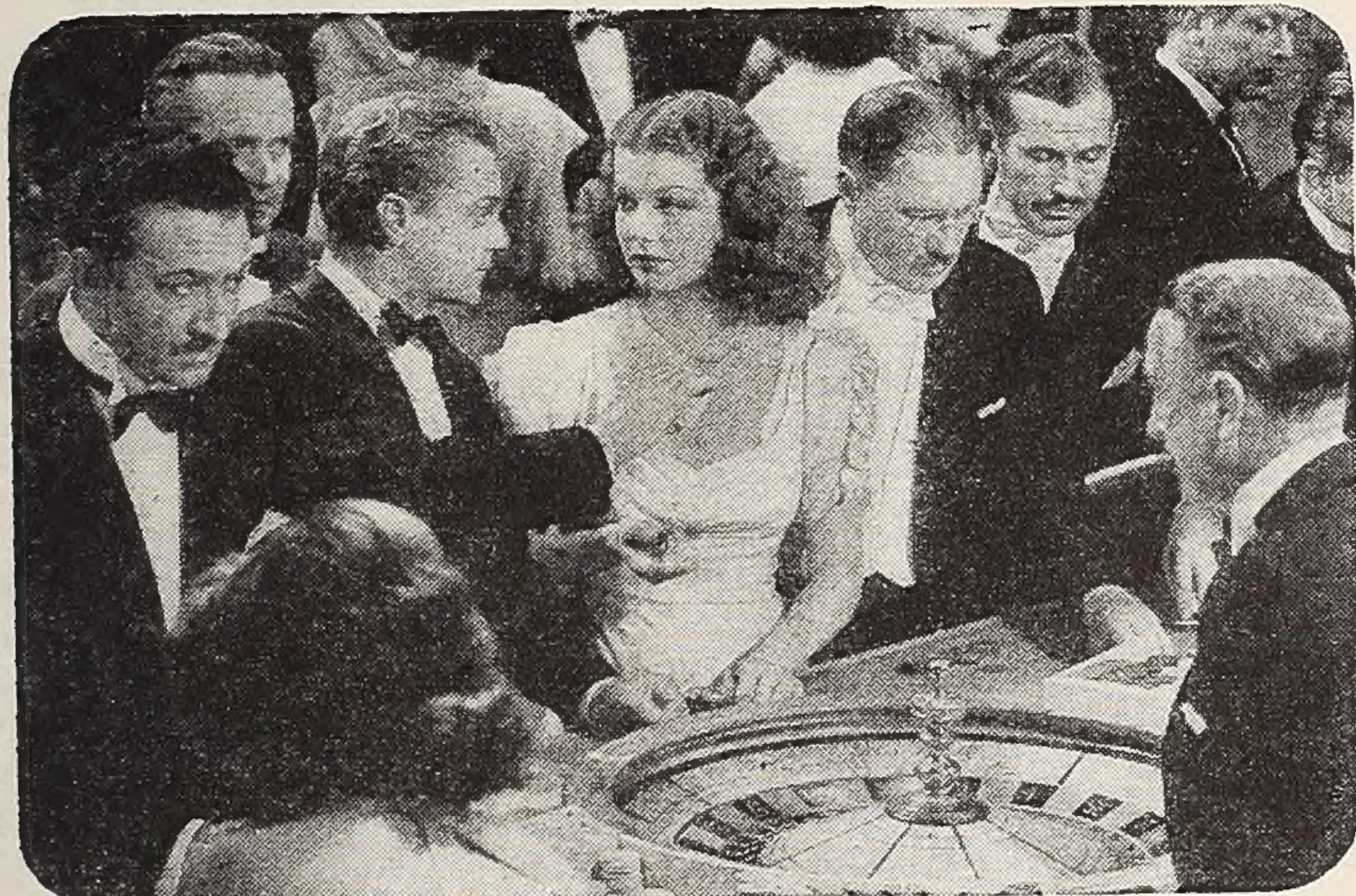
THE 'DEAD END' KIDS

as Themselves . . . Headed for crime—their lives are the prize in a battle between priest and killer!



HUMPHREY BOGART

as Rocky's Mouthpiece . . . "Rocky'll get you for this! I get away with murder—but you can't!"



ANN SHERIDAN as Laury . . . "I'm Rocky's girl—so what? I know I'm playing with dynamite. But it's better than washing dishes—so far!"



Hands up! Here's emotion aimed straight at your heart! Here's love battling hate in a fusillade of action! Here are two fighting stars in their glory!

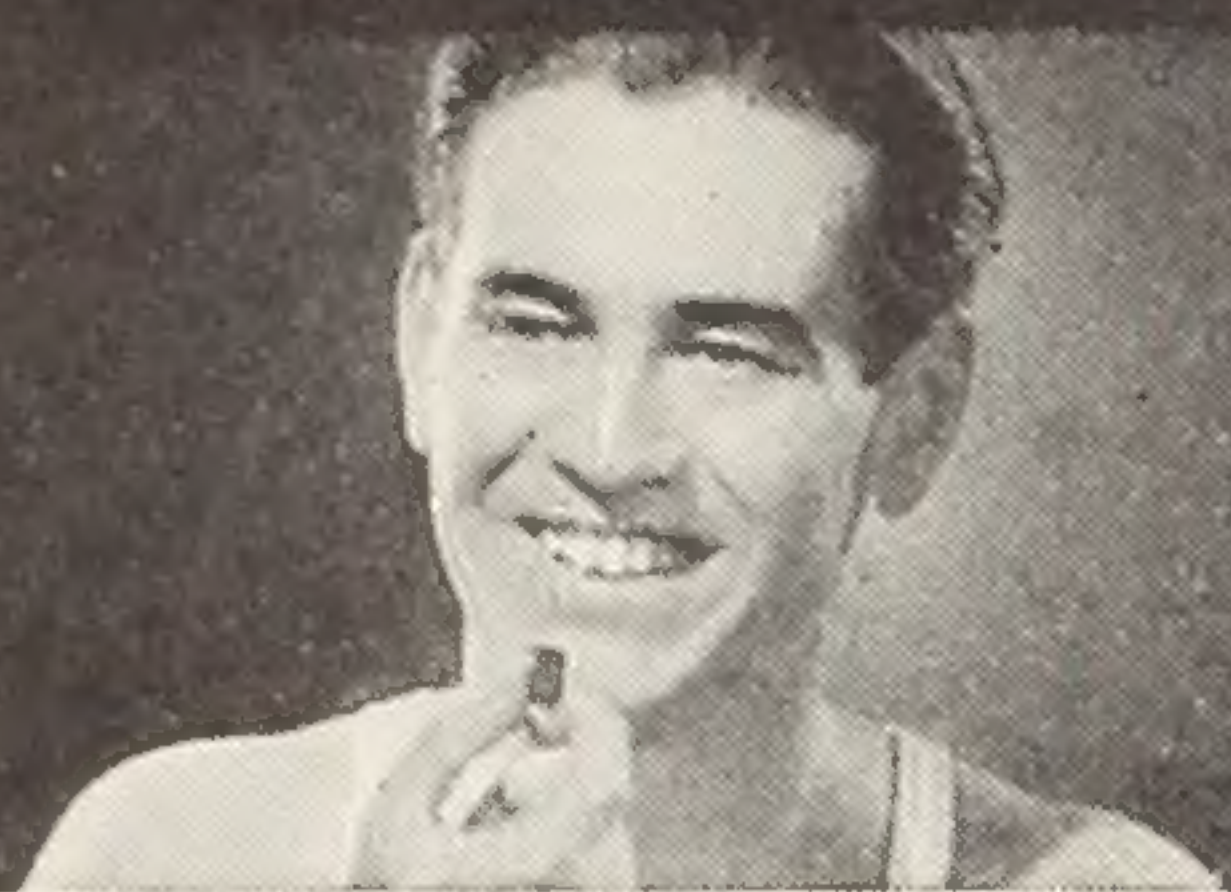
with GEORGE BANCROFT
Screen Play by John Wexley and Warren Duff • From
A First National Picture



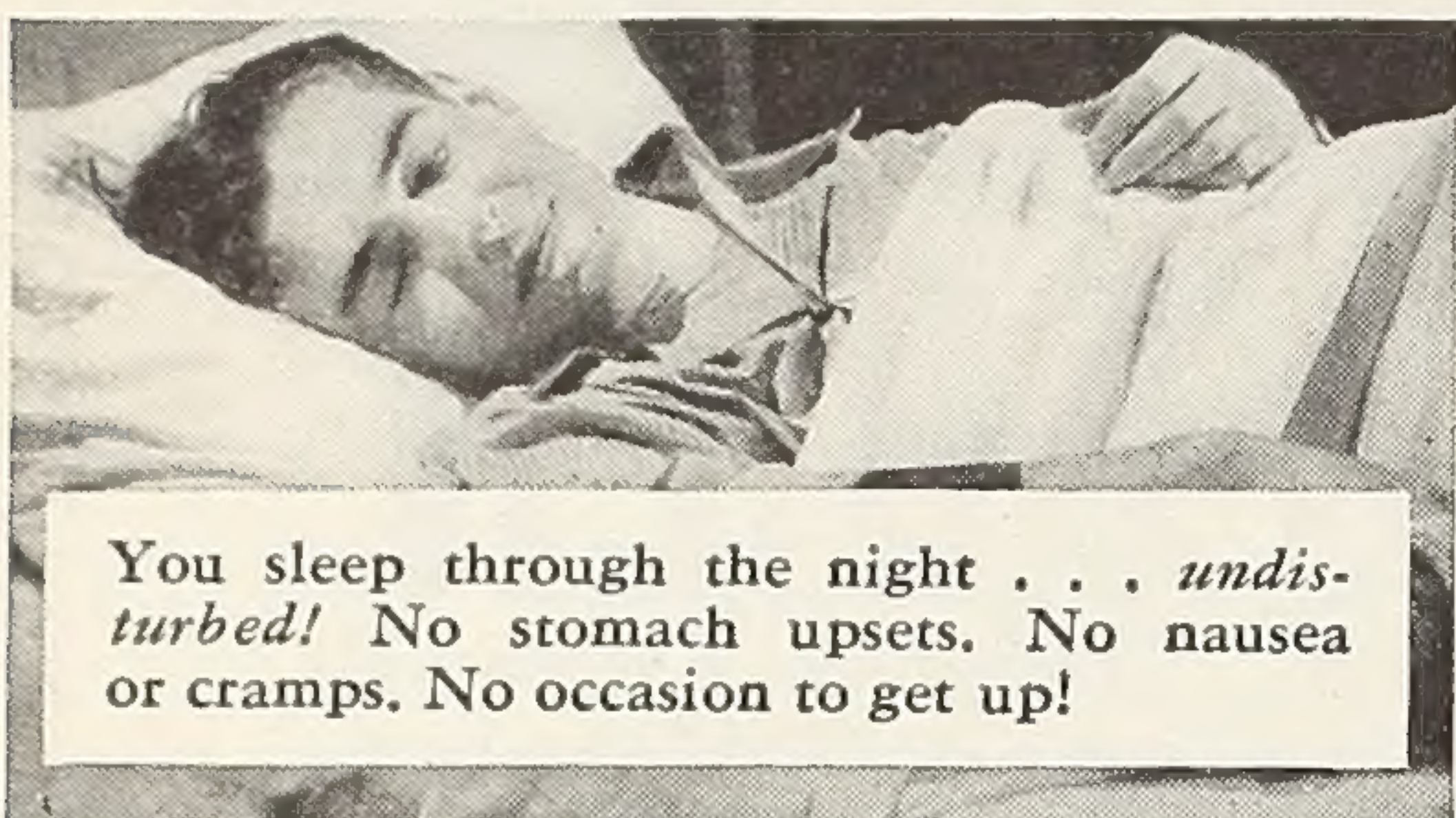
Directed by Michael Curtiz
a Story by Rowland Brown • Music by Max Steiner
Presented by WARNER BROS.

TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?

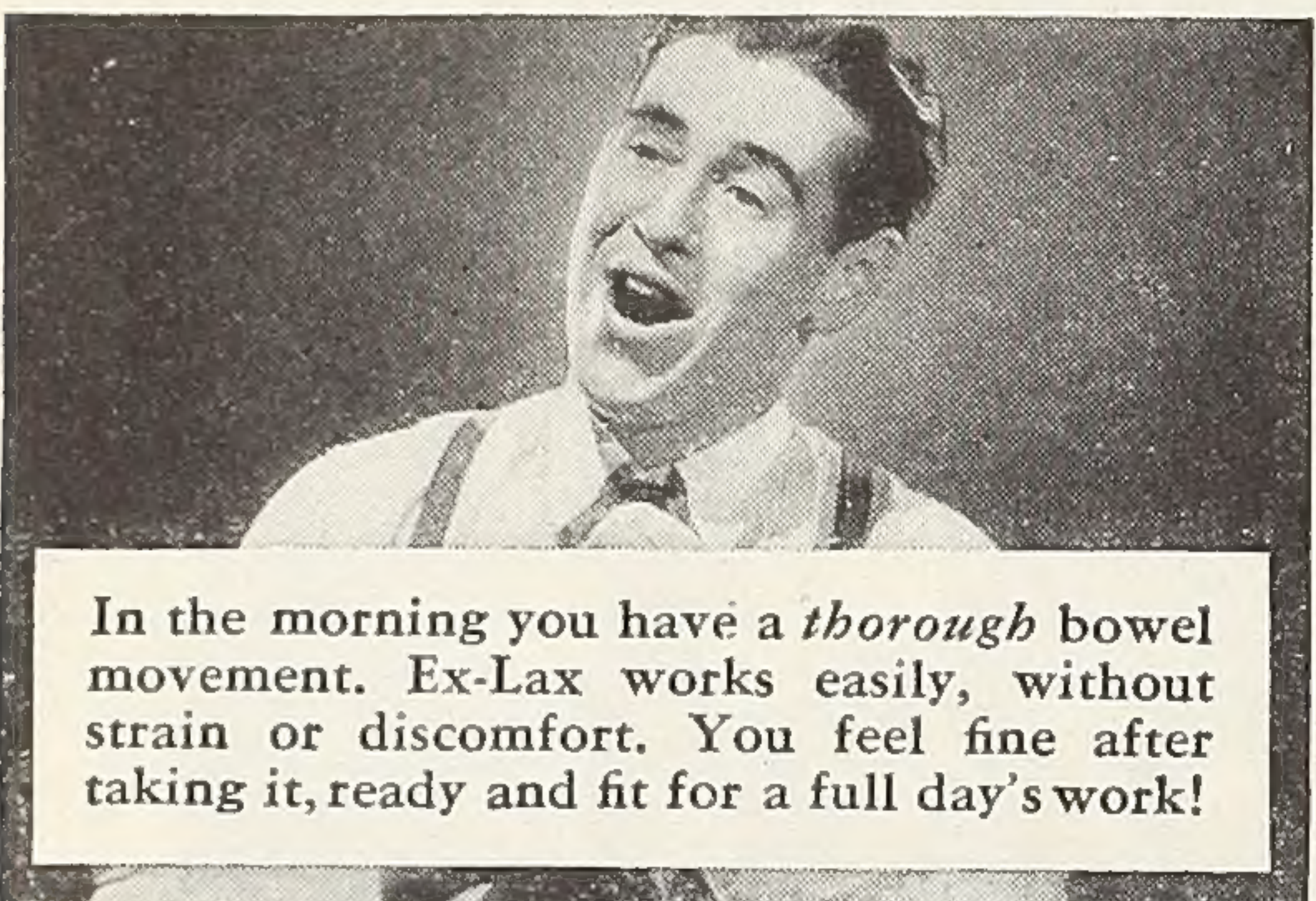
Get relief this simple,
pleasant way!



Take one or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons, no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take!



You sleep through the night . . . *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up!



In the morning you have a *thorough* bowel movement. Ex-Lax works easily, without strain or discomfort. You feel fine after taking it, ready and fit for a full day's work!

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

SONG POEMS WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC J. CHAS. McNEIL

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
BACHELOR OF MUSIC
4153-V South Van Ness Los Angeles, Calif.

CALL ME SIT-TRUE



STRONGER MORE ABSORBENT

AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER
DEPARTMENT STORES

THESE DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS!

*Make Them
Happy, Though
Hurried, By
Planned Giving.
Here Are Notes
For Your List.*

By Mary Lee

BRAINS are working overtime. Budgets are stretching like Lastex. But all in a good cause. The cause of giving happiness. In shops and out we go, home with bundles, and then thinking about it all and wondering if we've bought the right thing. The stars, too, are experiencing this same mental anguish. The stars give and give, family, friends, like the rest of us, and to associates and studio employees. We are certainly all up the same Christmas tree right now. But there are ways of simplifying even Christmas!

A very good way to get the right start for the holiday season is to sit down with paper and pencil. Make a list of names, beginning with family, then on to friends or others. (To save time, do your card list now, also.) Figure about what you can spend for each, and you're getting somewhere. The sum total usually gives a shock, but this is to be expected.

The A#1 suggestion for the ladies is, of course, beauty. Perfume is a mystery all its own; make-up gives a new slant on life; nothing is more inspiring than a fresh manicure, and the lovely odds and ends that go on dressers, in drawers, closets, bathroom and travel bag have a special niche in each feminine heart.

If you can spend extravagantly, giving is less a problem. The smaller gift, however, takes real concentration, and so I stop there—if you want to spend one dollar, or a little more or less:

For lovely fingertips, see Glazo's Sky Tourist manicure set, in simulated pigskin or black leather. Preparations and implements are of typical Glazo quality, and you may choose polish in any of the smart

Lanvin's exquisite Ar-pege perfume delights Mary Carlisle, as it will you.



Marie Wilson thinks, and rightly, too, that Omy Bath Essence changes bathing from a chore to a luxury.

Tropical shades. Compact and complete; ideal, also, for the traveler. There are many other Glazo styles, too.

I know you will like the La Cross Observatory manicure set, also, because it is as modern as tomorrow. All you need for a good manicure in a stream-lined plastic case. La Cross also offers many styles.

Cutex has two bakelite container sets. One is known as Trump, and the other as Five Minute Set. Both are efficient, good looking, good gifts. Compact is a very special idea for the little girl who bites her nails. Give her a manicure set and vanity over her nice nails will urge her to overcome this adolescent habit. Compact is *very* inexpensive. There are many, many designs by Cutex.

Her Ladyship, in tan or black fabrikoid, holds the cherished Revlon preparations. silk lined, snap [Continued on page 66]

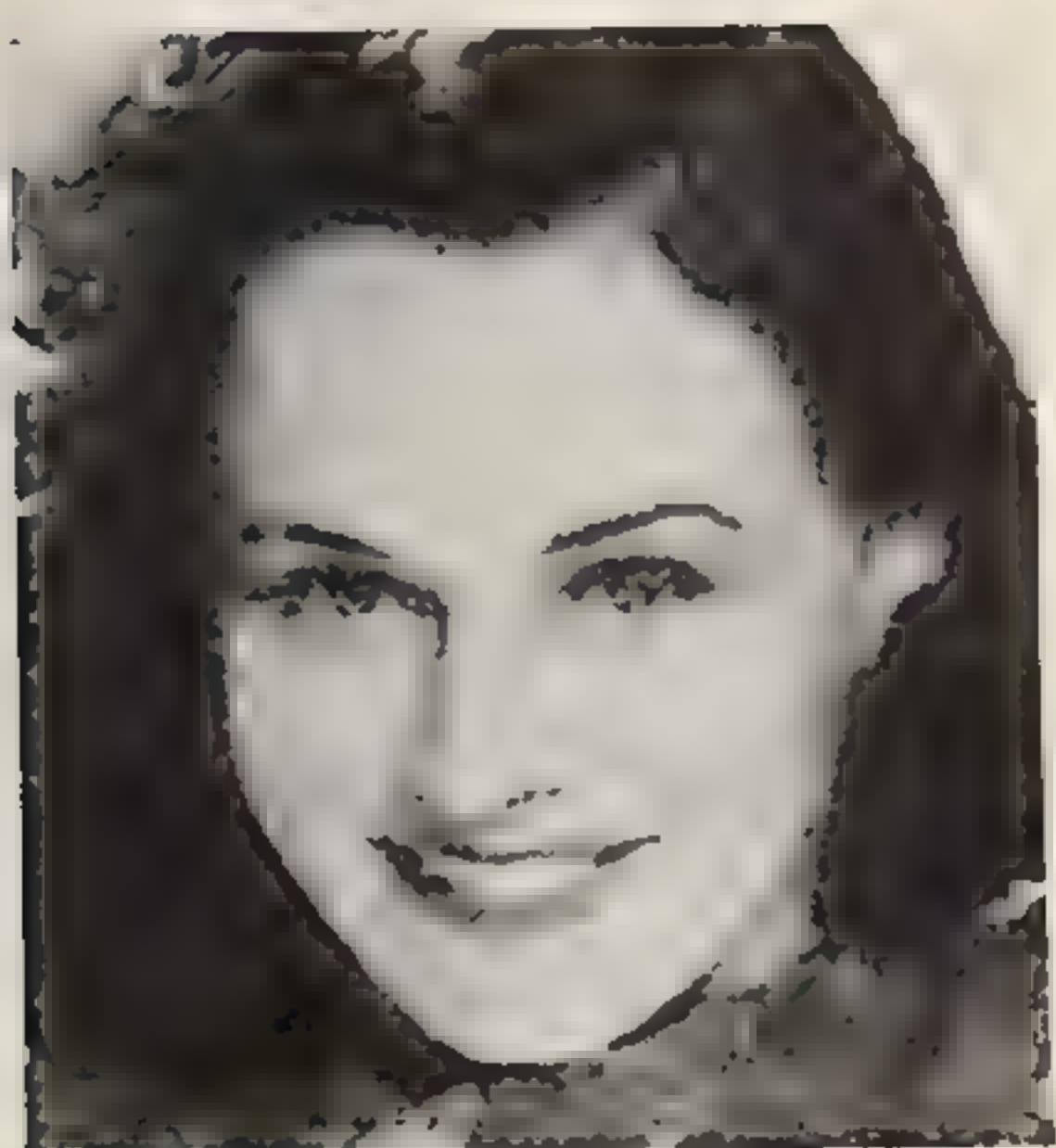
7 GREAT PERSONALITIES



JANET GAYNOR
"A Star Is Born"



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
"Rupert of Hentzau"



PAULETTE GODDARD
In her talking debut



ROLAND YOUNG
First picture since "Topper"



BILLIE BURKE
"Mrs Topper"

Selznick International
presents

JANET
GAYNOR

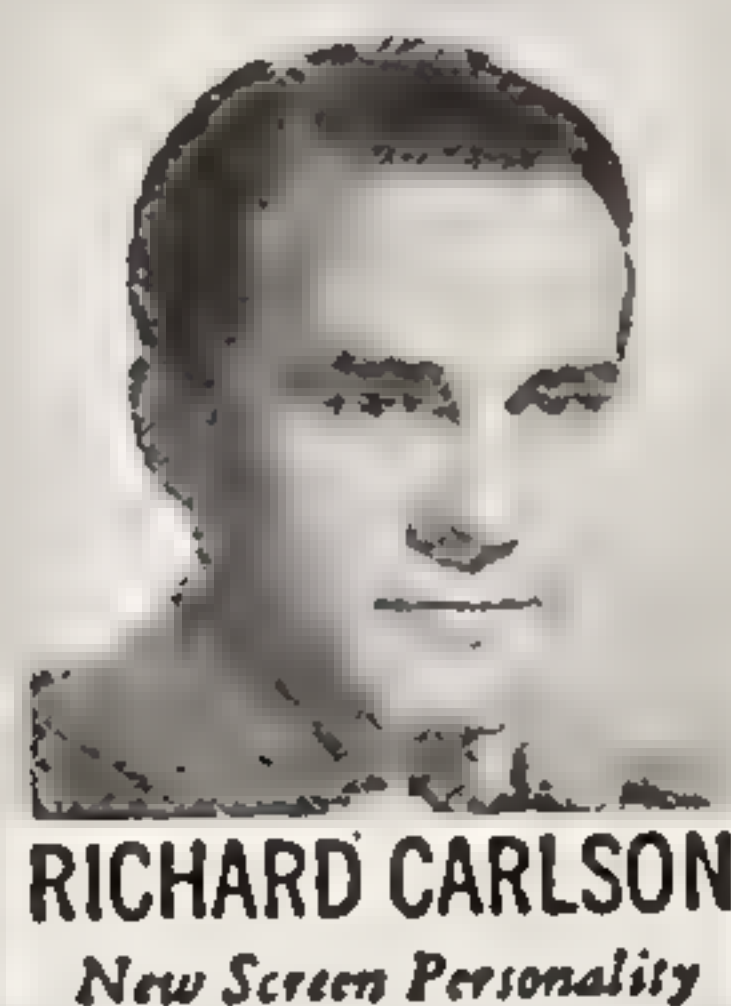
DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS JR.

PAULETTE
GODDARD

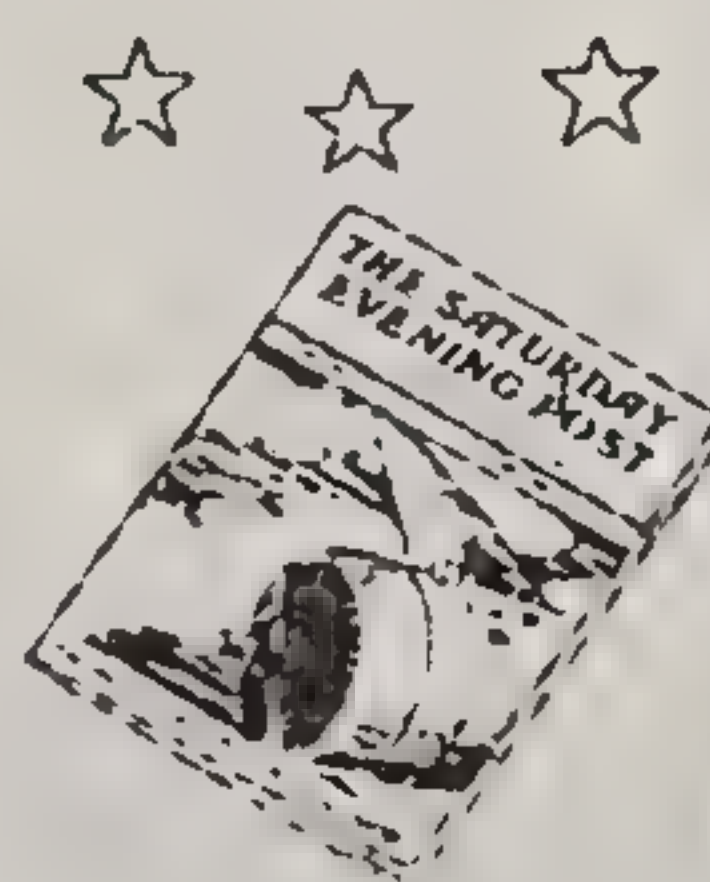
in
**THE
YOUNG
IN
HEART**

with
ROLAND YOUNG
BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson Directed by Richard Wallace
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK.. Released thru United Artists



RICHARD CARLSON
New Screen Personality



MINNIE DUPREE
In her first screen performance



From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," by I. A. R. Wylie



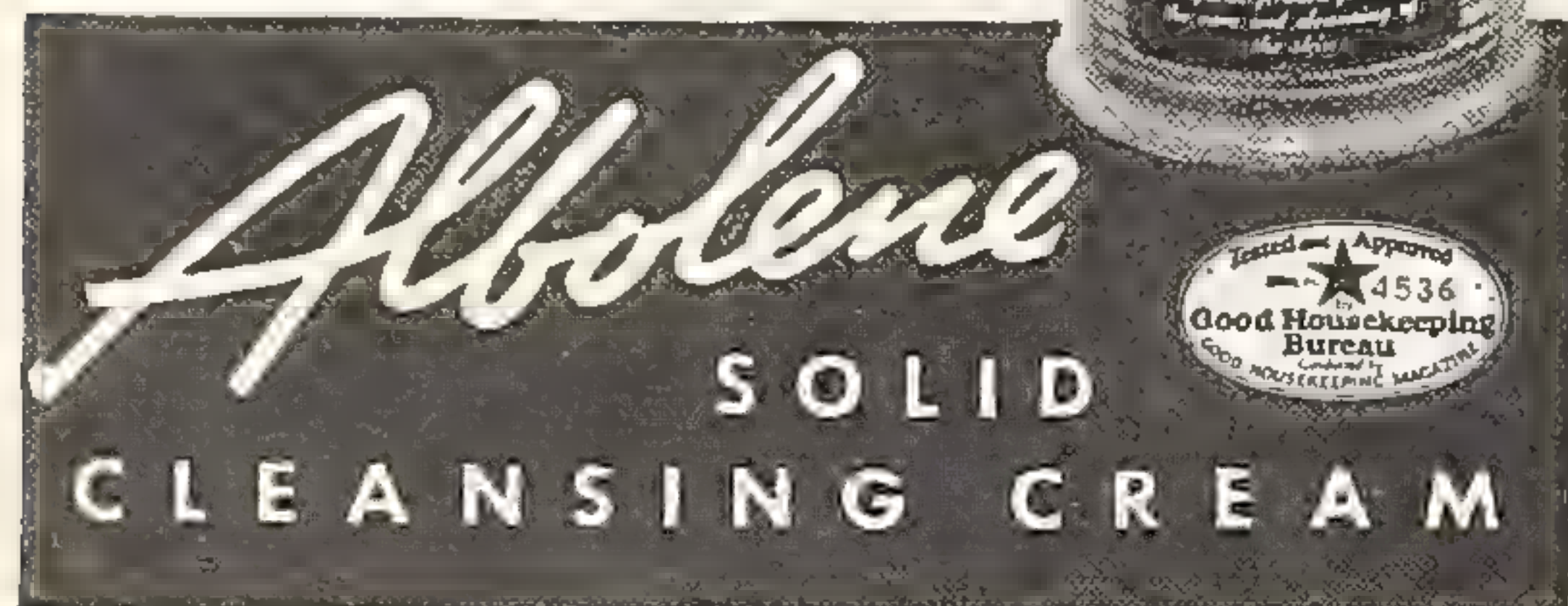
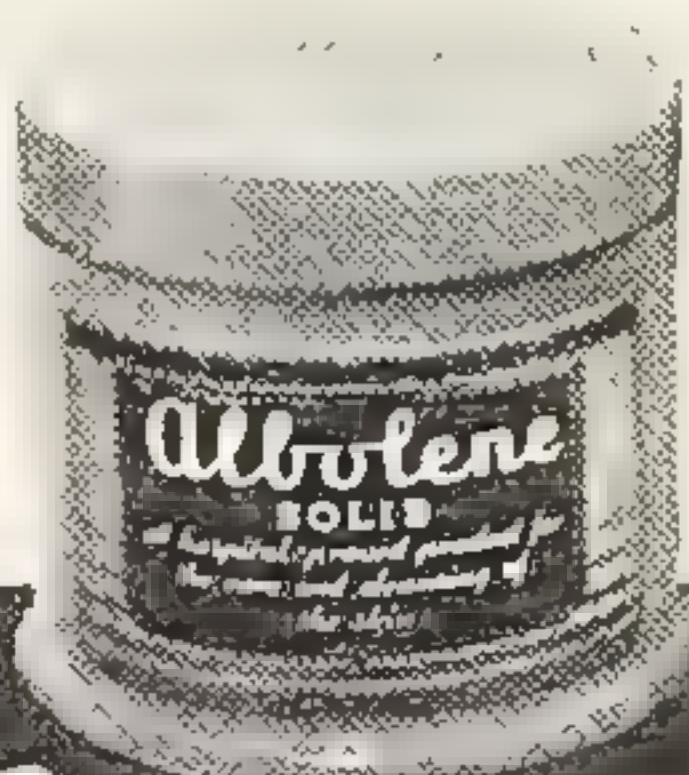
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KEEP THIN *with* GELATINE *and* ASPIC



*Cold Dishes
Are Nice For
Light Meals.*

By
Ruth Corbin

Jacqueline Wells, appearing in "Thoroughbred," likes to serve her guests hot coffee after a cold luncheon.

(All recipes pre-tested)

ASPICS and gelatines . . . what an aid to every day living we can make of them if we use a little ingenuity and imagination. Drab left-over foods are improved and fresh ones made better by their addition. There are several good brands of these packaged aids but, personally, I am more or less partial to Knox Gelatine. It is an old and ever reliable favorite with an unusually high standard of purity, and their new sweetened, flavored JELL is equally dependable. Unflavored gelatines, are, of course, always best; they are colorless, tasteless, sugar free, with a high protein content which makes them ideal for all food combinations. In the accompanying recipes wherever gelatine is mentioned the brand used is Knox, unflavored, of course.

MAROON SALAD

- 1 pint deep red beets
- 1 cup boiled salad dressing
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 envelopes gelatine
- 1/2 lemon
- 1 bunch celery
- 2 canned pimientos or 1 fresh red sweet pepper

Here is a very new, colorful, seasonal salad, making its first bow in print. Heat boiled beets in liquid adding enough water to make 2 1/2 cups of liquid. Rub beets through sieve. Soak gelatine 5 minutes in cold water to cover. Pour boiling hot liquid into bowl, add gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Chill. When almost set add beets, lemon juice, sugar, salt and chopped pepper. Set in individual molds. Cut celery into 2 inch strips and shred into straws. Keep in water in refrigerator until ready to serve. Arrange lettuce on salad plates, unmold jelly, surround with celery straws and put spoonful of dressing at side of jelly. This salad makes a nice luncheon plate served



(Above) Seafood Mold not only makes an attractive luncheon or supper dish, but it is very nutritious as well.

with crackers and cheese balls rolled in chopped nuts, and is non-fattening.

CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

Soften 1 envelope of gelatine in 1/4 cup cold water. Make a syrup of 1/2 cup sugar, 2 squares melted Baker's chocolate or 6 level tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup hot milk, and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Add softened gelatine to this mixture, dissolving thoroughly. Cool. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. As mixture begins to thicken fold in 1 cup cream, whipped. Pour into 9 inch baked pie shell and chill. Spread with a thin layer of cream and chill a little longer before serving. If you're on a thinning diet omit the whipped cream, or pass this dessert up entirely.

ICE-BOX ROLLS

These are excellent when served with any cold dishes. Dissolve 1 cake Fleischman's Yeast in 1 cup lukewarm water. Add 1/2 cup butter and 1/2 cup Crisco, 3/4 cup sugar, and 1 cup hot mashed potatoes to yeast cake and water. Let stand in a warm room 2 hours. Add 1/2 cup cold water, 1 teaspoon salt and enough Hecker's flour

to make a stiff dough (6 to 6½ cups). Let stand, well covered, in refrigerator 24 hours. Form into desired shapes and let rise 2 hours before baking. Mixture may be kept in refrigerator a week and baked as needed. Makes 30 to 36.

Preparing dishes for all occasions with aspic or gelatine as the basic ingredient is becoming increasingly popular with the busy modern woman. She also uses canned goods and other easily prepared products to achieve delicious, nutritious, attractive results that win her distinction as a hostess. The following recipes for both old and new dishes will be a boon to any home maker.

QUICK ASPIC

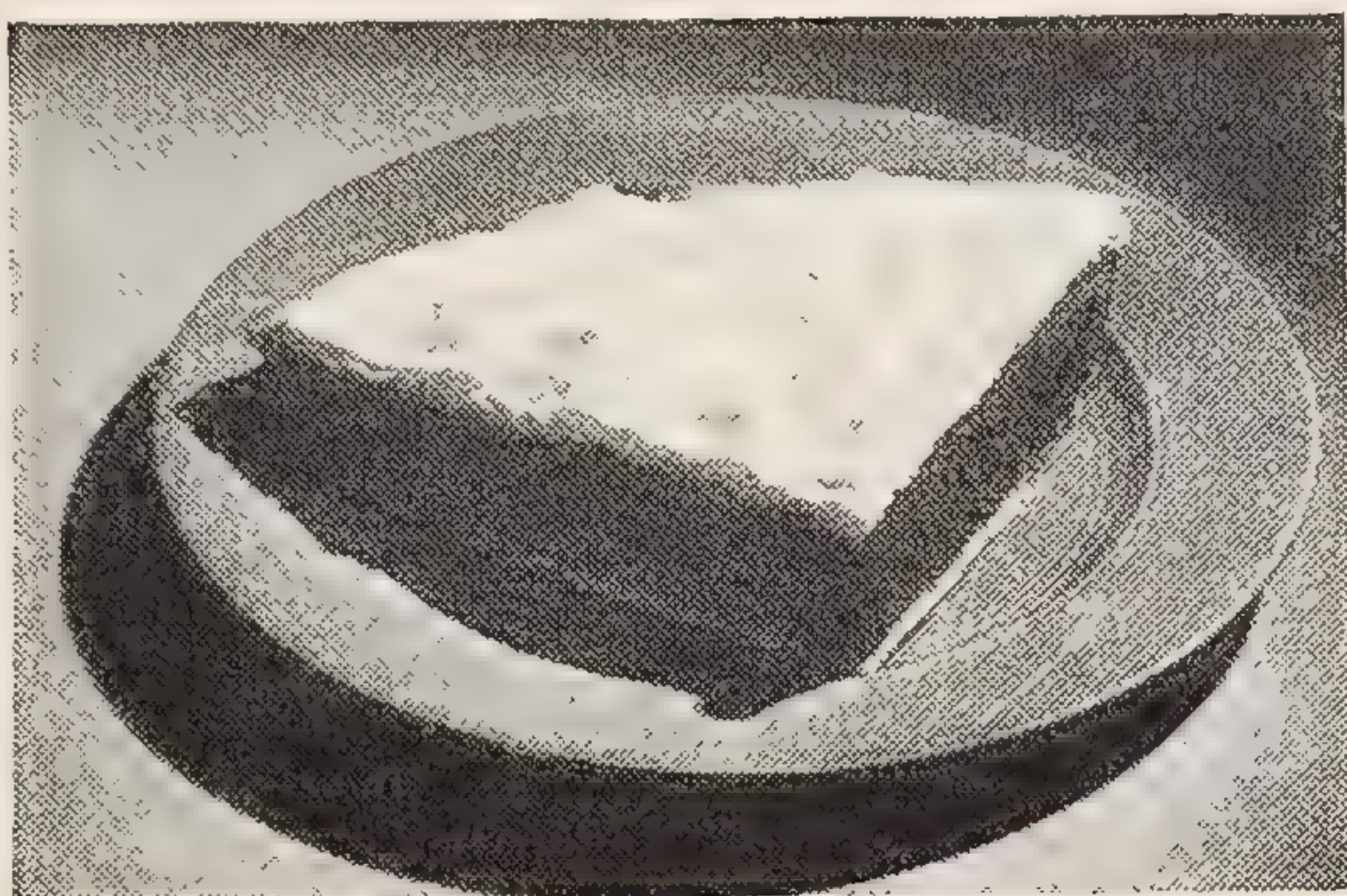
Dissolve 1 bouillon cube in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 tablespoon gelatine soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt and white pepper. Strain through double thickness of damp cheese cloth. If jelly is to be used for vegetables or white meat use chicken bouillon cube or, in place of cube and boiling water, a cup of either veal or chicken stock. If jelly is for dark meat use either beef bouillon cube or stock. Half tomato juice and a stock may be used for a tomato jelly.

CHEESE CAKE

- 1 envelope gelatine
- ¼ cup milk
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- ¼ cup whipped evaporated milk
- ¼ cup cold water
- 1 egg
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon lemon rind

Beat egg yolk slightly. Add sugar, salt, milk and cook over boiling water until of custard consistency. Soften gelatine in cold

water. Add to hot custard; stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add cottage cheese, which has been put through a sieve, lemon juice and rind. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken fold in whipped evaporated milk and stiffly beaten egg white. Make crumbs for bottom and top of cake by crushing 9 slices sweetened Zwieback or 1 cup corn flakes (my preference). Mix thoroughly with 4 tablespoons melted butter, 2 table-



This luscious chocolate pie can be served without the cream if you're afraid it might do things to your streamlined figure.

spoons sugar and ¼ tablespoon cinnamon. Put part of crumbs in bottom of 8 inch Pyrex pie pan, add cheese mixture, sprinkle remaining crumbs on top. Chill thoroughly. This cake sounds rich, but it really is not fattening.

JELLIED CORN BEEF LOAF

- 1 can Broadcast Corn Beef Hash
- 2 tablespoons each finely chopped celery, green pepper, onion, bread and butter pickles

- 1 envelope Knox Gelatine
- 2 sliced hard-boiled eggs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 tablespoon each vinegar, tomato catsup, Worcestershire Sauce

This is a delightfully new and appetizing recipe which will prove a welcome addition to your files. Dissolve gelatine in cold water. Add hot water, salt and vinegar. Pour small quantity of liquid into mold, add sliced, hard-cooked eggs and chill. Pour remainder of liquid over corn beef hash, add Worcestershire sauce, tomato catsup and chopped ingredients. Mix well and add to mold. When firm unmold and garnish with parsley. Potatoes, scooped into tiny balls, boiled, dipped in melted butter, rolled in parsley, may be served around dish . . . hot. If you're reducing add this recipe to your diet by all means.

Next time you serve lamb try mint jelly made by dissolving 1 package of Knox Lime Jell in 1 cup hot water. Add 1 cup cold water and few drops mint flavoring. Allow to set in ice trays of refrigerator with cube compartment left in, or in individual molds.

TOMATO SALAD RING

- 1 envelope gelatine
- 1 tablespoon mild vinegar or lemon juice
- Stalk of celery
- Cayenne or white pepper
- ¼ cup cold water
- 2 cups canned or fresh tomatoes
- ½ bay leaf, if desired
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon onion juice

Mix tomatoes, celery and seasoning. Boil 10 minutes. Soak gelatine in cold water 5 [Continued on page 64]

Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM

TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, every Sunday night starting November 20th, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

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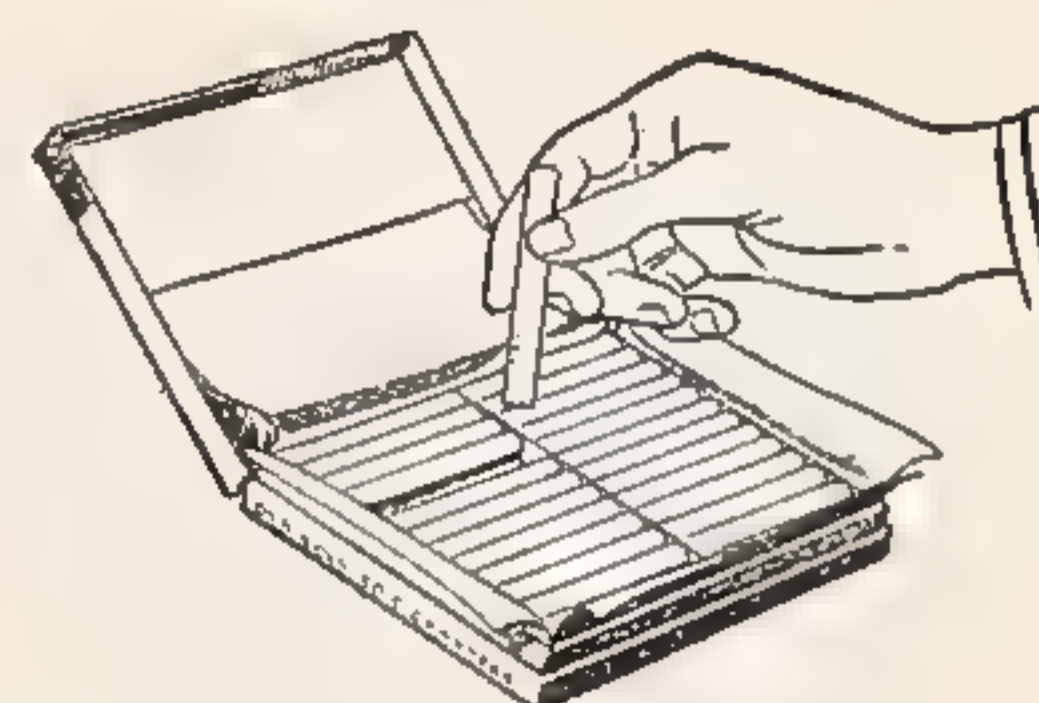
...for his or her Old Gold-en Christmas

HERE'S one "volume" that will never get tucked away in the book shelves to gather dust! It's filled with 100 Old Golds, the cigarettes that are as double-mellow as Santa's smile. And it costs no more than two regular "Flat-Fifty" packages.

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- 1 It looks like a rare edition, richly bound in maroon and gold.



- 2 Open it up and you find 2 regular "flat-fifties" of Old Golds (100 cigarettes).



- 3 Open one of the "flat-fifties" and enjoy America's double-mellow cigarette.

Will they always be as happy?



Will he always look at her with adoration in his eye... devotion in his heart? Or will he gradually grow indifferent as so many husbands do... kissing her as a duty, if at all? The answer lies almost entirely with her...

You may have it

There is nothing so hard to live with as a case of halitosis (bad breath). And because of modern habits, everyone probably offends at some time or other, *without knowing it*. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

Don't let this offensive condition chill your romance. Don't let it frighten away your friends. Don't take chances. Protect yourself.

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine Antiseptic, the most delightful refreshing mouth wash you can use. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine

here is what happens.

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1. Fermentation of tiny food particles (a major cause of breath odors) is quickly halted.
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FOR HALITOSIS (Bad Breath) USE LISTERINE



P. S.—IF YOU HAVE ANY EVIDENCE OF DANDRUFF USE LISTERINE • ITS RESULTS ARE AMAZING!

Topics for Gossips

YOU'LL never believe this, I know, but during the filming of "The Sisters" a dramatic coach was hired to teach the horses how to act. The horses had to be taught to register fear at the sight of an automobile—on account of it's a turn of the century picture.

JEANETTE MacDONALD'S reception for the Gold Star mothers during the American Legion Convention in Los Angeles was held in a garden setting on "The Great Waltz" set. There Jeanette met hundreds of mothers and introduced them to the mothers of Hollywood (Nelson Eddy's mother, Joan Crawford's mother, Jack Oakie's mother and many others). Jeanette served them tea and sang for them, and when she sang "The Star Spangled Banner" there was many a misty eye. She was especially pleased by the little old lady who whispered to her, "My husband told me I needn't come home without shaking your hand. You're his favorite." Jeanette kissed her on the cheek and said, "Take him that."

WHEN Shirley Temple had to ride a side saddle in "The Little Princess" she commented, "I guess when ladies used to ride side-saddle they had much longer legs." And added, "I wonder if it's as uncomfortable for the horse as it is for me."

SONJA HENIE'S Norwegian wardrobe, which she brought back with her from her European vacation, is the talk of Hollywood. Sonja brought back stunning hand-embroidered costumes for every occasion, from inexpensive cotton pique to handsome wools and silks, and is proving her native Oslo should be prominently on the fashion map.

DON AMECHE probably deserves a medal as film-land's only honest fisherman. After a week's fishing trip in the High Sierras Don was asked what he caught. Very few and

MUFFS, night and day, are the latest craze and Maureen O'Sullivan, determined not to be caught short-handed, has three to start the season. A tiny, powder puff type in white ermine will do evening duty; a tailored leopard skin serves for the afternoon suit, and the newest of new, a fluffy dull green crocheted muff for her tweed suit.

SILVER SCREEN



very small, he admitted. On three subsequent one-day fishing trips with his wife, Honore, and the Chester Lauckes (Lum of Lum and Abner), off San Diego, Don confessed he didn't even get a bite. On a fourth trip, they nearly, but not quite, caught a marlin.

WHEN Claudette Colbert had to sing the sentimental ballad which concludes her performance in "Zaza," Fanny Brice came to the studio to give Claudette the benefit of her long experience in wringing tears out of the gallery gods. The set was a reproduction of the stage of the Follies Bergere in Paris in the early 1900's. The song is Zaza's farewell to her lover.

"How close to the footlights would you stand, Fanny?" asked Claudette.

"Right on top of them," answered the woman who graduated from warbling "My Man" to making faces as Baby Snooks. "Me. . . I was always a pig for the footlights."

IT SEEMS to be the consensus of opinion in Hollywood that Marlene Dietrich was one of the few real glamour girls in pictures but that she ruined her career by getting stuck on herself. As Adrian has neatly put it, "Dietrich was too vain—in vain."

BOB BURNS has turned his attention to the new styles for women: "I tell you what," he drawls, "they make the gals look like tintypes. I got an old family picture album that's a lulu. When folks come to the house of an evening I always show 'em my relatives . . . helps to pass the time. [Continued on page 60]

WHAT IT TAKES TO BE

A 1939 GIRL

SILVER SCREEN'S editor wrote me: "I want you to select Hollywood's ideal girl of 1939," he said. Yes, just like that. With an eye to the future, he had decided that data on what the New Year holds in store for Hollywood should be assembled about this time, and had calmly appointed me to handle the simple little job . . . about as simple a job as proving the Einstein theory, I thought at



No one can resist liking Nancy Kelly. Already she's the personification of every fellow's girl problem, and only seventeen. Below—Nancy again—small, dark and winsome.



When Ann Sheridan comes on the set the color cameras purr with contentment—she's a red-head.



first, before I caught my breath. Gathering myself together, however, I read the letter through and realized he wasn't, after all, commanding me to gaze into a crystal ball and pull a prophecy out of the hat (pardon the mixed metaphors). He was only asking me to do some research. Clear and logical his instructions were:

"Visit the studios and see those girls who recently have come into prominence and whose future looks bright. Analyzing their appearance, personalities and talents, choose the most typical. *She* should be your ideal of 1939."

I did as I was told. I visited every studio in Hollywood. I talked to directors. I talked to producers. I discovered their pet "white hopes"—those whom they believe to be the Lombards, Shearers, Colberts, Youngs and Loys of the immediate

By
Marian
Rhea



Above — Lucille Ball. Perhaps she's the one who changed beauty's specifications.

Here She Is. *The New Year Girl! She Will Set The Styles, Inspire The Poets And Drive Lovers To Frenzy — It's Going To Be A Big Year.*



Ann Miller has the latest style in mouths. A generous mouth means a generous nature.

future. Then I talked to the girls themselves. Some of them, I knew, had been in pictures quite a while, but never until this past year had any of them gotten a real "break." All were representative of Hollywood's future star-trend, not its past.

And then, last of all, as though I had planned a deliberate climax to my research, I went to 20th Century-Fox and saw, among others, young Nancy Kelly! The minute I saw her, I thought: Here she is! She was the single embodiment of all the others. She was completely typical.

Whereupon, allow me to present Miss Nancy Kelly, whose looks, whose personality, whose potentialities qualify her, I believe, as Miss Hollywood of 1939!

No, you haven't seen much of her in pictures, yet, although if you live in the East you've probably heard of her outstanding performance in the Broadway hit, "Susan and God," starring Gertrude Lawrence. Her first screen appearance (since she was a



At tennis. Arleen Whalen dresses for the game and has never been coy yet.

child) was in "Submarine Patrol" with Richard Green; only recently finished. Her real triumph will come in "Jesse James," to be released in late December. Out on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, she is all they can talk about—how she won the part of Zarelda James (opposite Tyrone Power) through the excellent work she was doing in "Submarine Patrol," and how the studio will have another new star when "Jesse James" is released.

You'll like her, this Miss Hollywood of the New Year, who, in a larger sense is Miss America. I think you'll like her fine!

She is charming (as aren't they all—these girls who make good in the movies?) with a special kind of charm which is apart from beauty. Her hair is dark and soft and shiny from washing and health. She wears it simply. Her skin is olive. Her mouth is sensitive and not very small; her brows arched gently. She is neither tall nor short—five feet, five inches. She is slender and curved in the right places. She wears her clothes with an air.

She is friendly; interested in what others say to her; considerate in little ways. She is graceful, but with a sort of young, untried grace—not the slinky, vampish kind. You wouldn't call her a Glamour Girl, because she isn't exactly the type, but nevertheless she has "It." She is very young, but that certain, undefinable Something is there, even now.

She is a trained actress. She has been on the stage or in radio since she was a child, and she knows all the ropes. Her voice is lovely, also her diction. The stage and radio did that. Her teeth are excellent. Yes, she's had some [Continued on page 78]

Wayne Morris and his first sax. He's the Vallee of the Grunts.



Judy Stewart and Rudy Vallee at El Morocco.



Flashshots

By Jerome Zerbe

The Season Opens. The Law Is Off Celebrities, And Zerbe, The Demon Flashshotter, Bags Some Big Ones.

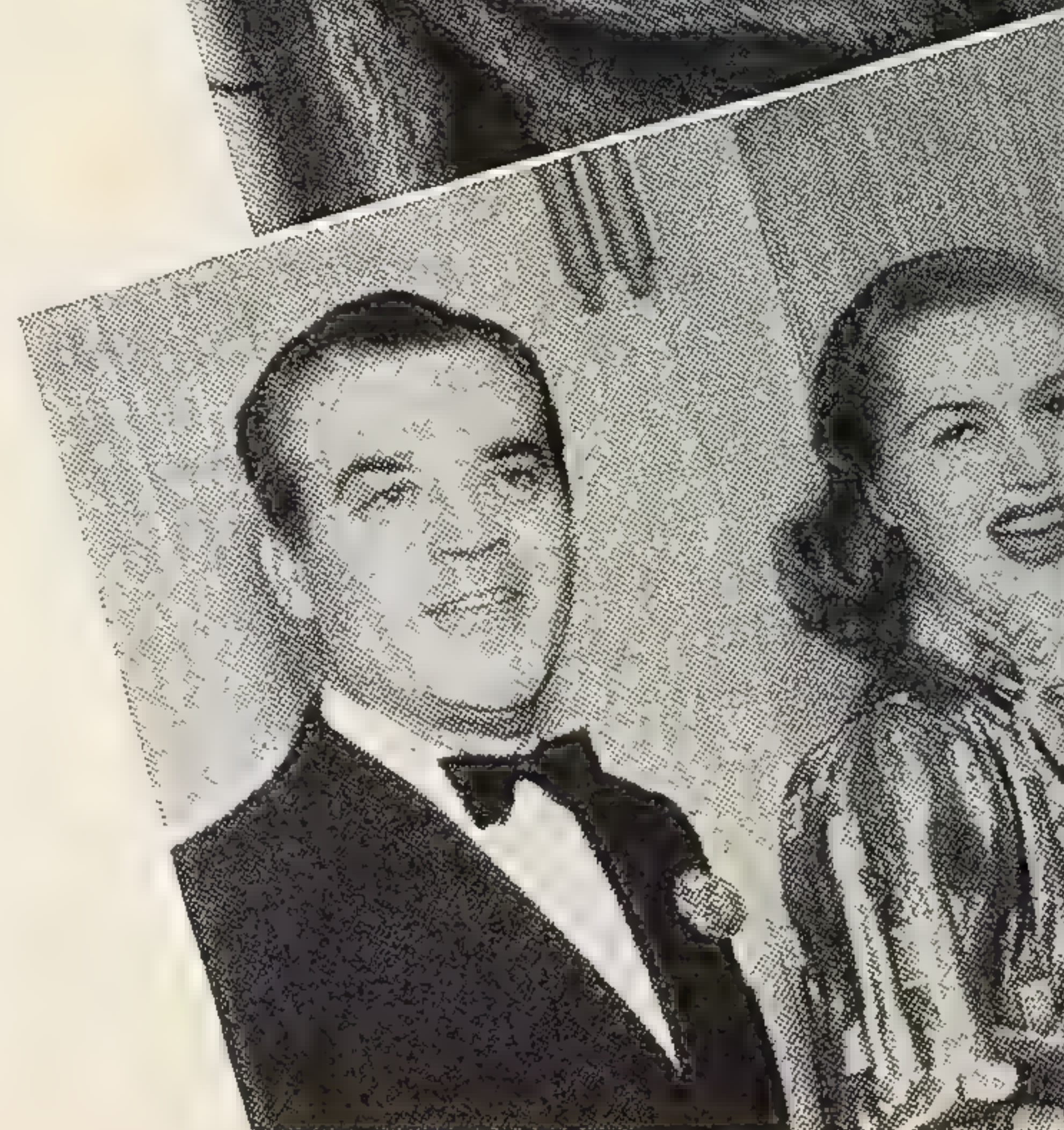
BASIL RATHBONE'S hearty laugh echoed through the room as I straightened a pillow, put a magazine back in place and emptied an ash tray. "How like Ouida and me you are, everything always must be in order." Ouida, who is Basil's witty wife, was at the moment laid up in bed with a humiliating thing known as fish poisoning. And all the more annoying it was as they had planned to go to the opening of Clare Luce's play, "Kiss the Boys Good-bye," that evening. Basil was being entertained every moment of his three weeks in New York and you never saw the Rathbones when they weren't literally up to their necks in Whitneys and Vanderbilts.

Basil, by the way, was sporting that same hairline type mustache which he first showed the movie public years ago in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," with Norma Shearer. Myra Kingsley, that ace astrologist, stopped by my apartment and joined us for a moment, and later Basil

Johnny Davis getting warm.



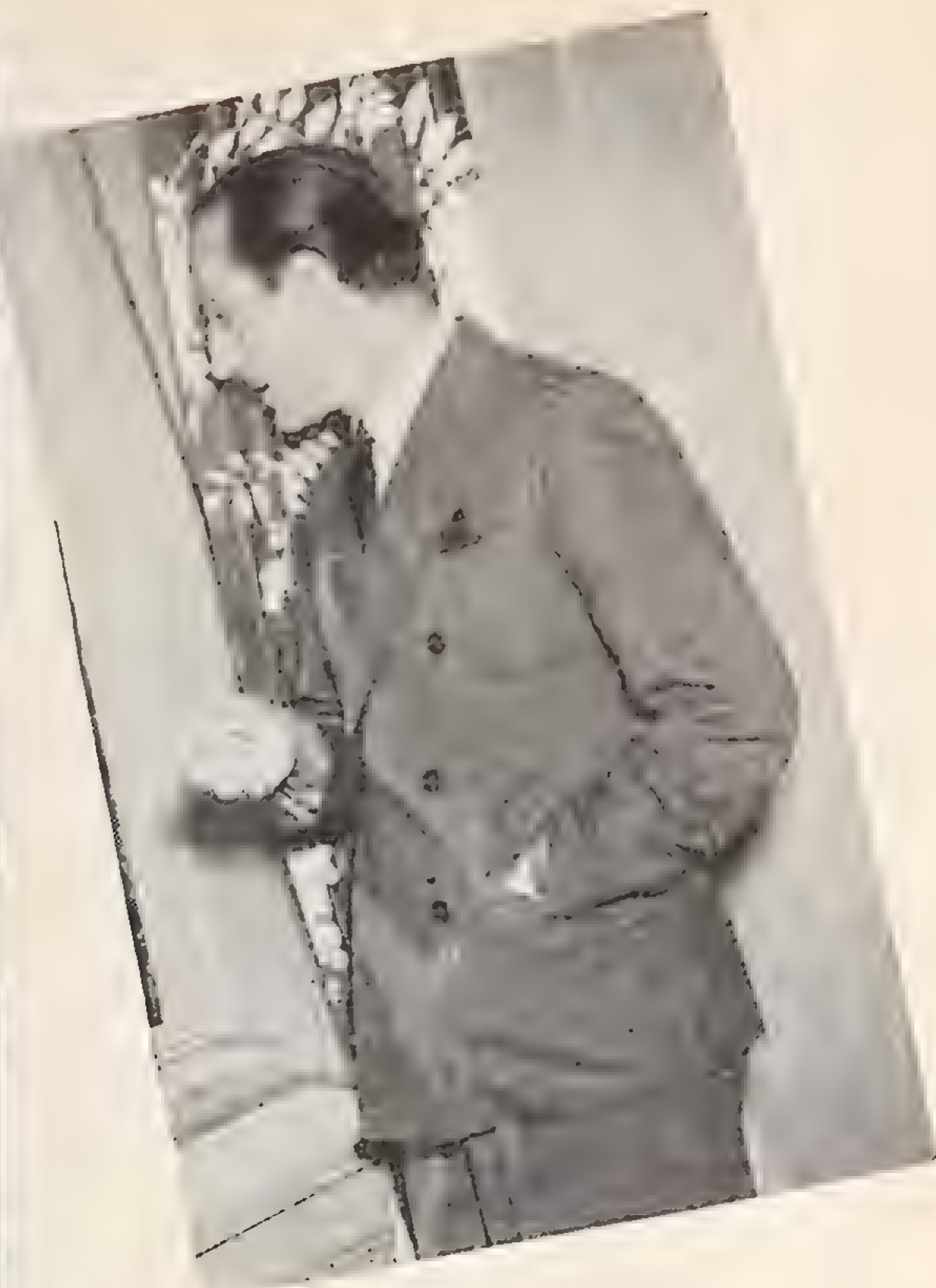
Mr. and Mrs. Lanny Ross.





Left—Dick Merrill, the aviator who flew round trip to Ireland, and Toby Wing, who is now a big Broadway name. Dick is making up for some lonesome hours aloft.

When Basil Rathbone arrived in New York he found every newspaper critic had given him top honors for his performance in "If I Were King."



Left—Jack Warner, Lily Damita, Hope Hampton, Mrs. Jack Warner and Anderson Lawlor. Every name rates the front page on any newspaper, along with War Admiral and Don Budge.

Left — Eleanore Whitney and Clifton Webb holding hands.

Johnny Walker and Patricia Ellis. Johnny was a "silents" star.

and I both admitted to each other that we really believed in astrology and that Myra had been unfailingly correct about us both. That afternoon I went over to the Julien Levy Galleries where there was an exhibition of paintings by Gracie Allen that really was something. Just what I don't know, unless Walpurg's Night in a Madhouse. The titles alone were enough to scare one's hair out by mittfuls. One garish hit was entitled "Toothless Mouth Munching On Timeless Melody," a second one was called "Gravity Gets Body Scissors On Virtue As Night Falls Upside Down," and

a third was "Eyes Adrift As Wrench A Your Heart Strings." Lots of celebrities, and some celebrity hounds, had collected to see what Gracie's agile handiwork was like. There was author Carl Van Vechten, artist James Montgomery Flagg, Jack Pearl, of course George Burns, Fania Marinoff, and, over in one corner, Gracie herself—with her tongue in her cheek.

Young Wayne Morris breezed into town for two highly successful weeks of personal appearances, and learned to play the saxophone in less time than that, and well, too. As his wide-eyed and awe-struck press representative put it: "Gee, to hear him play you'd think he'd been blowing all his life." Wayne wasn't that good at it, but he was pretty good. Certainly he's one of the nicest and most wholesome kids in the business. From [Continued on page 68]



Gracie Allen goes in for art and chooses surrealism as being suitable for NUTS.



*She Has Scored,
And Tasmania,
Calcutta and Bom-
bay Get An Assist.*

By
Elizabeth Wilson

I HAVE just been reading the preview cards (you know, those cards which are passed around after a sneak preview to the audience so they can act as George Jean Nathans, God forbid) on "The Cowboy and the Lady" which was previewed for the first time the other night in a little town north of Los Angeles.

And I am delighted to note that on nearly every card is a "I like Merle Oberon." I like Merle Oberon, too—but I must say I came pretty near bopping her one several weeks ago. As a matter of fact, I have every reason to



Gary Cooper plays with Merle Oberon in "The Cowboy and the Lady," her new picture. Giving the fish a look.

hate Merle Oberon intensely, but I just don't seem to be able to get around to it. Maybe as a first class hater I'm slipping. (Some of the movie stars who have a respect for the power of the press, though heaven knows there aren't many of them left these days, ought to be glad to hear that.)

It was like this. If there's anything I pride myself on it's being a good fisherwoman. I've flopped about the briny deep on everything from a Weehawken Ferry to the latest de luxe of the French Line, and I've caught everything from a kelp to an old shoe. So, naturally, when Merle asked me if I was any good at fishing I said, "Am I? Why I'm sensational!" And I soon found myself invited on a boat she was

PROJECTION OF *Merle* *Oberon*

renting the following Sunday. Merle being one of our most glamorous movie stars, decidedly on the feminine side, and always looking as if she had just stepped out of a page of *Vogue* in something too, too thrillingly amusing (clothes used to be merely "exciting," but now the smart people are saying "amusing," thought you'd like to know) I said to myself, I said, "This will be a cinch." I was sure that she would rent the Cecil B. DeMille yacht, nothing smaller, and that she would go casually trolling along the Pacific, a rod lightly clasped in one gloved hand while with the other she fairly bathed herself in sun tan oil. If a fish was idiotic enough to grab at that phony bait Merle would probably go "Eeeee-eee," and drop the rod overboard. (You see I've been fishing with movie folk before. Claudette Colbert took a French chef. Merle would probably take a manicurist.)

But it seems I was in for a series of surprises. Surprise number one came when at one-thirty I was awakened by Merle's Hilda, who shoved a bowl of soup at me. Those English, they can drink soup any time of day and night. It seems that five o'clock in the cold gray dawn is the correct time for catching tuna (just coming in from a piscatorial party no doubt and ready for an early morning snack) and to get far enough out in the Pacific for deep sea fishing one had to be on the boat by two. At that ungodly hour Merle was actually good-humored, and, in becoming slacks and sailor cap, she had that Riviera look about her: I had the look of a sourpuss, and had decided the whole thing was a mistake. Movie stars I had fished with before, I griped, didn't even get on their boats until lunchtime. "But think of the lovely fish we'll catch," said Merle, so I just let her think of them while I thought of home and bed.

Once on the boat—and it wasn't a yacht, it wasn't even a yawl, it was a professional fishing schooner with a big tub of wriggling live bait and a decided smell of fish and gasoline about it—Merle suggested that she and I go below to the cabin and sleep until we arrived at the fishing spot. The boys (Eddie and Ralph and Al from the studio) could get the tackle ready, so we wouldn't waste any time.

And that's where I made my big mistake. Through sheer will power I lasted fifteen minutes in that hot stuffy vibrating cabin—and then I rushed on deck and lost my prestige. No longer will I be able to boast of my prowess on the seas—I who always spurned Mother Sills.

But Merle slept like a baby in that reeking inferno until one of the boys waked her up to see the leaping tuna. Then she had a lusty breakfast of more soup (is there no end of that soup) and a couple of sausage rolls, which are her cook's special delight and recipe, and I admit are most delicious, when there's something solid under you. For lunch she tore into Frances' lunch (Frances is her cook, and grand, too) of fried chicken, potato salad, and cinnamon cake. Ze dainty girl, n'est-ce pas?

While I was trying to decide whether to live or die—and death never looked lovelier—our Merle baited her own hook with those horrible wiggly bait and brought in a forty pound tuna. He gave her merry hell all over the boat and fought every inch of the way. But Merle not only landed him, but also brought in his big brother, who weighed fifty pounds. Needless to say, I didn't catch a thing. I have called off all friendly relations with the Pacific. A tub of water is about the most water I can face now.

Merle has been deep sea fishing several times since. Off Ensenada, Mexico, the other day she caught a swordfish—the dream of all true fisherfolk. A hearty race, those British. "You should have been there," she said blithely, "The captain said the ocean hadn't been so rough in years. And Frances made the best soup. You would have loved it." That's when I almost bopped her one.

And of course I can't resist telling about the fishing trip she took last summer a year ago. She invited the real fish lovers of Hollywood, the Errol Flynns, the Nigel Bruces, David Niven and Brian Aherne, and took them deep sea fishing off the Coronado Islands. A squall came up, and one by one the guests became green and retired to the cabins below.

"Merle," moaned Brian in the last throes, "those people are sick, they're probably dying. Tell the captain to go back to shore." "No," said Merle. "I

came to fish, and I'm going to fish." Director George Cukor, who adores Merle, once told me that Merle's greatest fault is that she is too easily persuaded by people. All I ask is that some day George will get caught on a fishing trip with her. "Seasickness," says Merle, "is purely mental." The hell it is.

But just in case you've gotten the idea that Merle is one of those frightfully hearty girls who goes in for mannish modes and no make-up I must correct that impression immediately. Except when it comes to fishing, she is a softie if I ever saw one. She lives in a very charming beach house in Santa Monica, right on the edge of the ocean. Sometimes it barges into her living room, but Merle isn't very keen about going into that ocean. (She'll dunk her toes in it occasionally). She prefers to swim in her unexciting swimming pool.

When Gary and Rockey Cooper came for lunch, one Sunday recently, Merle suggested a swim in the pool—but Gary had his eye on the breakers which were crashing along the beach. "Come on out and battle the breakers," said Gary, "I'll hold you so they won't knock you down." Merle demurred until everyone called her a sissy. "Oh, I might drown," she said, as coy as a debutante at a college prom. "Well, I hope I don't feel insulted," chided Gary.

Now, she wouldn't hurt Gary's feelings for the world, so in a cute little white bathing suit Merle, hand in hand with Gary, tripped into the sea. Along came a breaker that went boom, and Merle went down sock-o (somehow or other Gary lost hold of her—he didn't do it for a gag because he's not that type.) She swallowed half the Pacific and got two big bruises, and announced rather firmly to her guests that she would finish her swim in her pool.

She's also a softie when it comes to a hard luck story. Just tell her a sad story and she promptly becomes the saddest person in

[Cont. on page 72]

In her Paris clothes she is very chic. *Allure*—without a struggle.



CAPTURING JESSE JAMES!

By Edmund Otis

*A Picture Troupe
Found The Spirit
Of The Famous
Bandit Still Roam-
ing His Well-Loved
Ozark Hills.*

MODERNITY in all its phases came with an explosive suddenness to Pineville and Noel, Missouri, when out of the soft blue sky studded with fleecy clouds, there swooped a sleek, fast cabin plane, piloted by Hollywood's famous flying film director, Henry King.

After scouting the Ozark countryside during 1500 miles of flying, Director King found at last the site he had sought for so long for the locale of an historical, technicolor epic of a dramatic character in the nation's history—"Jesse James," played by Tyrone Power.

First scenes filmed in color in the region proved conclusively that the heavily wooded area, with its massive bluffs and crystal-clear mountain streams lent itself to the technicolor process beyond the wildest expectations. The country is rich in the lore of Jesse James and his daring, dashing band of men.

On location with the company, in addition to King and his staff, were such screen notables as Henry Fonda, Nancy Kelly, Randolph Scott, Brian Donlevy, Jane Darwell, Henry Hull, John Carradine, Donald Meek, Johnnie Russell, Ernest Whitman, Lon Chaney, Jr., Hal Goodwin, and a score of others.

After enduring dust and swirling dirt from hard-packed clay streets for generations, the 500-population town of Pineville, Mo., proudly opened its new paved streets for general use only last December. But that was before the advent of Hollywood. This charming, picturesque little town, with its red-brick courthouse, so resembled the Liberty, Mo., of the James boys' day that King chose it as the locale for this sequence in the action-packed drama.

The citizens received their first taste of Hollywood when crews of men and a horde of trucks moved in to cover under eight inches of oh-so-familiar dirt the town's proud possession—the new pavement. The swashbuckling James boys, of course, never drove their spirited horses madly down paved streets. Concrete sidewalks had to be covered with boards, wood awnings had to span the sun-splashed plankings.

Although the town's old blacksmith shop long since had been torn down because of lack of business, Pineville witnessed another Hollywood miracle when 46 skilled carpenters and painters erected in toto a blacksmith shop of the period and aged the gold-durn thing in the space of 18 hours.

The town also saw these skilled miracle-workers erect, as if by some strange magic, an old-time hotel, the Dixie Belle saloon;

The railroads were crude in those days, but there was nothing crude about the loyalty of the James boys, who took vengeance for the death of their mother.

a newspaper office, and a United States marshal's office, and numerous false fronts for already-standing buildings.

The old Pineville courthouse, which is almost an exact replica of the old courthouse at Liberty, required little repair work, although hitching racks and watering troughs were constructed around the lawn to give the structure a picturesque appearance.

As for the other natives of the region, the depression ended when the 20th Century-Fox company first arrived to begin filming of the technicolor picture. Probably never again in history will inhabitants of the hill country have an opportunity to witness the tremendous crush of visitors attracted to the district to see the stars and watch the actual filming of scenes.

Daily, thousands of visitors from the mid-west flocked in, and during week-ends an average of at least 50,000 persons jammed into the little towns. As a result, more money has flowed into the tills of the local merchants than is taken in normally during the course of an entire year.

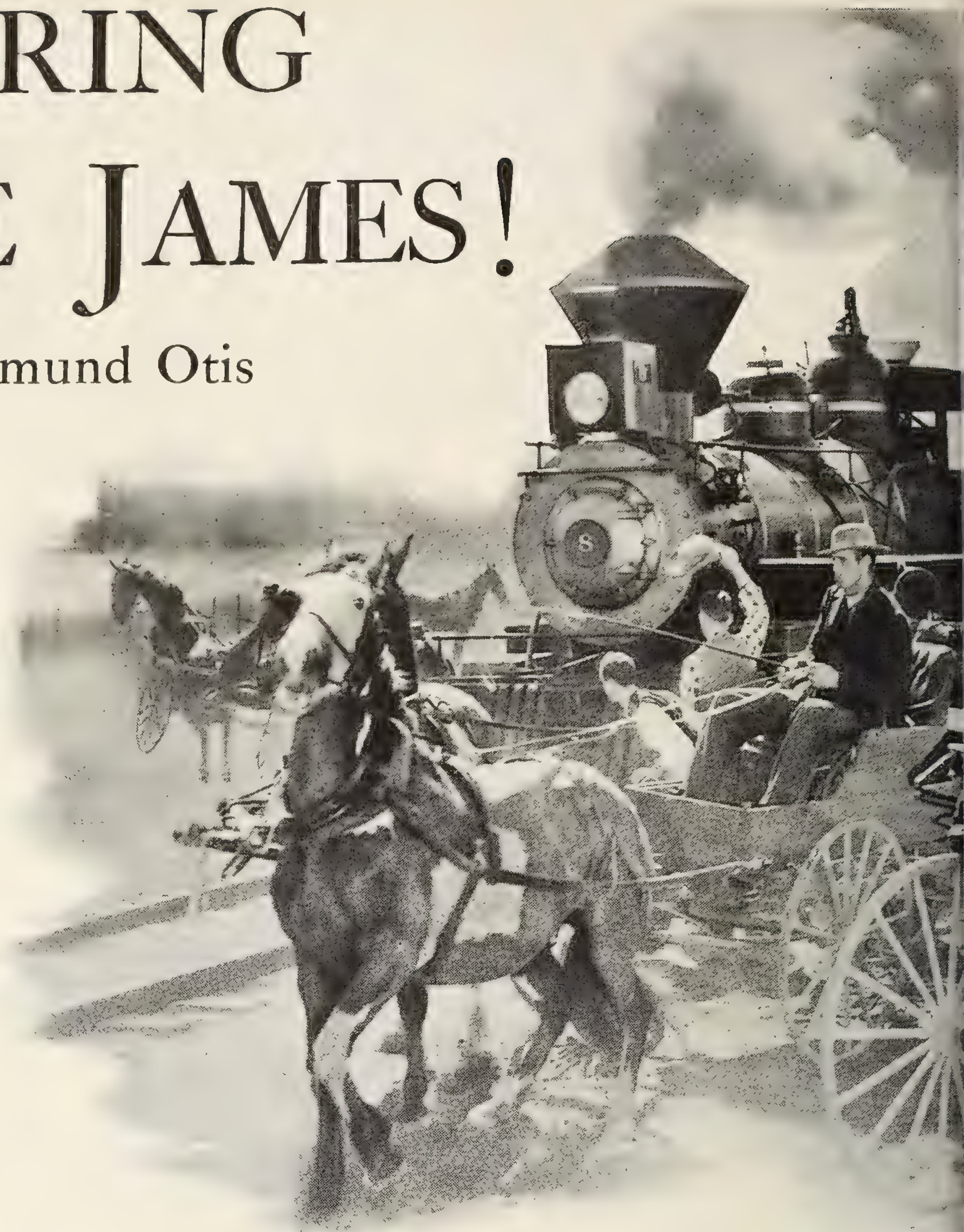
Staff men and photographers from nationally circulated picture and story magazines have found a wealth of material in the area.

Meanwhile, work on the picture, itself, has been progressing rapidly.

Opening scenes depict the arrival of Barshee, land buyer for the old St. Louis-Midland railroad (Brian Donlevy), at the town of Liberty.

He and members of his gang begin a campaign to obtain all available farm land for the railroad by hook or crook, and eventually arrive at the farm home of Jesse James (Tyrone Power) and Frank James (Henry Fonda).

There, Barshee is unsuccessful in his attempt to obtain land from the James brothers' mother, Mrs. Samuels (Jane Darwell),





A street was restored to what it was when Jesse James enforced the Outlaw's Justice.



deliverance from jail, and they dash out of town, escaping from a posse.

Scenes not yet filmed will depict other events in the famous outlaw's life, including the famous Northfield, Minn., bank robbery; the marriage of Jesse to Zee (Nancy Kelly), and the slaying of the outlaw by Bob Ford (John Carradine). The final scene in the picture, already filmed, shows Jesse's friend, Major Rufus Cobb, the newspaper editor [Continued on page 80]



Tyrone Power and Nancy Kelly as Jesse and Zee, who, in the midst of hair-trigger alarms, found time for love.

and becomes involved in a fight with Frank James. When he attempts to attack Frank with a scythe, Barshee is shot in the hand by Jesse.

The brothers are forced to flee when they learn Barshee, armed with a warrant, is seeking their arrest. Only Mrs. Samuels is home when Barshee and his men arrive. A bomb thrown by Barshee into the home kills Mrs. Samuels. Later Jesse confronts Barshee in the Dixie Belle saloon and kills him.

The brothers vow vengeance against the railroad, which they believe is responsible for all their trouble. They hold up and rob the train on its initial trip from St. Louis to Liberty. On that train is the rascally railroad president, Mr. McCoy (Donald Meek), who later plots against the lives of Frank and Jesse.

Jesse is persuaded by his friend, Will Wright, United States marshal (Randolph Scott), that he should surrender and accept a short penitentiary term. Jesse surrenders, but learns he has been framed by McCoy, who has had the town of Liberty placed under martial law, and seeks to have the outlaw hanged.

Frank James and members of the outlaw band effect Jesse's

RADIO TYPEST

The Movie Players Who First Got By At A Radio Mike Are Glad To Keep In The Characters That Get The Money.



Kenny Baker

IF THERE is one single thing that a screen star fears more than anything else about his professional career, it is being "typed." No matter how expertly he can handle the part, he does the quickest kind of intricate and fancy stepping to keep the paying public and the movie producers from associating him with only one kind of role.

You might think it would be fun to be paid to repeat the same kind of a part, but to the performer it's serious

business and one he tries to avoid at all costs. Only recently Barbara Stanwyck made her peace with RKO-Radio after a ten-week suspension without salary because she declared: "I refused to play a part that was too much like the one I did in 'Stella Dallas.' I felt that doing a characterization of that kind so soon again wouldn't do me any particular good and might tend to type me."

Having the courage of her convictions cost Barbara two and a half months' pay, but she said it was worth it, for in the end they put her in another picture more to her liking. Opera singer Grace Moore asked for and obtained a release on her contract that still had several pictures to go, because she said she was tired of doing revamped versions of her first screen vehicle and probably the public was getting tired, too, of seeing her in them.

You can see that this business of typing is no laughing matter to the screen stars. That's why it is so interesting to note that when radio performers sign movie contracts, they invariably pick up the groove into which they successfully ground out their specialties before the microphone and transfer it practically intact to the screen.

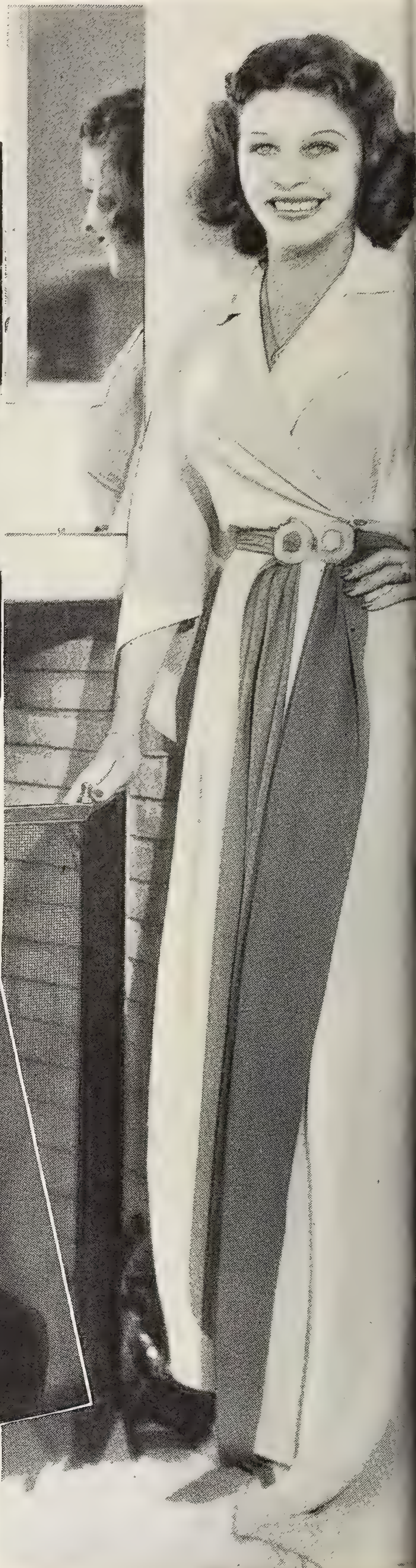
That's what George Burns and Gracie Allen have done. Adding a few gestures to their goofy routines, with a toss of Gracie's little blue hat they change from the nitwits of the networks to the screwballs of the screen. When I asked George to tell me why they stick to the same technique in both places, he replied: "This is nice work, we've got it, and we're satisfied. But like many another comedian, I've often thought



Joe Penner, the famous duck seller, is now in "Mr. Doodle Kicks Off," and still dumb.



Warner Baxter and Alice Faye in "By The Dawn's Early Light."



On the screen, in "Alexander's Ragtime Band," Alice was still a blues singer, but she can do more than that and her next picture proves it.

THEM *for* KEEPS

By
Ruth
Arell

There never was a girl like Martha Raye, and if she wants to change her type there are a million fans who will welcome any type so long as it is Martha.



One of the best known movie-radio singing actresses is Dottie Lamour. She can go native or sing a song of heartbreak and never lose a fan.



The air waves sold Frances Langford to music lovers.

I'd like to play Hamlet. Say, if you think that's bad, just imagine how awful it would be to cast Gracie as Hamlet's batty girl friend Ophelia. I don't blame you for shuddering.

"But getting back to our act—those who haven't seen us in vaudeville certainly know what we do from listening to us on the radio. Whenever they hear us over their loudspeaker or from the screen, they immediately get set to laugh—we hope. That's why, though we've often thought of doing a sophisticated comedy on the order of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, we haven't because the customers would feel

that we were stepping out of character. And since the customer is always right, we give them in the movies what they have come to expect from hearing

us over the air. So far it has worked."

Giving the customers what they expect even caused them to make an actor out of band leader Ray Noble. Ray's clipped British accent gave George and Gracie a field day, so they wrote lines into their radio script that made him out a baffled, brow-beaten Englishman. Then when they needed someone to play the part of a befuddled, dim-witted English musician in "Damsel in Distress," they simply hi-jacked Ray to play the movie version of his radio self. It was such perfect movie casting to radio type that Ray is to repeat it in another Burns and Allen opus.

When Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie exchange insults on the screen, they are merely carrying on the friendly feud they've been waging over the airwaves. As everyone knows, Winchell and Bernie are very good friends, but they do like to rib each other on their sponsor's time. Thus when Walter takes a jump on Ben's come-uppence, supporters of the Ole Maestro know that his retort is no further away than his next broadcast. And when they were cast in the same picture, it was no surprise to find that Ben was to portray the same glib-tongued, wise-cracking, master-of-ceremonies type of band leader while Winchell was all set to be himself—Bernie's chief heckler and only source of worry: worry as to where his next wisecrack was coming from. [Continued on page 80]

One of your Christmas-time presents will be Jack Benny's new picture, "Artists and Models Abroad." You'll gladly pay for the tickets.

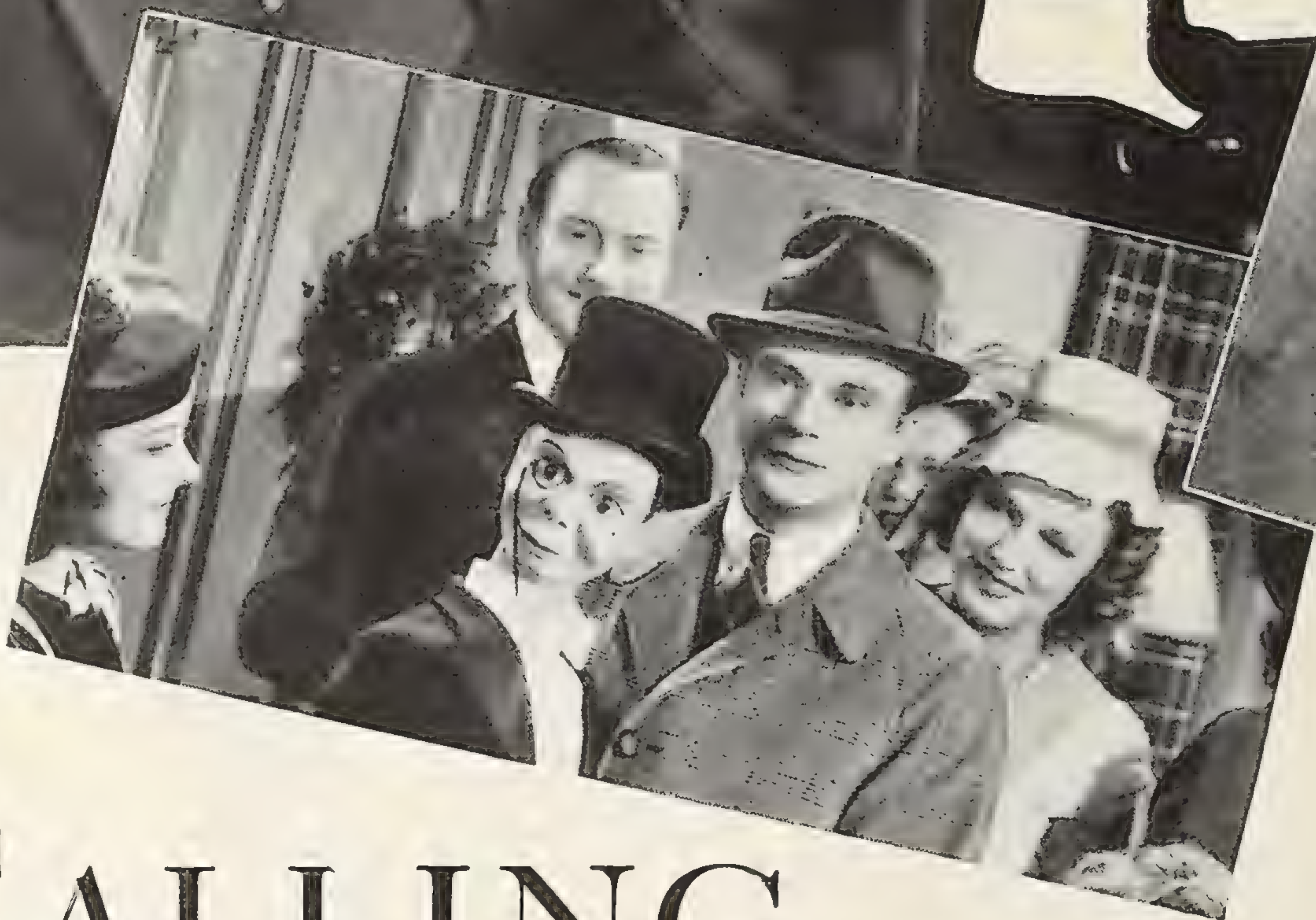


Broadway, offered seven act bills, with an intermission, is dead and buried. Never again will you see that type of variety show. The movies wiped it off the entertainment calendar, and although the movies now are sending out an S.O.S. for vaudeville acts, they are asking only for a stop-gap. They are asking for a 1939 streamlined version of vaudeville that is only a faint, blurred copy of the original.

There are two reasons for this radical altering of vaudeville. The first reason is the important element of time. In the old days, vaudeville houses offered two vaudeville shows a day, a matinee and evening performance. Each show played about 1 hour and forty-five minutes because there was nothing else on the bill, no newsreels, no movies, no features, no Bingo contests. Today, a vaudeville show must be combined with a moving picture and newsreels, and, to make money, the picture must be shown at least four times a day. As a result, vaudeville has to be skeletonized to fifty minutes, and if business is good, and the theatre manager wants six shows, the vaudeville show will be cut to thirty-five minutes. So much for the element of time.

Secondly, there is the important element of price. Theatres today want vau-

In "A Letter of Introduction," Charlie McCarthy's creator conquered the screen. Bergen is another vaudeville entertainer who made the grade.



“CALLING

ALI

The Movie Houses Want Stage Shows But The Old Vaudevillians Can Never Make It.

VAUDEVILLE is coming back, no doubt about it. Theatres all over the country are being whipped into line and the Christmas present to performers will be an enlargement of playing time. Yet this writer, after playing forty weeks of vaudeville, would point out that the vaudeville which is coming back is as different from the vaudeville that surrendered the ghost, as night is from day.

Vaudeville, as we knew it in the days when the Palace, on

deville acts, but they want only those acts that have become nationally famous through the medium of the movies, the radio or the newspapers. Jack Benny, in the old vaudeville days, perhaps got \$1,500 a week. Today, Jack Benny demands and gets \$15,000 a week. It is the same with the Marx Brothers, W. C. Fields, Eddie Cantor, Fannie Brice, Bob Hope, Burns and Allen and others who were standard vaudeville acts. Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy worked in vaudeville for \$350 a week. Today, as a result of radio and screen success, Bergen could demand \$10,000 for a single week. The Ritz Brothers got \$1,500 a week. They played the Chicago Theatre not long ago, and got \$15,000.

As a result, theatres have to round out a vaudeville show with two or three cheap acts. If you have engaged the Ritz Brothers for \$15,000, you haven't enough money in the till to buy six other acts, even had you the time in which to present them. Inasmuch as the people have come to the theatre to see the Ritz Brothers, a theatre manager will give them twenty minutes for their act, and if the show is scheduled at forty minutes, that gives the other acts twenty minutes or less to share.

In the heyday of vaudeville, the strength of variety shows was exactly that—variety. The bill opened with an acrobatic act. In the No. 2 or deuce spot was a man and girl act. No. 3 was a singer. No. 4 was a comedy act. No. 5 was a big song-and-dance act. Then came intermission. No. 6 was a dramatic sketch offering a famous star of the legitimate stage. No. 7, next to closing, would be the headliner, perhaps the Marx Brothers or Van and Schenck or the Dooleys. No. 8 would be a big dog act, or Fink's Mules. Then, to tie the whole show together, there would be what vaudeville veterans knew as an alter-piece, in which the whole company would get together in a comedy sketch.

That sort of thing has gone forever. Gone, too, is the colorful lobby literature of the period, when the theatre lobby would offer pictures of the acts appearing therein—Moran and Mack, (Two Black Crows); Kohl and Wood, (Those Two Fools); Mel Klee (Prince of Wails); Phil Baker, (A Good Boy From a Bad Family); Whiting and Burt, (Songs as You Like Them); Willard, (The Man Who Grows); Irene Franklin, (Redhead); Ed Wynn, (The Perfect Fool); Julius Tannen, (The Chatterbox); Richards and Bennett, (The Shot Rang Out); Karyl Norman, (The Creole Fashion Plate); Williams and Walker, (Bon Bon Buddy); Benny Rubin, (Late of the Ziegfeld Follies);

Below—Who has not seen Fanny Brice, and her funny dance which waltzed her into radio money?

Burns & Allen used to be in the "Big Time" and now they are bigger.



Bob Hope is doing well on the screen. His next, with Shirley Ross, is "Thanks for the Memory." Steady pay and never a "sleeper jump" in the picture.

GHOSTS!"

By

Ed Sullivan

Gallagher and Shean, (Battle of Bay Rum).

Those were the dear, dead days gone beyond recall when an actor was known by the size of the diamond he wore in his ring. It was an era of flash and polo coats and oversize caps and "ham." Actors all walked into the lobby of the theatre on opening day to see that the manager had given them the correct billing, because all vaudeville contracts stipulated the exact size of type in which a performer's name was to be spelled. That's how touchy the acts were. The headliner's contract stipulated that he or she was to be billed in 100 per cent type. The act ranking second to the headliner had a contract calling for 85% lettering, and so on down the list. Even the disposition of the lobby pictures was not left to chance. The headliner's photos were given preferred space on the left side and right side of the lobby, and woe betide a theatre manager who forgot.

Ben K. Benny (Fun, Fiddle and Funology); Elsie Janis (Sweetheart of the A. E. F.); Blossom Seeley (Miss Syncopation); Clayton and Edwards, in ("It's Your Mother"); Whipple and Huston, in (I Haven't Got the Do-Re-Mi); Johnny Hyman, (Playing Pranks

With Webster); Trixie Friganza, in (A Bag of Trix); Ed Blondell, in (The Lost Boy); Rae Samuels (The Blue Streak of Vaudeville); Billy Glason, (Thief of Bad Gags); Williams and Wolfus, (Spot-t-light); Charles Withers, in (Withers' Opry House); Justine Johnson, (The Most Beautiful Girl in the World).

Ben K. Benny today is Jack Benny. Edwards, of Clayton and Edwards, is Cliff Edwards. Huston, of Whipple and Huston, is Walter Huston. Ed Blondell is the father of Joan and Gloria Blondell. Justine Johnston was Mrs. Walter Wanger.

Where, you ask, did variety go? The answer is perhaps that it went on the air, on such shows as Rudy Vallee's program. Vallee's variety presentations are a faint shadow of old-time vaudeville, comedy, a dramatic sketch, a Page 1 personality plus commercial announcements. Vaudeville of old had commercial announcements, too. The acts on the bill always managed to sneak in a not too subtle reference to their favorite tailor, or restaurant. The vaudeville curtain was a com- [Continued on page 68]

GAMES

It Is The Time For Going Home—For Family Parties And Fun At Evening. Hollywood Turns Playful.



laughs of the evening. Jack Smart was plenty embarrassed when he was caught taking a shower bath—until he thought up the cute but amazing idea of having a traveling shower built! Constance Worth read her "invite" in bed and had to attend clad in pajamas and nightcap! Several stars had to come with lather on their face and razors in their hand!

Margot Grahame not long ago astonished her friends by giving an "auction party." And during the evening she auctioned off heirlooms that had been in her family for ages. The *piece-de-resistance* being a 480 piece gold and platinum dinner set. Among the guests were Cecil B. De Mille, Fredric March, Franciska Gaal, Eddie Cantor, Akim Tamiroff and Anthony Quinn.

Margot decided she didn't want the antiques any longer because she was giving up her big house and moving into a small apartment. The party was a grand success and ended with Eddie Cantor walking off with

When Claudette Colbert plays a game she glows with the fire of her ebullient spirit. Below—Lyle Talbot, gamester.



Joan Fontaine with her hair high and her heart a-singing.



SILVER SCREEN

DO YOU want to know how to play some new indoor games? If you do, just follow the stars! For the Hollywood screen celebrities know plenty of "parlor games," games many of them have made up themselves.

As a matter of fact, these very novel and original games are, at the moment, all the rage in Hollywood. And the colony's celluloid society has whiled away many a pleasant and excitable evening in participating in such fun-feasts as "Balloon Marathon," "Nudist," "Indicators" and other similar ones.

But, first let me tell you about those freakish parties that our glamorous town now takes such a delight in presenting. They may not be so elaborate and expensive as the gay soirees that the film capital used to throw, but, just the same, the fun they have at them is immense.

To begin with, "Come As You Are" parties are "right popular" at the moment. Amusing, too! To keep any of the guests from "cheating," the host or hostess delivers the invitation in person—and here's the idea: whatever the bidden guest happens to be wearing at the moment the invitation is extended, he or she must wear to the party! See the possibilities?

Well, Lyle Talbot gave one of those kind of things—and you can imagine the

By Grace Simpson

almost the entire collection of valuables. The price paid was said to be somewhere in the vicinity of \$50,000!

Joan Fontaine, Olivia de Havilland's "kiddie," gave a snow party right in Hollywood! She had her backyard filled with snow manufactured by a local ice company and there were toboggan slides, snow-men and everything else to make a real "New England winter party." Incidentally, Joan has never seen "real, genuine snow" closer than the mountains on the horizon back of Pasadena. Born in Tokio, and brought to Southern California when a baby, she has yet to visit her first winter resort.

Another unique party was Ann Sothorn's for the christening of a new domicile. The guests grouped themselves in rows of three and roller-skated from her temporary abode over to the location of the permanent home, and then topped the excitement off with a treasure hunt for bottles of champagne!

Bing Crosby gave, of all things, a spelling-bee party! Bing thought up a long list of hard-to-spell words and announced he really expected to win first prize himself! But Andy Devine, the numb-witted comic of the screen carried off first honors—in fact, he got more words right than Mary Carlisle,



Beatrice Lillie and Bing—all put together!

Mary missed "reminiscence," "singeing" and "rarefy." Beatrice slipped up on "tranquillity," "repellent" and "harass." Andy, himself, couldn't spell "vilify," but he made Bing look foolish on "questionnaire," "embarrassing," "kaleidoscopic," "sarsaparilla" and about a dozen others! Was Bing's face red when the party was over!

Jane Withers gave a surprise party for her mother. The table was beautifully decorated by Jane and each feminine guest



Left: Bing Crosby, who organized a spelling bee. Buzz-buzz.

was given a lei of gardenias. However, when they commenced to cluster about the table to find their seats, not only Mrs. Withers, but everyone else was very much surprised—in fact, as a surprise party it was a regular gem! For, instead of place-cards, Jane had placed in prominent positions a very "candid" camera shot of each guest, taken by Jane herself. There was one of her mother eating a hot-dog and trying hard to keep the mustard from spilling! One of her dad in "desperate mood," changing a flat tire! One of an aunt cold-creaming her face! One of a plumpish guest in a very skimpy bathing suit! And several extremely funny poses of other guests, "shot from the rear"—as they were stooping over for something!

Jane had the time of her life, as she usually does!

One of the most exotic dinners Hollywood ever saw was given by Gladys Swarth-



The lovely Anita Louise gave a party and then introduced the "Balloon Marathon." You never can tell what a pretty girl will do.

out. The main dish was baked peacock! It appears they had the bird skinned and baked, then it was tucked neatly back into its skin again and brought to the table in full regalia—gaudy feathers and all! The guests had hardly ceased gasping when the salad course was placed before them. It consisted of a raw ox-eye on a leaf of lettuce! One ox-eye to each guest. It was quite a novel party!

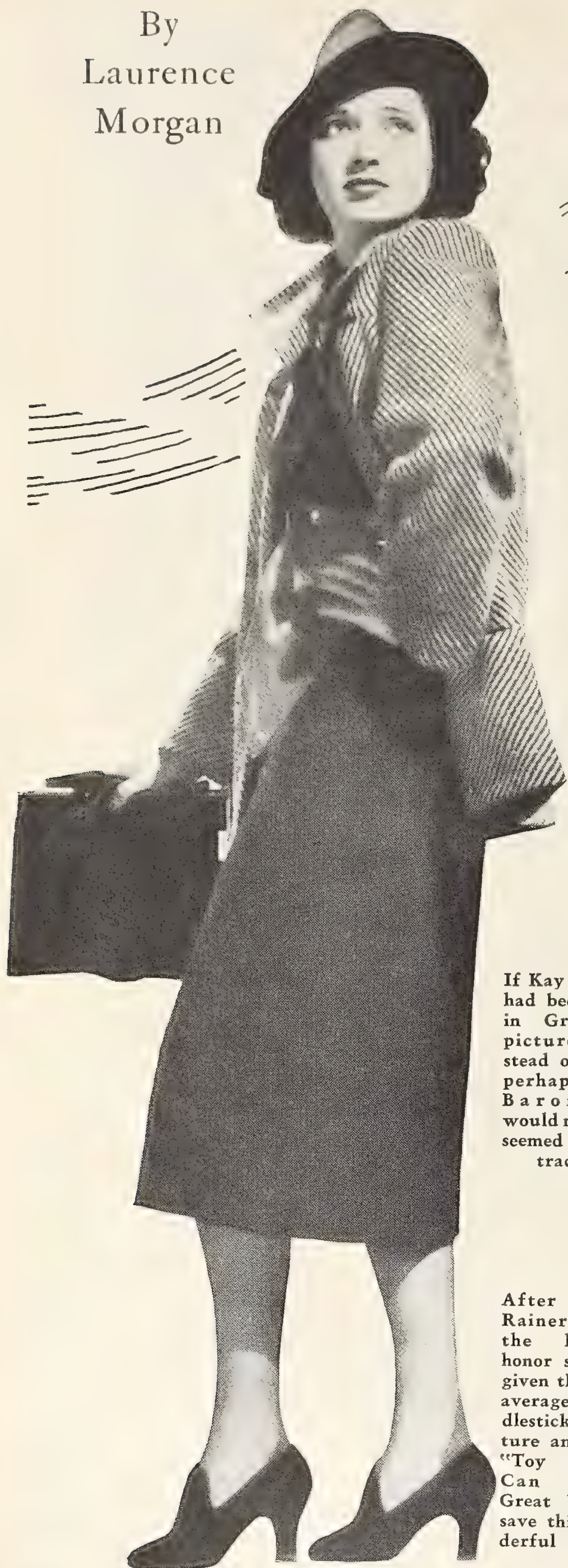
Now about those latest "parlor games" they indulge in at these Hollywood get-togethers. Mostly, they go in for such games as "Indicators," "Balloon Marathon," "Nudist," "Self-Analysis," "Who Dunnit," and the like.

"Nudist" is a popular game. But don't be too shocked—it's only a name. Sam Coslow, the song writer and producer, thought that one up. You bring along one of your baby pictures to a party—a nude one preferred. Your host meets you at the door, writes a number on the back of the toothless trophy, dashes your name off—opposite a corresponding number on a list and directs you to wait your fate in the house. Guests are given paper and pencils and the baby pictures are handed around for identification. The one guessing the greatest number of the originals of the photographs wins a grand prize.

Anita Louise introduced the "Balloon Marathon" at a party, and here is how she played it:

First, she divided her guests into two sides and gave each side 100 toy balloons. Two contestants [Continued on page 70]

By
Laurence
Morgan



If Kay Francis had been kept in Grade A pictures instead of "B's" perhaps the Baronetcy would not have seemed so attractive.

After Luise Rainer won the highest honor she was given the very average "Candlestick" picture and then "Toy Wife." Can "The Great Waltz" save this wonderful artist?

"THREE FLOPEROOS AND A BARONETCY"

signed you to a year's contract at a modest but, in your private opinion, staggering salary . . . then, what would you think? You'd think, unless you were a completely daffy personage, that you were sitting right smack on top of the world.

Sure. You have looks, you have acting ability to burn, you have intelligence and that intangible something called personality. What more armament could a person seeking a lasting film career desire? Nothing, of course. "Watch my smoke!" you'd say, and mean it. "At the end of a year Colbert and Montgomery will be scurrying around playing second leads to me."

Which is all well and good. Only it doesn't work that way. I know it's sad, but it's likewise so, so true. Your personality, charm and dramatic ability have just about as much to do with your ultimate film career as, say, your knack with a Stilson wrench. No, the real menace that stands in the way of your becoming another Hepburn or Tone is a pretty well-defined institution out here in Hollywood known as the BUGABOO OF THE THREE BAD ONES. And it is something with which every newcomer, regardless of genius, has to contend. Watch closely and you'll see how it works. And let the grease-paint fall where it may.

Time was when the phrase, "Three strikes, you're out!" brought only one picture to mind, and that was of a batter in a baseball game throwing down his bat and retiring in huge disgust to the side lines. However, the same phrase, in much the same sense, now holds true in the film colony, from the lowliest bit player to the shiniest star, only the phrasing has been changed to read "Three Floperoo Pictures, You're Washed Up!"

It hardly seems plausible that three poor, or even mediocre pictures are all that is needed to completely ruin a budding career which had, undeniably, everything to offer. But it's true. Three bad films and a player is automatically relegated to that limbo of forgotten faces. The story isn't a pretty one; there is too much tragedy, too many heartaches behind all the blasted hopes and ambitions.

Why? Because in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the player had not one thing to do with the success or failure of a picture . . . no more than an ordinary seaman on a steamship is responsible for the ship springing a leak and sinking at the dock. But somehow, oddly enough, the unfortunate player is held directly responsible for the popularity of a new film and if the



IF YOU were an actor or actress with dramatic ability and a really handsome (or beautiful, as the case may be) face and figure, you'd consider yourself to be one of the chosen few, wouldn't you? To begin with, you'd already have a tremendous edge on your less fortunate brothers and sisters whose talents ran along more prosaic lines. Their struggle for recognition on stage or screen must, of necessity, be twice as difficult as yours.

Then, merely supposing, of course, a film scout grabbed you out of some stock company, little theatre group or the like and arranged for a screen test . . . after which, if you were still conscious and able to hold a fountain pen, a major film studio

*Players Come To Hollywood With Talents Shining And High
Hope In Their Hearts. But Three Poor Pictures Will
Put An End To The Brightness In Any Career.*

AS YOU'RE OUT!



She's pretty and she's a prima donna, but the stories were dull and so Gladys Swarthout fared badly. Perhaps "Ambush," in which she will *not* sing, will break the jinx.

picture sinks in a welter of criticism or indifference the player sinks right along with it.

Three of those "things" in a row and the player either goes back to his original job or hangs around town trying to choke down his pride and grief and wondering just what it was that had happened to all the grand dreams. But the real tragedy is that the player WAS NOT AT FAULT! Not one time out of a hundred. Clearly, it is a situation that can stand no little amount of investigation and closet-cleaning, so let's go to it. For very obvious reasons all names and incidents cited, while authentic, are necessarily fictionized.

First, as a typical example of the consequences of the BUGABOO OF THE THREE BAD ONES, we'll take the case of one Pat Barton . . . and remember, that's not his real name. Well, Pat was about twenty-six years old and was six feet two and a half and very dark and lean looking . . . very much on the Cary Grant type. And he had a smile and a certain boyish charm about him that immediately endeared him to all things feminine and made men like to play golf with him. Strictly a swell guy.



"The Texans" did not succeed and Randolph Scott's career is stuck in the mud of mediocrity. This silly still is not Randy's fault.

Pat had studied at a well known and accredited dramatic school, had had private coaching and had played several seasons in summer stock and in two long runs in Broadway hits. So, you see, he knew his way about in the theater and it wasn't as if he'd been jerked out from behind a service station and handed a picture contract. Which, I may add, has actually been done! No, a scout saw him and was convinced that he'd made a find. A test was arranged right there in the New York offices of Gigantic Studios and Pat looked even better than he did on the stage.

Everybody in the eastern office congratulated everybody else on their remarkable discovery and presently Pat de-dazed himself long enough to find that he had signed a contract and was actually on a train headed for Hollywood and the private swimming pools.

Pat reported at the studio the day after he arrived and was told to take it easy for a few days until they had time to take a look at his tests. So he lolled around [Continued on page 70]

CHRISTMAS

BETWEEN FRIENDS

There's No Publicity Value In Giving Presents To Your Pals—No Glamour—Just Sincere Affection And Lots Of It.



Anita Louise wraps her presents herself—it's a lot of fun.

CHRISTMAS bursts upon us just as unexpectedly in Hollywood as it does on people in Keokuk or Bangor, Maine. Late autumn and early winter are the hectic seasons in the picture industry. Production reaches its peak. Everyone is working at top speed. Cost sheets mount and the end of the fiscal year looms near. Options are considered and professional fates hang in the balance. There is growing nervous tension on all sides. The whole atmosphere is nervous and jittery.

And in the midst of all this the poinsettia fields in Beverly Hills are suddenly drenched in crimson and you turn the leaf of your calendar to find that the next one is entwined with holly wreaths. Good gracious! So soon?

But despite dismayed gasps at the imminence of the holidays, the tension breaks and everyone starts to grin. Everyone hurries even faster than he has been hurrying (if that is possible) but no one seems to mind much, as the last minute shoppers swing into their stride. There aren't as many of these latter among film folk as you might imagine. For Hollywood takes its Christmas shopping seriously. The "old softie" which lurks in every one of us begins to show.

Last Christmas time there was a terrific flurry at Twentieth Century-Fox. A crisis of some sort had arisen and important executives had to get in touch with Jean Hersholt at once. At ONCE, Mrs. Hersholt was gentle and apologetic. "I don't know where I can reach him or when I shall be able to get in touch with him," she said. "You see, he's Christmas shopping!"

"Christmas shopping! But this is important. Where would he be likely to shop?"

"I cannot possibly tell you," replied Mrs. Hersholt. "You see, he discovered on his last trip to Callander, Ontario, that his friend, Dr. Dafoe, is as interested in rare first editions as Jean is, himself. Jean has gone to hunt for a very special one. He has been hunting it for days. He may not find it for a week—if he can find it at all. He wants it so much for Dr. Dafoe's Christmas gift! But you don't find rare first editions in department stores! You have to hunt and hunt in odd places. . . ."

So the studio chafed while Jean Hersholt did his Christmas shopping. Dr. Dafoe received his special, rare first edition on the dot of December 25.

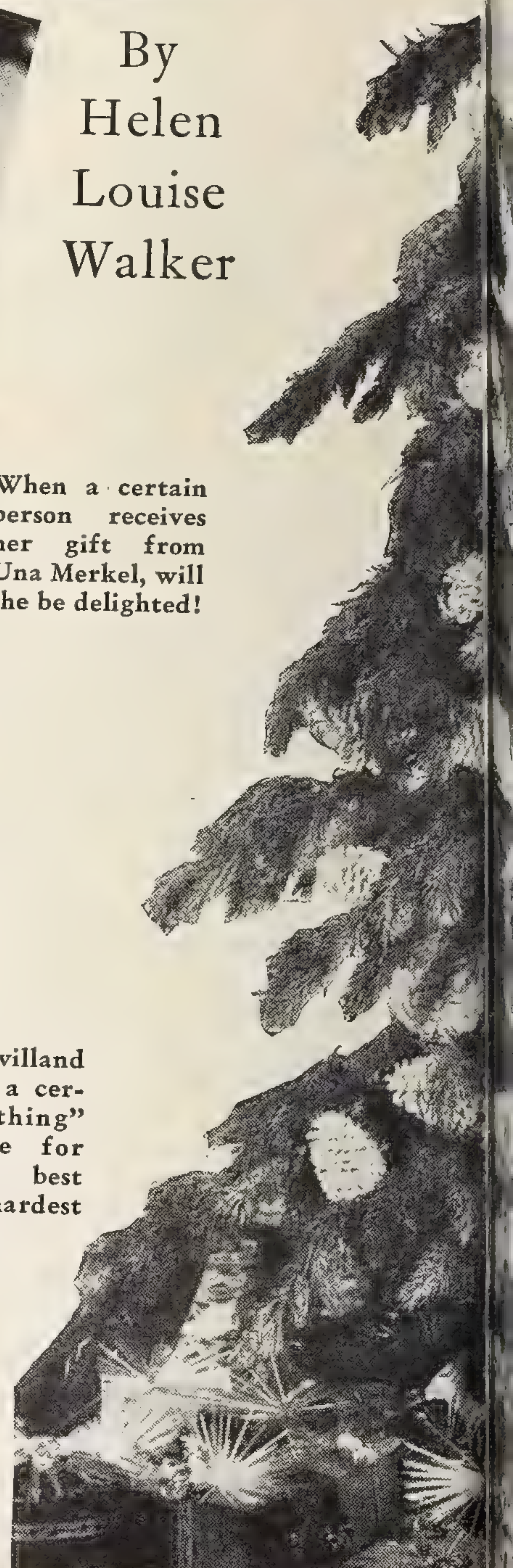
At about the same time that the studio was paging Jean so frantically, I called upon Loretta Young in her dressing room. She was almost invisible behind clouds of filmy, feathery, frosty lingerie. She was starry-eyed.

"Aren't they lovely?" she gloated. "But you must help me! I always have such a time deciding what to buy. It takes days. You see, my mother and my sisters are such practical people. They won't buy themselves the really frivolous, frou-frou nighties and negligees and slips that all women love. So I buy some for them at Christmas. But I want so to please each one of them individually. Now . . . do you think this peach negligee would be nice on Polly Ann

By
Helen
Louise
Walker

When a certain person receives her gift from Una Merkel, will she be delighted!

Olivia de Havilland searched for a certain "something" for someone for weeks. The best presents are hardest to find.





It takes Christmas Geraniums to make Maureen O'Sullivan happy.

(which she loves) and produced miniature wooden fire engines and trains which her small boy friends deigned to pronounce, "Pretty nice — and worth playing with!" This year she plans to astound them with model airplanes which Jackie Searl has taught her to assemble. But her real triumph last Christmas was the bath room rug which she wove for her mother on a huge wooden frame, which cluttered up the sets where she worked for weeks and weeks.

Freddie Bartholomew bought Aunt Cissie what he

Starting in July, Jeanette McDonald makes her Christmas list. It's her Honor Roll of Swell Fellows. Gene Raymond's special care is to have every present just suit the receiver.

... or do you think the blue one with the lace would be better?" Loretta was in no mood for an interview. I feasted my eyes on the frothy things, offered one or two opinions

called a "really comfortable chair" out of money which he had "earned himself." The money amounted to twenty-five dollars. You see, Freddie doesn't count money he earns in pictures as earned by himself. He thinks that Aunt Cissie earned that, too. You can imagine his pride in that chair!

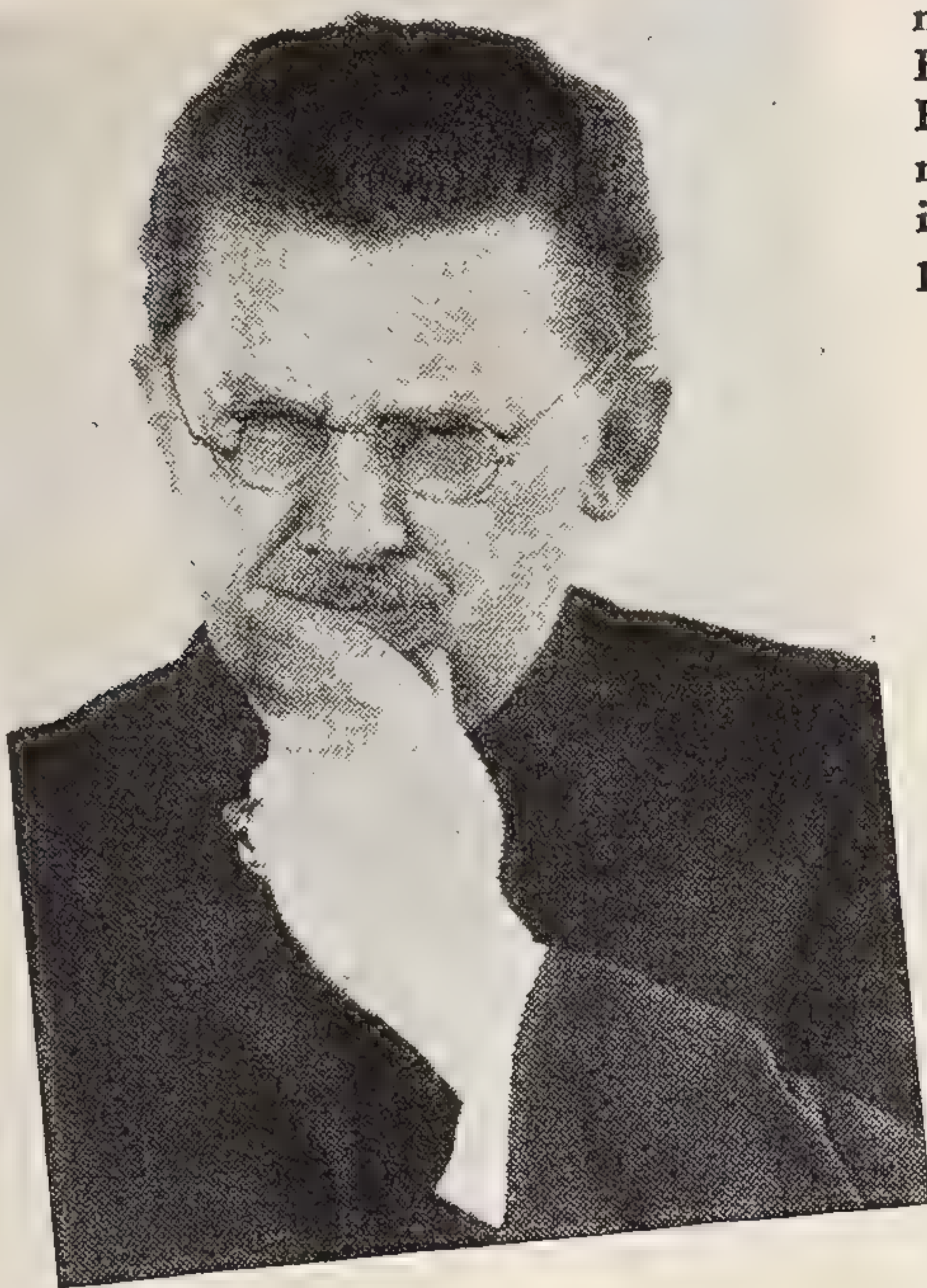
Barbara Stanwyck wasn't to be reached by phone for days before Christmas. Bob Taylor had just moved into his new house and, somewhere, Barbara had glimpsed something that would make a perfect and also an amusing present for him. Only she couldn't remember where she had seen it. So she had to hunt and shop and inquire. She found it, though. It turned out to be—of all things!—a cigaret box. When it was opened, a music box somewhere in its innards tinkled, "Home, Sweet Home!" It probably cost Barbara two dollars. But Bob's chuckles were without doubt worth all the time and effort she spent in trying to find the gadget.

Aside from that sentimental tribute, Barbara and Bob exchanged saddles and horse blankets and other equine equipment in large quantities. Last summer Bob gave her a tennis court for her birthday! A nice present—but a trifle unwieldy.

Perhaps you imagine that your favorite stars are simply swamped with elaborate gifts at Christmas time. This isn't generally true. Most of them have hundreds of names on the lists of people whom they must remember. But the bulk of these are studio employees, servants, hairdressers, secretaries—even head waiters and policemen—people who cannot possibly be expected to give presents to motion picture stars. For, really personal gifts most stars exchange only with their immediate families and closest friends.

Promptly on the first of July, Jeanette MacDonald begins carrying little black notebooks everywhere with her. She makes a note of the fact that an assistant director likes sweaters and that his favorite color is blue. A girl in the wardrobe department yearns for a fluffy negligee and Jeanette connives to find out what size she wears, and writes it in the little book. Now and then there is a slight flurry when Jeanette mislays one of the books—but mostly Christmas finds her neatly prepared with scores and scores of carefully selected, truly thoughtful gifts.

Last year Gene Raymond attempted to be just as thoughtful in his shopping, but he came a cropper at the last moment when he got the packages mixed up before the cards were attached. It was three weeks after New Year's before he unscrambled them and managed to deliver his carefully selected gifts to the right people. But his heart was right, [Continued on page 77]



It's a long way to Callander, Ont., but Jean Hersholt sends a yearly gift to Dr. Dafoe.

and went away.

But I felt nice about it. Loretta was so earnest.

And only the other day I saw Maureen O'Sullivan. "You must see my Christmas geraniums!" she trilled.

That one puzzled me a bit. Christmas geraniums? She told me about them. It seems that Maureen, since coming to California, has developed a particular affection for that bright, spicy plant which is looked upon with such contempt by local gardeners (probably because it is easy to grow!). Husband Johnny Farrow, learning of this, spent hours and hours over a period of weeks, finding out about different varieties of geraniums which might flourish on the terrace at the back of their house. By Christmas of last year he had discovered and ordered thirty different specimens. They are just beginning to show their most spectacular blooms. Maureen is ecstatic. And that, of course, is what she meant by "Christmas geraniums."

"The only other flowers in the garden," she confessed, "are some that my next door neighbor, Bill Powell, sent me. I was fussing around one day, planting some ordinary geraniums and I borrowed some pots from his side of the fence. On Christmas he sent me a lot of wooden boxes full of tiny plants. The card said that they were to go in the pots!"

In Hollywood, as in other places, Christmas, primarily, is children's day. Fond parents haunt toy shops here just as they do in other cities. Shirley Temple shops solemnly, accompanied by Hulda Anderson, of the Fox wardrobe department (the pair of them accompanied by an armed guard). Shirley's carefully saved quarters and dollars are spent for modest gifts for her immediate family. Jane Withers begins to make presents for her friends along about—say June. She knits dolls and weaves tiny rugs for doll houses. Last year she ventured into carpentry



HEDY'S HERE!

By
Robert Joseph

"YOU ask that I start at the very beginning? Well, that will be difficult. For you see, there have been so many beginnings that I don't know just what to say first. I remember as a child of three . . . or four . . . I went into mother's dress closet, put on her best evening wear, dabbed my cheeks and lips with whatever makeup I could reach way up on the bureau. And then, as I looked into the mirror, I was an actress."

Hedy Lamarr, the actress who took the critics and the public by storm in her sensational debut in "Algiers," stared into the blue smoke of my cigarette.

"I like to watch smoke rings. I remember my uncle used to be expert at it. But, of course, he smoked a big thick pipe, and he closed all the windows and doors to keep out the draft."

The actress laughed lightly.

"I am sorry. I was so far back that I remembered my uncle for the moment. But you aren't interested in smoke rings. I liked play-acting. I used to do it all the time as a child. Until I was eight the other children used to give me smaller parts. But when I reached that age I *knew* I was grown up, and I demanded bigger and more important parts."

Acting and the theatre are deeply rooted in Hedy Lamarr's life. There was nothing in her family to suggest a stage career. As a matter of fact, the family looked with cold contemplation on the stage, just as most people did fifteen or twenty years ago.

"One day," Hedy continued, "mother promised me a nice present if I were good. The present was a visit, my first, to the theatre. I saw a stage play for the first time. I was thrilled and speechless. I don't remember the play, its title or anything about it. But I never forgot the first general impression."

"School held but one interest from then on. I took part in school plays and festivals. My first big part came in 'Hansel and Gretel.'"

"I think I knew then that I wanted to be an actress. I used to go home and in my own room I practiced and played all parts in the play. I often think of what mother must have felt when she heard me talking to myself, as it seemed, hour after hour."

Hedy was a little girl at the time. But all these were nothing like the impression her first motion picture made on her. This



When She Was Alone, As A Child, She Talked To Herself—Playing Parts. Now The Spotlight Of Fame Is Upon Her And The Hungry Cameras Are Waiting.

was the celebrated "Metropolis," the film about the future, directed by the great Fritz Lang.

"Grandfather was perhaps the only one who ever encouraged me. He could play the piano, and to his music I danced. It was awkward, my dancing. But he said he thought it was beautiful. The rest of the family gave me little encouragement."

"Then things began to happen. I must have been a wild, impulsive little girl, because things began to happen quickly. I dreamed of the theatre. During the day as well as at night. And the more I dreamed about it, the more real it became."

"Everything began to happen when I was just fifteen. You see, at the school I attended, a very respectable and dull school for little girls, we had to have written permission to be absent. For some little matter or other mother wrote a note asking for one hour's absence permission."

"I don't know what seized me, but suddenly I found myself adding a five after the one. Think of it! Fifteen hours of freedom for a little girl of fifteen with amazing ideas all of her own! In Vienna!"

"I had heard father and mother speak of the wonderful Max Reinhardt, so I hurried that day to his theatre. I stood in the back and watched his pupils rehearse. Then an elderly man approached me. He said almost gruffly, 'I don't like to have people stare at my work. If you must watch, at least

[Continued on page 76]

Just a slip of a girl, but Hedy Lamarr is devastatingly intoxicating. She is a reason for living—if you lack one.

WE POINT WITH PRIDE

MICKEY ROONEY

Played Andy Hardy And Won Star Rating. In "Boys' Town" He Made His Name Synonymous With Great Acting. It Would Be Very Complimentary To Say Of Any Actor— He's The Mickey.



Ellen Drew made her debut in the big time in "Sing, You Sinners," the Bing Crosby picture, and her beguiling smile won for her a nation full of friends.

In "Four Daughters," Priscilla Lane was youthful and unpretentious. She is a new type, and her career will bring to the screen qualities unique and delightful.



Sigrid Gurie has played twice—first in "Marco Polo" then in "Algiers." There is about everything she does an unmistakable aura of greatness.

For One, Destiny Is Building A Hero

The GIRLS WHOM

Hollywood IS WATCHING

They Have Aroused The Public's Interest And Revealed Their Talents. Because Of Them, Will Some Of Our Present Stars Be Dethroned?

WHEN a new girl appears on the screen, plays her part with distinction and fares well at the hands of the critics, she becomes an object of great interest to all the other players. Her success may prove the undoing of some other girl or give opportunity where it has been long deferred. The newcomers are a menace and a challenge. Their careers may sweep others to oblivion, but they are more likely to call to the limelight some new hero, to start a new director on a success campaign, or arouse the theatre managers to beatific smiles, as they listen to the sweet music of the cash registers.



Comediennes are so rare and when, in addition, they have beauty and personality, who can foretell the measure of their fame? In this we are like Marie Wilson's line in "Boy Meets Girl:" "Oh, yes, I'm intelligent, only I don't know anything."

ever Called Fame.





Robert Donat, who, with Rosalind Russell, has made "The Citadel." It is an arraignment of incompetent doctors.



Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland (right) have put the human element into the great aviation picture, "Men With Wings."



In this scene from "Men With Wings" a great invention holds the spotlight. Louise Campbell is the girl in the picture and she's powered with a P. & W. Wasp.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY PICTURES

The Gay Evenings Of Year's End Are Important Occasions And Here Are Films To Fit.

THE studios of the producers have labored and brought forth "B" pictures and "A" pictures and now and then a "Super Feature." These are some of the supers. One is a picture from a "Best Seller" novel, others tell of great historical characters and events, and one is about five moderns who are making history as they go along.

There is always Jean Hersholt for the five stars, the famous "Quints," to fall back on. They all appear in "Five of a Kind."



(Scene from 20th Century-Fox's production "Five of a Kind," ©NEA)

Left—A scene in "Sixty Glorious Years." Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook (Prince Albert) and C. Aubrey Smith (Duke of Wellington). A Technicolor tribute to a great queen.



Anna Neagle, the English actress, who plays Queen Victoria.



Clark Gable, who has been publicized ten thousand times, tried to become Parnell, the great Irish statesman. The supporting players made it, but Clark was still Clark—far from home.

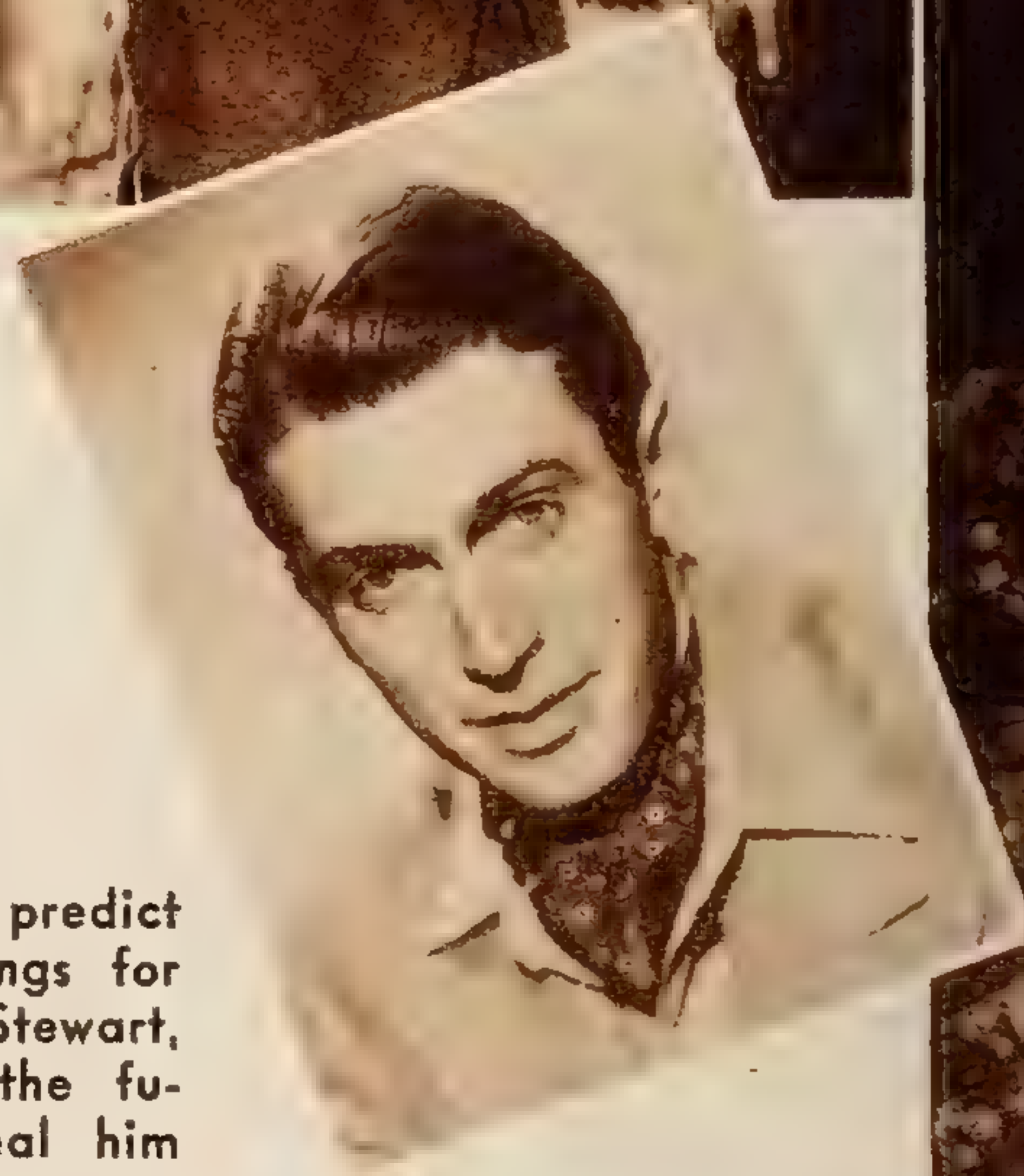
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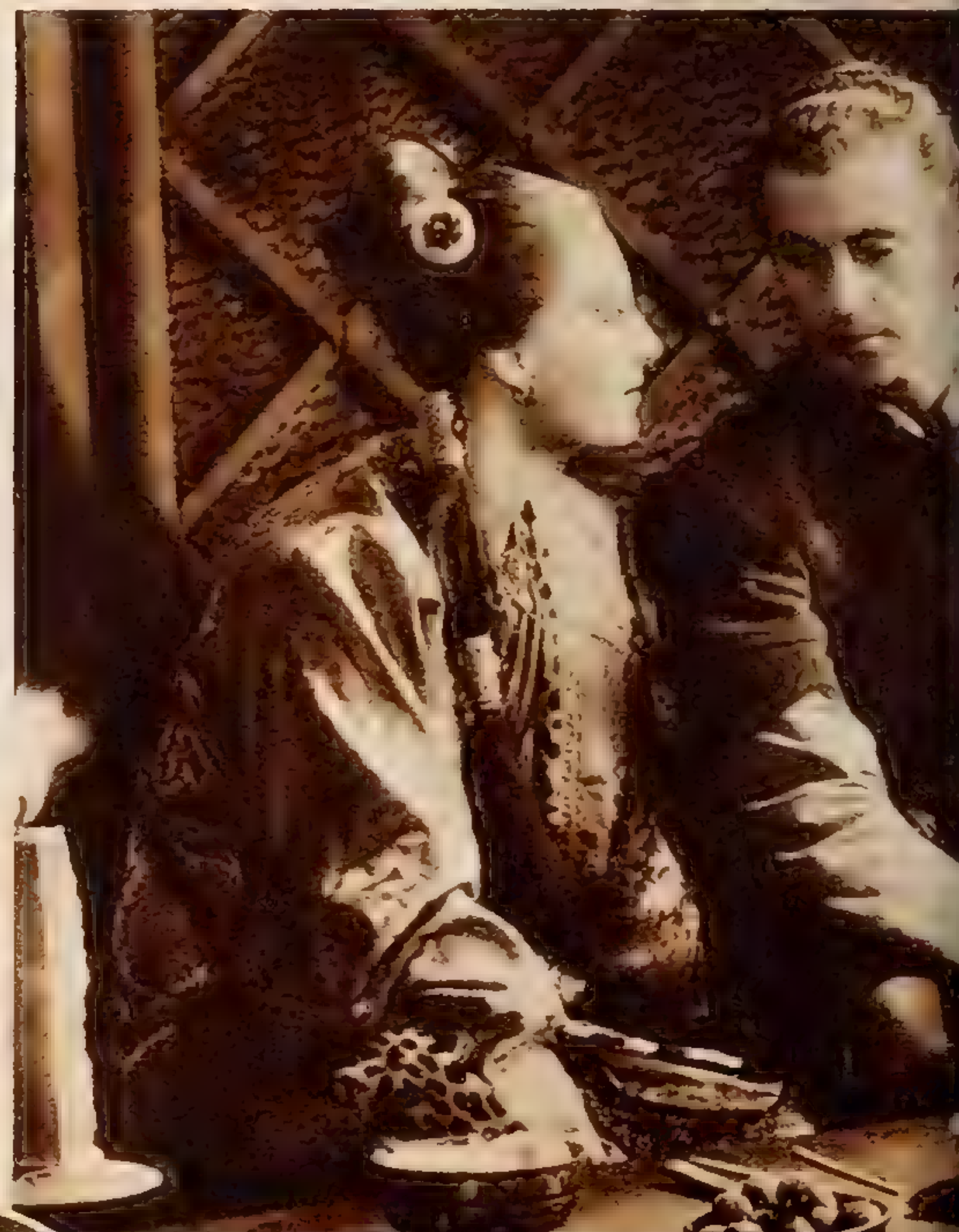
In "Test Pilot," Clark was wonderful because he himself might have been that aviator.



When "Seventh Heaven" was re-made, James Stewart emerged from the Paris sewer in funny clothes, but with the Pennsylvania birthright still intact.



Critics predict great things for James Stewart, but will the future reveal him to be a great thespian, or just Jim?



PLAYERS

Give Bette Davis credit. She made her initial success by a real impersonation. In "Jezebel," Bette again submerged her own charming self.



In "God's Country and the Woman" Bette played a regular girl, but we have come to expect more.

THERE are players in Hollywood so friendly and likeable that their charming personalities actually prevent them from achieving greatness in character roles. When the part calls for a person not unlike the actor himself, then he revels in the role and the movie audience feels a closer bond with the actor. But when the part requires him to drop his own peculiarities he cannot do so, and the blood does not flow through the veins of the stranger. Then, alas, the character becomes as dead as a scarecrow.

Great actors are not without charming personal attributes. Their talents enable them to shed their own personalities and wrap themselves in another set of habits, even to the smallest gesture, and so become totally different.

When Marco Polo climbed out of his centuries old tomb to reappear on the screen, he turned out to be Gary Cooper. Gary doesn't change.

In the studios of Hollywood few of the Glamour Girls and Boys can step out of their over-publicized selves. To the few who can, belong the palms of great achievement.



Above, left—Joan Crawford, talented and attractive. Above—A scene with Lionel Barrymore from "The Gorgeous Hussy," in which Joan attempted a character delineation with unhappy results.





*Frances Dee, as Katherine De Vaucelles,
and Ronald Colman, as François Villon,
in the Romantic Atmosphere of "If I
Were King," A Paramount Production*

THE **BIG** PICTURE OF THE MONTH—
SILVER SCREEN'S MASTERPIECE SERIES.



Right—Brick-red felt, its crown swathed in a pheasant wing, is Gloria Dickson's of a fetching sports hat ours, too!



Over her high-coiffed red hair Arleen Whelan wears a Tippy-Tippy Blackbird hat of fine black French felt bound in black gros-grain, with double wings giving added height. In sharp contrast to her tiny hat is the capacious shirred giant suede pouch bag designed by Coblentz. Arleen can carry it in her hand or swing it from its heavy gilt finished link handle.

Right—A Turkish fez of lustrous black caracul is Gloria Youngblood's choice for dress-up occasions. The dotted veil draped to one side adds a graceful touch.



Above—right. For informal parties Una Merkel likes this grey felt Tippy-Tippy bound in velvet and adorned with a huge red velvet poppy.



Right—Gale Page looks extremely smart in this modified shako of black felt with its voluminous veil accented with black velvet circles and dots.



TOP NOTCHERS

Perch 'Em Over Your Eye, Girls
—Left Or Right, It Doesn't
Matter—Just Look Noncha-
lant. You've Got To Be, To
Wear This Season's Hats!

Lucille Ball almost ob-
literated her right eye
with this Pirate Tippy-
Tippy when she goes off
to a cocktail party. It
is of soft, black felt,
with a gleaming jewel-
ed ornament resting on
the front of the brim.



Joan Fontaine's pointed
oval face is lovelier
than ever when framed
by this high postillion
hat in hunter's green
felt to match her frock.
A fine mesh veil is
draped around the
crown.

THE party-season has arrived in real earnest now. And what a joy it is to shed one's sensible woolen dresses and tweed suits for gowns that give one that marvelous "umph" everybody talks so much about. If you can be the proud possessor of more than one "dress-up" frock, it is nice to have one that lends itself to entertaining at home or Sunday night affairs, when too much exposure of the body beautiful is apt to make you appear conspicuous. However, if you need one gown for a very special occasion, and perhaps may not use it again, go the limit on it. Be as alluring as your favorite movie star and make that *one* occasion stand out in the memory of all who behold you, even if it sets your bank account back a bit.



Below—Anne Shirley in an exquisitely simple frost-blue crepe dress, the only adornment being two clips of gold oak leaves at the squared neckline. The bodice is shirred close, and boasts small shirred sleeves, and the sheath-skirt falls into loose folds at the long hem-line.

Right—Here Anne wears a picture frock of misty white lace, corded at the waist in true Medieval fashion. The modern touch achieved in the softly ruffled off-the-shoulder decolletage, and the romantic touch by the full circular skirt.



Very modish indeed is Joan Fontaine's long sleeved black velvet Princess dinner gown, with boat neck and slightly trained skirt banded with rich cream-colored lace.

Black-striped maroon taffeta fashions this dignified but very charming formal gown worn by Cecilia Parker. The gown buttons snugly down the back, has a nipped-in waist contrasted by the extreme flare of the full skirt. A huge poppy of maroon shading into white is worn at the low decolletage.



When Lovely Woman Seeks
to Conquer She Slips Into
A Glamorous Evening Gown.

SWINGING THROUGH THE NIGHT



Of candy-stick inspiration is this laurel green and pink striped taffeta dance frock which makes Joan Fontaine smile so gayly. The high empire bodice threatens to fall off the shoulders any minute—but of course it won't—and has tiny puffed sleeves. A black velvet sash adds a picturesque note.

PICTURES PLANNED FOR NOVEMBER RELEASE

Whatever The Month, Romance
And Drama Are Always In Season

IT IS the harvest time, when the earthbound toiler piles the yield of garden and orchard in cellar and haymow, against the winter's chill. And now the picture-makers, returning from location trips and emerging from the sound stages, proudly lay before you their harvest of screen dramas.

Mary Morris and Lorraine Clewes in "Prison Without Bars," a London Film Production.



Burnett Ferguson, Errol Flynn, Peter Willes and David Niven in "Dawn Patrol."



Shirley Temple and Franklin Pangborn in "Just Around The Corner."





Jack Oakie, Lucille Ball and Bradley Page in "Annabel Takes a Tour."

Above, right—Charles D. Brown and Glenda Farrell in "Exposed."

Right—Sally Eilers, Cecil Kellaway and players in "Miracle Racket."



Edward Ellis and Dickie Jones in "A Man To Remember."

Roscoe Karns, Shirley Ross and Hedda Hopper in "Thanks for the Memory."

Left—Joan Crawford and Robert Young in "The Shining Hour."



HOW TO SPEND \$2,000,000!

The canal digg

To Film "Suez" They Dug A Piece Of Canal And The Twentieth Century-Fox Company Had To Dig Up, Too.

THREE hundred men worked for a month digging a replica of the Suez Canal, on the sand dunes near Yuma, Arizona. But the

canal was not all. Palaces were constructed, the House of Commons built, a mountain blown up and salaries and wages took their share.



Annabella, Tyrone Power and Loretta Young play leading roles.



The palace at Alexandria, Egypt, in California.

The simoon strikes.



Eddie Cantor, Al Smith, Edw. G. Robinson and Irving Berlin, A Famous List To Which We Add A New Name—John Garfield.

IF EVER anyone was born with two strikes against him—and there have been plenty of them—born with the odds all in favor of his turning out to be a gangster or a punch-drunk second-rate pug, it was John Garfield. Yet he speaks with the intelligence of a Yale graduate and the poise of a Back Bay Bostonian.

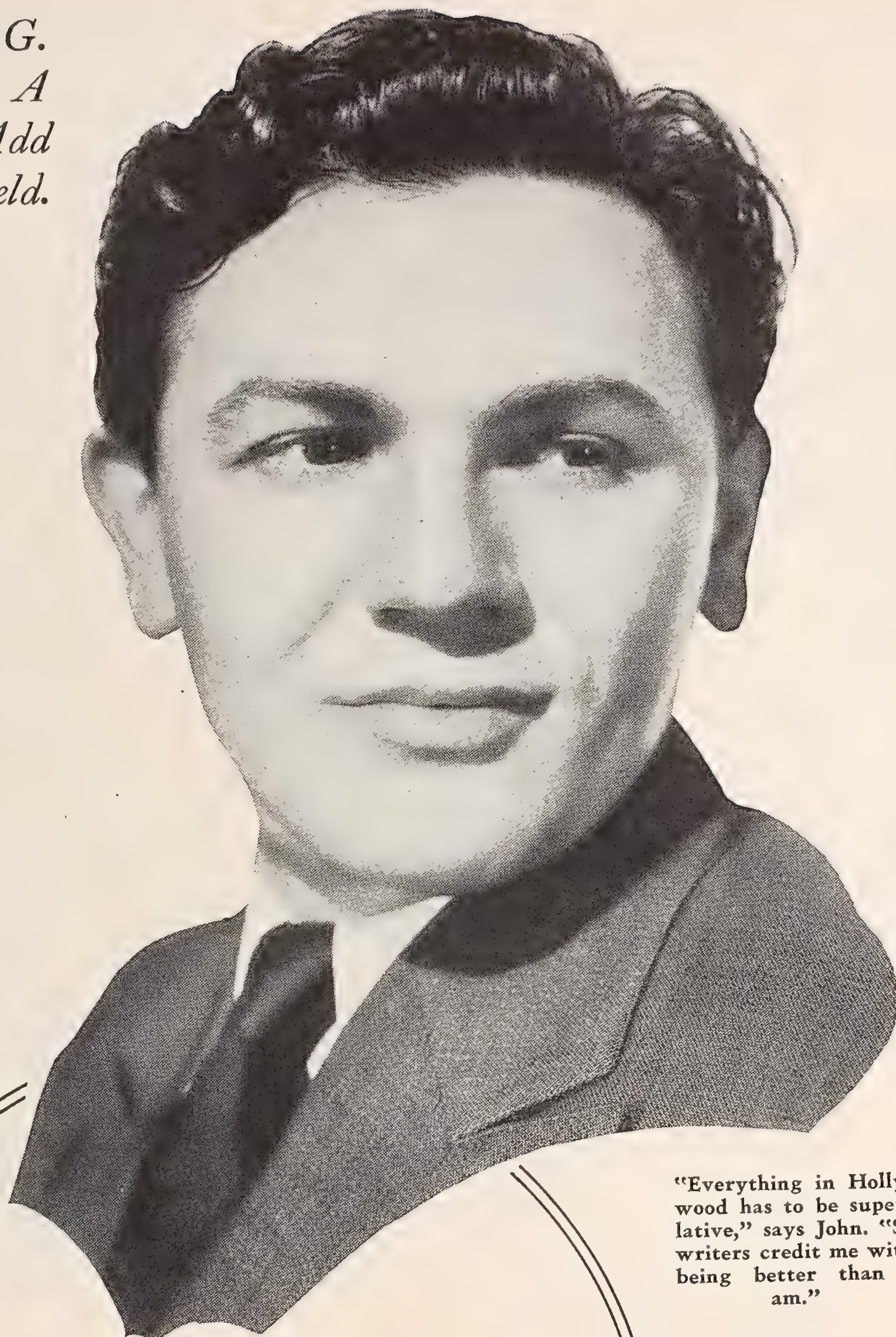
Born on the lower East Side of New York's seething tenement district, his mother died when he was seven. His father was a tailor, hard-pressed to make ends meet, and John was left pretty much to shift for himself. That he has overcome the handicap of his early environment is everlastingly to his credit.

Others have risen above their surroundings—James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson, for instance. But Cagney had behind him a mother with an indomitable determination that her children should amount to something. Of Robinson's background I know little, but he does not, in my opinion, compare with Garfield as a character.

Today, only a person in the know can realize that John's early life followed pretty closely the pattern of that laid down by the bunch of young hoodlums in "Dead End."

He and the gang he ran with were continually being hauled up for swiping "mickies" (Irish potatoes), which they roasted over bon fires. Fruit peddlers blanched as they saw the gang approaching. From the older kids in his neighborhood he learned all the meanness, all the toughness it is possible for boys of that age to acquire. I don't believe he was ever guilty of any really vicious misdemeanor but he was always in hot water with the police. Expelled from one school after another, he was a source of constant annoyance to the school authorities of his neighborhood.

At thirteen he had fallen into casual contact with two criminal gangs, for either of which he was ripe material. The authorities decided something had to be done about him and he was packed off to Angelo Patri's School for Boys. "And that," declares John, "was the luckiest break of my life. Instead of going on the theory that I was a no-good bum who would end up in



"Everything in Hollywood has to be superlative," says John. "So writers credit me with being better than I am."

ANOTHER *East Side* GENIUS

By S. R. Mook

prison, if I didn't wind up in the chair, he reasoned with me, made me feel I could amount to something, showed me I was no worse off than countless thousands of others who had later made the grade."

It was Mr. Patri who interested him in dramatics and oratory—who coached him in elocution and diction. It was during the first year in this school that John entered an oratorical contest and reached the semi-finals.

Suddenly, instead of being treated with respect in his neighborhood for his fistic prowess, he was being regarded with awe for his scholastic attainments. Instead of forbidding their children to have anything to do with him, harassed mothers began asking

[Continued on page 74]



Garfield and Priscilla Lane in "Four Daughters." She was good, but he held the attention of the audience—the miraculous power that is the gift of a true artist.

Youth Has Its Fling—Youngsters Start A New Picture Cycle And Crash The Box-Office.

By
Annabelle
Gillespie-
Hayek



Marcia Mae Jones and Bradley Metcalfe in "Barefoot Boy." Their careers are well begun.



AT LAST the Big-Wigs of Hollywood are awake to the fact that movie audiences are tired of being rocked by the supercolossal, star-studded "special" films of torrid clasp and passion. So, as might be expected, producers are making a complete turn about-face. Naturally, they are looking for something vital and fresh, for portrayals of novel, arresting, vibrant personalities, for drama that is realistic and appealing.

Who can best supply it? The adolescents, of course. Adolescents who have that individual, mysterious, indefinable something which makes for box-office stampedes. Adolescents who can meet the exacting demands of a discriminating public. All of which means that the high school striplings have at last been given a chance to come into their own. Certainly they are now being accepted into filmdom's royalty because they are supplying vivid and lively performances, and as a group are making an indelible impression upon public consciousness.

However, it was not until starry-eyed, golden-voiced Deanna Durbin broke through with her unprecedented success in "Three Smart Girls"—less than two years ago—that anyone in Hollywood believed an adolescent worth his weight in salt at the ticket window. Now, in addition to nightingale Durbin, such personalities as Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, Judy

"That Certain Age," with Jackie Cooper and Deanna Durbin. Both have shown their metal. Deanna is twice gifted. Jackie played in "The Champ" and no boy's performance ever has equalled his inspired artistry.

Garland, Edith Fellows, Tommy Kelly, Bonita Granville and the "Dead End" kids are in such demand that production schedules at their respective studios are top-heavy in quest of their service.

Other youngsters of the terrible 'teen age who are plunging to the fore include Marcia Mae Jones, Donald O'Connor, Jackie Searl, Peggy Stewart, Jackie Morgan, Marvin Stephens, and the Jones Family representatives in the persons of June Carlson and George Ernest. Jane Withers is fast approaching this age, having passed her twelfth birthday last April, and with her increasing age Twentieth-Century-Fox is increasing the budget expenditure for her

pictures which indicates that bigger and better things may be expected from her latest features, "Arizona Wildcat" and "Always in Trouble."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expects much of its new satellite, Mickey Rooney. And well it may, since Mickey is making screen history with his notable portrayal of Andy Hardy in the "Judge Hardy" series of that studio. So far, many critics think his performance in "Love Finds Andy Hardy" as good as anything seen on the screen this year. And it is believed that since the release in September of "Boys Town," in which he shares honors with Spencer Tracy and a group of young people, the irresistible

PERSONALITY IN ALL

Rooney has been established definitely as a top-ranking star.

It is possible that he may ascend to the "select ten" of the year, just as Deanna Durbin may do. With Shirley Temple and Jane Withers already in the ten best listings, and with the adolescents threatening to supplant their elders, the Academy of Arts and Sciences in self-defense may have to establish special awards for the youngsters. At any rate more representatives of the "awkward age" are being raised to fame than any other group of movie players at the moment.

By the end of the year you may be able to see Rooney in "Stable Mates," with Wallace Beery, and in another of the "Judge Hardy" pictures. But Mickey isn't the only important adolescent on the Culver City lot. There's fourteen-year-old Freddie Bartholomew whose successes have been many, his last being "Lord Jeff." Also Eugene Reynolds, the youngster in "Of Human Bondage" and "Boys' Town." Eugene is to appear in supporting roles of some of the eleven pictures lined up for Mickey Rooney and is being groomed for stardom in his own behalf.

And on the same lot is pert little Judy Garland—ah, there's a dish for you! What some of our glamour gals wouldn't give to be able to put over a song *a la* Garland fashion. Judy isn't as strong on looks as many of our Hollywood girls, but when it comes to personality and ability she's there one hundred percent. That's why, after viewing her in "Everybody Sing" and now in her current film "Listen Darling," in which she plays opposite Freddie Bartholomew, her studio has decided to trust her with the important role of Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz," a picture designed for Christmas release.

Deanna Durbin is still the darling of the Universal lot. And well she may

be, for any girl who can become an immediate sensation in a "B" picture and turn it into a top-flight "A" release, as she did in "Three Smart Girls," and run up an impressive box-office record besides, deserves credit beyond mild recognition. Her influence is widely felt at this time for she has helped greatly to create a new demand for screen entertainment since her stardom in "One Hundred Men and a Girl" and "Mad About Music." No wonder her studio lays its cloak at her altar for such adolescent success is rivaled only by that of a story book heroine.

Her producers are so pleased with Deanna's current picture, "That Certain Age," in which Jackie Cooper supplies the young love interest, that they plan to star her in three pictures next year instead of two, as has been the case during her two years of acting on the screen. The first, upon which she is now making recordings, will be termed "First Love," next will come "Three Smart Girls Grown Up," and later a third picture, as yet untitled, to be based upon the life of the great singer, Jenny Lind.

After a long period of free-lancing, Jackie Cooper, the veteran who has been an actor in films for eleven of his fifteen years, is once again very much in the running. In fact, because of his excellent performance in "That Certain Age" Universal has signed him to a long term contract. And if he has the good luck that is expected of him, then Mickey Rooney had better look to his laurels. Jackie is very much in demand, being sought by Monogram for "Gangster's Boy," and also by Republic and a British firm for two other films. Neither is the home lot lagging in its demands since it plans a number of features, including "Newsboy's Home" and a "Boy Scout" serial, the first episode to be released in the immediate future. Cooper's last outstanding role was in "White Banners," in which he wore make-up for the first time, and which picture, incidentally, did much to elevate Bonita Granville to stellar attention. Cooper's goal is that of outstanding character parts, for he prefers screwing up his face rather than succumbing to a romantic mood and a powdered nose.

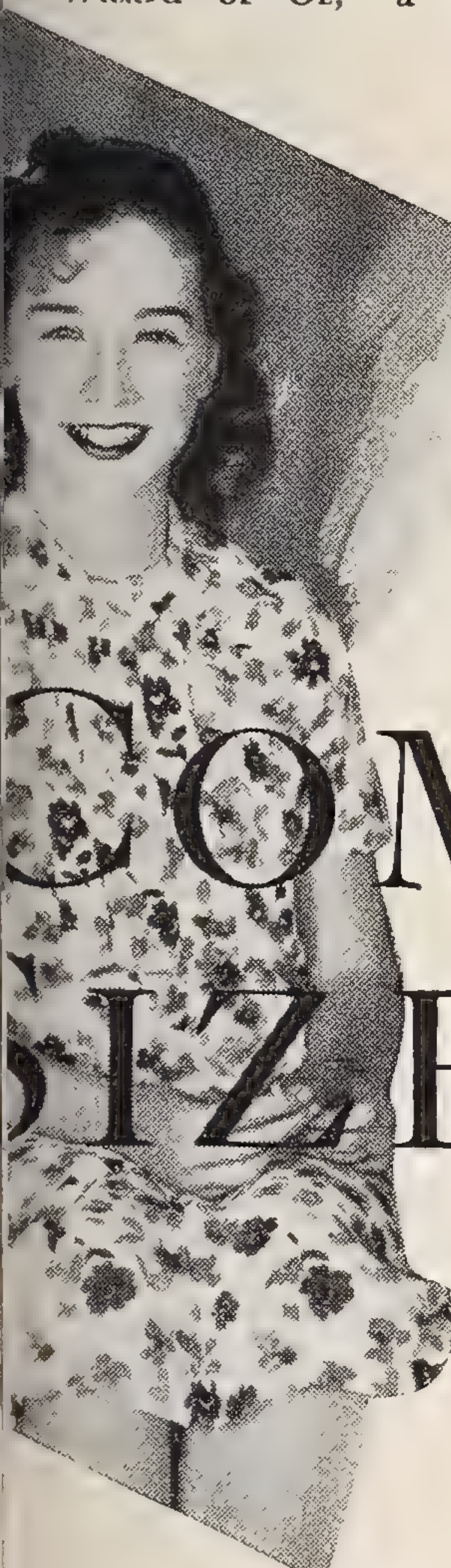
Warner's are planning a series of "Nancy Drew" detective stories for the

dramatic Bonita Granville. In this series she will play the stellar role of a girl detective. In an effort to make her role that of a typical all-American girl the studio is querying scores of famous women, including Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Kathleen Norris, Emily Post and Dorothy Thompson as to whether or not a fourteen-year-old girl should drink cocktails, smoke, have dates, go out at nights unchaperoned, and so on. The character of Nancy Drew will be based on their replies and the result should prove very interesting. Bonita's current picture, "Hard To Get," starring Olivia de Havilland and Dick Powell, is a thriller in which she does some neat emoting.

And what of the "Dead End" kids, a rough and tumble crew, out of which have emerged three outstanding prospects, Leo Gorcey, Bobby Jordan, and Billy Halop? As a group they have already reached great screen heights in "Crime School," "Angels With Dirty Faces" and now "They Made Me a Criminal." Individually, Bobby Jordan, the baby of the group, scored in "A Slight Case of Murder" and Leo Gorcey, the eldest, in "Little Lady Luck" while Billy Halop gave a fine account of himself as did Helen Parrish (the sixteen-year-old meanie in "Mad About Music") in "Little Tough Guy." Halop will soon go before the cameras as the head of a cast of well known players in "Crime is a Racket."

On the Columbia lot is charming little Edith Fellows, who seems to be going places fast. Edith has more than one hundred pictures to her credit though it remained for her to reach the "awkward age" before she achieved fame in a big way. At present she is working on "Thoroughbred," a circus picture in which she rides a trained horse and ends as a race rider. Those who saw her in "City Streets" and "Little Miss Roughneck," with Leo Carrillo, will remember her as a lovable girl. Rumor has it that she is even more intriguing in her current film, which is to be released during the fall season, with a premiere, no less. That will definitely promote her to the ranks of a first flight star. Columbia is sparing no effort or expense to prepare her for singing roles. She now sings in five different languages and it is claimed that she can reach F above high C. Like Deanna Durbin she hopes for an operatic career.

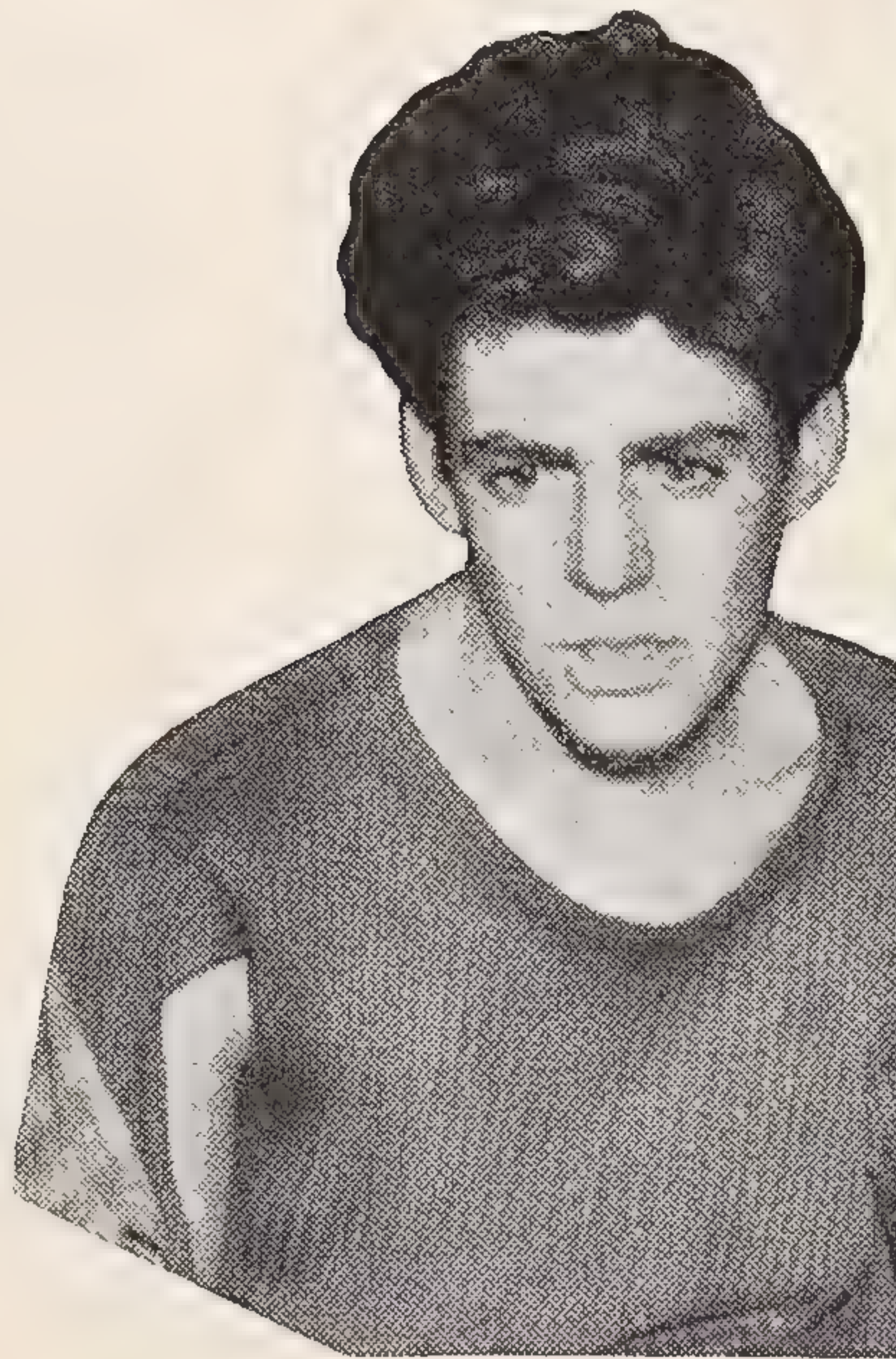
It is indescribably difficult for one to realize how great is the chasm spanning the gap from obscurity to motion picture fame; also to appreciate [Continued on page 76]



COMES SIZES

Bonita Granville started off in "These Three"—a hateful part so well played that she could not be forgotten.

The "Dead End" kids are still working. Billy Halop's success teaches a lesson—"Do not smile off your personality."



Judy Garland and Freddie Bartholomew split a bottle of milk. Ahead of them are two brilliant futures.



We Once Were Boys And Girls, Too, And Can Appreciate Their Marvellous Performances.



Scene from Lloyd Nolan's and Dorothy Lamour's next picture, "St. Louis Blues." It has been a big year for Dorothy.



Pat O'Brien and Joan Blondell in "Unfit to Print," a newspaper story. Maybe they'll do fan mags next.

"I JUST received the new SILVER SCREEN," said an acid voice over the telephone at eight o'clock in the morning (which I recognized as coming from Virginia Woods of the Warner Brothers publicity department), "and there is not even a mention of Warner Brothers in your column."

Imagine being wakened from a dream of Myrna Loy in such a fashion. But, asleep or awake, my wits are always working. "You've heard that story about the wrong Crosby?" I countered, "Well, you're the wrong studio."

"Wrong studio or right studio," she flung back waspishly, "if we don't get the lead in that department for which you shamelessly collect every month, our stars are going to be feeding you cyanide instead of cocktails."

Thoroughly roused to the seriousness of the situation I put Myrna Loy out of my thoughts, hastily substituting Bette Davis, and dash out to—

Warner Brothers

AS I scan the daily call sheet my heart sinks into my boots. It seems as though there must be twenty pictures shooting here. And Bette isn't even working!

"You'll take what we have and like it," Virginia announces firmly. "Did you see 'Four Daughters'? Well, John Garfield who made such a sensational hit as the piano player in that is working in 'They Made Me A Criminal.' He's super-colossally gigantic and you'd better get on the bandwagon."

So out we go to the set of 'They Made Me A Criminal'—without so much as a cup of coffee, mind you. From nowhere the ubiquitous Mushy Callahan (do I have to tell you again he was former world's welterweight champion?) pops up. "Hi, Dick," he greets me. "Have you met my new protege, John Garfield? Hey, John," without waiting for an answer, "c'm here. I want you to meet a friend of mine." That's one thing about Mushy. Where other people drag you up to the stars, he drags the stars,

The Cameras Are Noiselessly Turning As Scene After Scene Goes Into The Can Under The Eye Of—

S. R. Mook

willy-nilly, up to you. "J. L. expects me to do this," Mushy offers. "He wants me to be an ambassador of good-will where the press is concerned. Of course, nobody pays any attention to what you write but it's publicity and gets our pictures and players before the public. John, this is Dick Mook."

Mr. Garfield turns out to be a quiet, pleasant young man, not so tough as his parts but with plenty of ideas and no hesitancy about expressing them. You'll read about him elsewhere in this issue.

To make a long story short (who said I couldn't?) John fights his way to the world's lightweight championship, accidentally kills a reporter, is supposed to have been burned to death in an automobile accident, flees to the southwest where he finally reaches a date ranch operated by Muzzy May Robson, with the help of her niece, Gloria Dickson. Naturally, John immediately falls in love with Gloria but she, proud beauty, repulses all his advances with a laugh.

Also on the ranch are the five Dead End kids, whom Muzzy May's deceased brother has sent her. The dates don't pay enough and the mortgage is going to be foreclosed. John wants to raise dough to buy a gaso-

line pump to install at the ranch. He learns that a second-rate heavyweight prize fighter is barnstorming and offering \$500 a round to anyone who can stay a round with him. He is going to fight in the town near them and John goes into training. Everyone at the ranch is wildly excited. They have a chair already fixed up for him with "The Champ" painted on it.

But the night of the fight Claude Rains (a detective who never believed John was dead) turns up and John decides to call the whole thing off and not fight. The kids and Muzzy May walk out on him. He's told them the doctor wouldn't pass him physically.

"What's the matter with everybody?" he demands when they've all gone.

"They know you're lying, Jack," Gloria replies quietly.

"Listen, Peggy," he expostulates, "I told you the doc—"

"Cy Kimball was here and told us what the doctor said," she cuts him off, still quietly.

John can't meet her eyes. "All right—so I'm yellow," he mutters.

"That's not true either," she says.

"I'm a liar and I lost my nerve," he

PICTURES ON THE FIRE



blazes. "Let it go at that."

"Tell me one thing, Jack," she pleads. "Were you lying when you said you loved me?"

"No!" But that admission was wrung from him. Now he's sullen again. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything! When you really love someone you don't lie to them—you don't hold anything back. I love you, too—and I know you're not a quitter. There's something else."

"Yeah," he agrees, turning away from her in torment. "That's right—something else turned up." He realizes she doesn't believe him and that makes him flounder all the more. "Wasn't it my idea in the first place about the fight? Well, I changed my mind."

The guy's too big and too tough. I'm no sucker, see? Why should I get my block knocked off when I can get the dough some other way? That's all there is to it. Let me alone, can't you?"

He ends on a note of hysteria and runs out.

Before passing on to the next set, let me tell you that is one of the most gripping scenes I've witnessed in many a month. Those two played it for everything there was in it and for once Virginia wasn't being just a press agent when she said Mr. Garfield is going to be the screen's next sensation. How that guy can act!

The next picture is called "Going Places." It stars Dick Powell with Anita Louise prominently among those present, and what do you suppose? The story turns out to be our old friend, "The Hottentot!" That play has been filmed more times than I can remember but it's always good for laughs and there's no reason it shouldn't be good for some more this time. It's all about a gent who is deathly afraid of horses (that's Mr. P) and who is forced—much against his will—to ride one of the most dangerous horses of all in a race.

"Hey," says Dick as I start to leave almost as soon as I arrive, "where you going?"

"This is where I came in—fifteen years ago," I rejoin.

"Kill-joy!" Dick squelches me. "Scat!"

So I scat over to where "Dawn Patrol" is shooting. This is another re-make and,

like "Going Places," it should still be good. Was it eight or nine years ago that Richard Barthelmess made that picture with Douglas Fairbanks and Neil Hamilton lending able support? What a picture that was. It's about the air corps during the last war. And pretty timely, too.

Errol Flynn is playing the part of the major—a flier—who has been put in charge of a squadron and who doesn't like it a little bit. Right now he's on the phone, talking to his superior, while David Niven sits by, sympathetically, listening.

"Well, let the infantry get demoralized," Flynn barks. "I can't put planes over there because I haven't anybody to fly 'em. Six replacements?" with savage contempt. "Replacements!! More kids! Von Richter's squadron has shot us out of the air—killed our best men. Do you think green kids can stop him. He'll kill them off—like the others." There is an angry rattle on the phone and Flynn's face grows grim and resigned. "Right. It'll be done—but I tell you they haven't a chance."

He bangs up the phone and pours himself a stiff drink. "Brass hats! Sitting back there in easy chairs—making excuses for sending up boys they know won't last a week."

Niven is watching him closely. He speaks now, kidding about something that is serious to him. "Third little bottle down the hatch today. Pretty pink elephants and polka-dotted mice, eh, old son? And gnomes dancing around the Maypole all over your desk."

"All right," Flynn snaps harshly. "So what?"

This is another you can safely put on your "must see" list. This was one of the really great pictures of all time—and it'll be great again. To borrow from Mark Hellinger, "Don't say we didn't tell you!"

Next comes "Women in the Wind" which is Kay Francis' last picture for Warner Brothers. This has a touch of Mr. Corrigan's "wrong way" flight in it. Kay has to have \$1,500, because her brother needs an operation. That, too, is an unusual twist because generally when a dame needs money for an operation it's either her mother or her baby. William Gargan and his mechanic (Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom) zoom into New York breaking the round-the-world flight record and Kay sees her golden opportunity, because she, too, is a flier—or was. Kay sees a ray of hope. She learns Bill is a conceited woman chaser and she is sure she can vamp him into letting her use his plane in the Women's Air Derby—Burbank to Cleveland. So we pick Kay up in Bill's office where she is patiently waiting for him. To date she hasn't made much progress.

"Hello," she greets him amiably when he bursts in.

Bill stops short, turns and looks at her. Then he walks over to her. "I thought I told you to beat it," he says.

"I knew you didn't mean it," Kay smiles.



Scene from "They Made Me A Criminal." John Garfield and Gloria Dickson and the "Dead End Kids," the lads who were typed early in life.



Ronald Reagan, Anita Louise, Harold Huber, Allen Jenkins, Minna Gombell, Larry Williams, Dick Powell and Thurston Hall in "Going Places."

"I didn't, eh?" he explodes, "Well, I'll prove it to you." With that he grabs her by the wrist and yanks her to her feet.

Kay rubs her wrist and grins. "Feels good," she smiles.

"This way out!" Gargan yells.

Need I tell you that in the end she flies his plane and wins the race and the \$1,500?

When the scene is finished I dash over to say "Hello" to Kay. "Gee, I'm excited," she whispers. "I've got to be through by the 27th or they have to pay me terrific overtime. Can you imagine what it's going to be like to be able to do as you please and not have to worry about calls from the studio?"

Lord knows when I'll see Kay again and I'd like to stay and chat but there are other pictures. One of them is "Unfit to Print" with Pat O'Brien and Joan Blondell. The long arm of coincidence is stretched to the breaking point in this one but who cares? With Blondell and O'Brien in a fast-moving, fast-talking newspaper yarn, what more do you want? There is also Bobby Jordan (one of the Dead End kids) as a bone of

"And besides I don't believe in married women working."

"Are you going to marry me?" Pat screams.

"Maybe," she tells him. "On one condition."

But Pat doesn't wait to hear the condition. He just agrees and rushes her off to the court-house. Of course, the condition is that Bobby come to live with them. And, of course, you can understand when two people are on their way to the court-house to be wed they are in no mood for idle chatter with a writer. So I wish them happiness and trickle on over to the last picture on this lot.

It is "Nancy Drew, Detective" and stars Bonita Granville as the girl detective. Bonita is a pretty sixteen year old girl, more impish than glamorous. She and Frankie Thomas, who plays opposite her, are in a barn where Bonita is unearthing a clue. When Frankie confides that the barn is an exact duplicate of his own workshop back in his New Jersey home, I smile affably, wish them both luck and head for—

M-G-M

HERE we have two big pictures. One is "The Shining Hour" starring Joan Crawford, with Margaret Sullavan, Fay Bainter, Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas. And it's high time Joan was making another picture, too, if you ask me.

This was adapted from a highly successful stage play. Melvyn and Bob are brothers and Fay is their sister. Bob and Maggie Sullavan are married, and Melvyn and Joan are married. But Fay loathes Joan. To complicate things and make a plot, Joan and Bob fall in love with each other. And so we find the last two at the house warming. Joan and Melvyn are giving. Bob is coming down some steps to the open air dance floor where Joan is waiting.

"Tell me," Bob whispers, "why is your heart beating so? And why are you trembling?"

She looks away for a moment, then forces herself to meet



Ann Sothorn watches Fred March's efforts to remove Joan Bennett's boots. It's in "Trade Winds."

contention between them.

Joan and Pat are reporters, and both work for the Evening Star. Bobby is a hoodlum who has been sent to a reformatory as the result of a story Joan wrote. She wants to get him paroled and the only way she can do it is to find him a home with a responsible married couple. So she goes to her office and starts packing up her things. Pat enters.

"What did you do," he asks sympathetically, "lose a collar button?"

"Guess again," Joan advises him shortly.

"You haven't lost the recipe for that coconut divinity fudge?" he inquires anxiously.

"I've quit my job," Joan informs him.

"Well, it's a nice day for it," he replies, rummaging through her books, and then her words sink in. "What??? Why?"

"There are some things about the newspaper business I don't like," she retorts.

In "Women In The Wind," Kay Francis and William Gargan. The titles are getting breezy.



his eyes, all her love showing in her own. "Thanks," Bob whispers again. "Now we don't need to talk any more." He takes her in his arms as they prepare to glide off in a waltz but it is more of an embrace than a dance.

It isn't often I've seen a girl do a scene over and over and cry real tears as Joan does in this scene. When it is finished she come over to shake hands.

"Where you been, ducky?" she asks, as though it really mattered to her.

"Oh, around and about," I smirk, "and I'm leaving today on a month's trip."

"Well, call me when you get back and we'll have a gang out for dinner and laughs," she orders. "Have a nice trip."



David Niven and Errol Flynn in uniform for "Dawn Patrol," a story for pilots of the blue.

Another picture going on this lot is "Young Doctor Kildare" featuring Lew Ayres. It is almost the opening scene in the picture. Lew is a young interne and the set represents a honky tonk. There is an electric piano in a corner. The tables are covered with checked table cloths. A guy is lying on the floor. He is King Baggot, who used to be one of the biggest stars in the business when pictures were really in their infancy. At a table, watching him, sit a cop (Bob Davis) and a drunk. Suddenly the bartender comes in (Walter Green), followed by Lew and two stretcher carriers (Nat Pendleton and another chap whose name I don't know).

"There he is, doc," Green yaps, indicating King. "Took a couple of drinks and went out like a light. Bah. There ought to be a law."

Lew has knelt down and is feeling King's pulse.

"He had a cut behind the ear so I



"Nancy Drew, Detective" with Frank Thomas and Bonita Granville. The pigeon goes with the wind.

couldn't book him," Bob Davis (the cop) explains.

"I can tell you what's the matter without counting his pulse," Green goes on angrily. "Booze."

"Or a heart attack," Lew answers. He rises and turns briskly to the stretcher bearers. "Get him in the ambulance and let's take him to the hospital."

But as Nat stoops over to lift King on the stretcher there is a horrible sound and lo and behold, Nat's pants have ripped in a most embarrassing place. Only Nat doesn't seem at all embarrassed and knowing full well my mother would not like me to associate with such brazen people, I leave the set and proceed to still another stage.

"Dramatic School" starring Luise Rainer is shooting here. Luise is poor but brilliant. She wants to be an actress and manages to get herself into a dramatic school. But she has to work in a factory all day to pay her way through school at night, so she is always worn out. She doesn't do a scene to suit Gale Sondergaard (the instructress) and Gale makes Luise take her seat while she (Gale) shows Luise how the scene should be played. She reads the lines beautifully and turns triumphantly to Luise, only to discover Luise has fallen asleep. You can imagine the scene that follows.

The last picture out here is "Topper Takes A Trip," starring the one and only Constance Bennett (and if you didn't hear her on the radio recently in "Let Us Be Gay" you missed a treat). Billie Burke is in Paris to get a divorce, Roland Young is following her to stop her, Alan Mowbray (who played the butler in the hilarious "Topper") is also there and so is Connie (who is still as lovely a ghost as I've ever seen). Young has no money and is about to be put out of his hotel.

But Connie has the idea of betting on the roulette wheel, dematerializing herself and fixing the bail. Know what I mean? So they do just that, Young is going to need a satchel to cart away his ill-gotten

gains and it all goes to prove that a ghost in the family is better than a skeleton in the closet. (Not bad, folks, not bad).

"Darling!" I shout at Connie when the scene is finished.

"Hello, Dick," she replies with that restraint for which the Bennetts are noted.

"You ought always wear that cloth of gold gown," I advise. "You look like you're twenty."

"Darling!" Connie shouts. "I haven't heard that since I was twenty. Stick around awhile."

Norman McLeod, the director, doesn't say anything. He doesn't have to. That look he gives me is enough. I don't stick around. I proceed to—

Paramount

ENOUGH of this dawdling. Let's get down to cases. There are two pictures going here and we'll have no nonsense about them. One is "St. Louis Blues" (which George Raft walked out on) and the other is "Tom Sawyer, Detective." In a brief, but businesslike manner, we'll handle the first.

Lloyd Nolan owns a showboat, Jessie Ralph is his river-wise "Aunt Tibbie," Maxine Sullivan is a swing-singing negro member of the troupe and Dorothy Lamour is a Broadway star who has wearied of the deceit she has been forced to practice because her Broadway manager has billed her as a South Seas native. The boat is marooned on the Creole plantation of Tito Guizar. Dorothy has run away from her manager to start over. Lloyd is giving a free show for flood refugees. Dottie (It's only professional license, Mr. McCarthy, and not familiarity) has turned up and requested a chance. Lloyd gives her a chance but when she goes on to sing she recognizes a man who knows her of old and, afraid of being recognized, she gums up the number. Lloyd mistakes her poor performance for stage fright and is disgusted. When the show is over Lloyd persuades the audience to lend a hand in floating the boat. As it glides off downstream we find Lloyd addressing the troupe:

"You were all swell. You got the boat out of the mud. Now we've got to get it out of the red ink. If we make money we divide

[Continued on page 64]

REVIEWS OF PICTURES

STABLEMATES

ONE OF THOSE SWELL TEAR-JERKERS—MGM

THE People's Choice, young Mickey Rooney, plays a jockey in his newest picture which is decidedly on the sentimental side. Teamed with him is Wally Beery in the role of an alcoholic veterinarian, who is wanted for doping a horse in a race, thereby causing the death of the horse and jockey.

But when Wally conducts a successful operation on a discarded horse that Mickey loves he promptly becomes Mickey's pal—which, of course, leads to his reform. Mickey rides the horse in a race and wins a lot of money on him, but loses his pal Beery when the law catches up with him right in the midst of their celebrating.

THAT CERTAIN AGE

ONE OF THOSE "MUST NOT MISS" PICTURES
—UNIVERSAL

DEANNA DURBIN is really something to write home about. She gets better and prettier in every picture, and though still only fifteen she can act circles around any star in the business. This is her best picture to date (I'm sure I've said that about all her pictures) and it tells the story of an adolescent girl who falls desperately in love with a man several times her age. All the pangs and unconscious humor of puppy love are brought to light in a perfectly charming manner.

Deanna plays the daughter of John Halliday, a New York publisher, who invites Melvyn Douglas, his prize war correspondent who has been shot in Spain, to his home in the country for several weeks of rest and quiet so he can write a thrilling series on the European situation.

His presence is resented by Deanna and her gang because they are rehearsing an opera in the guest house, but after the

first meeting she falls hopelessly in love. When Melvyn discovers that his boss's daughter has a "crush" on him he goes to the child's parents and there is much excitement over what to do about Deanna. Nancy Carroll, another reporter, arrives from Cuba just in time and is introduced as Melvyn's wife, and that cures Deanna, *but completely*.

The end of the picture finds her very happy to be back in the "opera" with her boy friend Jackie Cooper, and the rest of the gang, including Jackie Searl, Peggy Stewart, and little Juanita Quigley, who, as "Butch," runs away with every scene she has in the picture. Irene Rich is delightful as Deanna's society mother. Deanna's voice is beginning to mature, and is lovelier than ever.

THERE GOES MY HEART

A GAY AND REFRESHING
COMEDY—Hal Roach-WA

THIS is another of those films which belong to the "It Happened One Night" school, with the traditional reporter on the trail of a madcap heiress—whom he eventually falls in love with. Freddie March plays the reporter this time and Virginia Bruce plays the richest girl in the world who escapes from imprisonment on the family

yacht and becomes a salesgirl in one of her own department stores.

Traditional though it is in plot, the story is full of delicious comedy that makes it as fresh as this morning's newspaper.

We find Patsy Kelly, gayer than ever with her discarded forty pounds, practically running away with the picture, aided and abetted by her chiropractic boy friend, the incomparable Alan Mowbray. Nancy Carroll comes back—and it's time, too, as Nancy



Eleanore Whitney
and John Arledge
in "Campus Confessions."

Deanna Durbin,
Melvyn Douglas and
Nancy Carroll in
"That Certain Age."

has been off the screen too long to suit her fans—as a snooty salesgirl. She's in "That Certain Age" too!

And excellent, also, are Eugene Pallette as a fussy editor, Claude Gillingwater as Virginia's grandfather, and Arthur Lake as a featherbrained news photographer.

MICKEY MOUSE'S TENTH BIRTHDAY

BEING A PREVIEW OF SOME NEW WALT DISNEY "SHORTS"

IN HONOR of Mickey Mouse's Tenth Birthday (our little mouse is certainly

growing up) Walt Disney invited the Hollywood press in for a special preview of his eight new shorts which are all ready for the new season's release. We haven't had such a rare treat in ages, and came away fairly drooling over the artistic genius of Mr. Disney.

In this sad old world of ours, with its dismal wars and tragic suffering, we should thank our stars every day that there is such a person as Walt Disney. Too much praise cannot be given him, or his new Silly Symphonies and Mickey Mouses.

In the new crop are "Donald Duck's Lucky Day" (more about that nasty little Duck); "Goofy and Wilbur" (introducing a grand new character, a grasshopper named Wilbur); "Farmyard Symphony" (what goes on in a farmyard when the cock crows); "The Ugly Duckling" (the best of them all, adapted from the Hans Christian Anderson fairy tale, and don't think you won't cry); "The Practical Pig" (more about those Three Little Pigs and the Big Bad Wolf); "The Brave Little

wryly humorous King, who is torn between being a just and witty sovereign on the one hand and a first class scalawag on the other. It's a Rathbone Jubilee.

Ellen Drew is effective as Huguette, the gal who dies nobly for France, and outstanding performances are given by C. V. France (imported from England especially for the role), Sidney Toler, and Ralph Forbes. An entertaining production.

YOUTH TAKES A FLING

ALL ABOUT THAT PRECIOUS THING CALLED LOVE—U

HERE's an easy-going little romance about a farm boy from Kansas who goes to New York with the intention of shipping out on a boat. But there he meets a girl who busies herself with every kind of scheme imaginable to keep her farm boy safely on shore. A good case of mal de mer helps her out considerably.

Joel McCrea, tall, lean and handsome, plays the Kansas farm boy, and Andrea Leeds, soft and

nurse, and very pretty too.

While out on the high seas the freighter is commandeered by escaping gang leader J. Carroll Naish and his mob, who were masquerading as passengers. They whack the daylight out of each other to a very satisfactory ending.

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER

A FOLKSY, WHOLESOME TALE—Par.

BOB BURNS fans, and they are legion, will go mad about this one. Bob plays one of those casual, philosophic hoboes who drops into a small town from a passing



The Ritz Brothers and Phyllis Brooks in "Straight, Place and Show."

Tailor" (Mickey Mouse catches a giant and gets kissed by Minnie); "Mother Goose Goes Hollywood" (clever caricatures of Hollywood celebrities, all done in the spirit of good clean fun, though Miss Hepburn probably no like); and the long awaited "Ferdinand the Bull" (adapted from the Munro Leaf-Robert Lawson best seller about the bull who was queer for sweet flowers.) Don't miss one of them.

IF I WERE KING

ROMANCE IN THE UPPER BRACKETS—Par.

LAVISHLY produced, with plenty of emphasis on spectacular grandeur, the highly romantic story of Francois Villon once more comes to the screen. This time it is Ronald Colman who plays the charming sophisticated Parisian scamp who, by a king's whim, is elevated to the high position of Grand Constable of France.

Delightfully the story tells of his romance with Katherine De Vaucelles (played by Frances Dee), of his brash violations of court etiquette, and ends as he rouses the rabble of Paris to drive the Burgundians from the gates of their beloved city.

Ronnie is as charming and debonair and English as ever, but it is Basil Rathbone, as King Louis, who wraps the picture up and takes it home. As fine a bit of picture stealing as we have had in many a day.

But too much praise cannot be showered on Basil for his excellent portrayal of the

lovely, plays the New York girl who falls in love with him. Dorothea Kent and Frank Jenks contribute the muchly needed comedy. Girls, you'll go mad about Joel in this one.

GIRL'S SCHOOL

THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A POOR GIRL IN A SNOBBISH ATMOSPHERE—Col.

A SIMPLE little story of life in a girl's school, without any pretentiousness about it at all. In fact it shrieks simplicity and charm. Anne Shirley plays the poor little girl in the rich girls' school by virtue of a scholarship, and it's Anne's schoolgirl tragedies that interest us most. Nan Grey plays the very snooty rich girl who makes life miserable for Anne.

Outstanding in the cast are Heather Thatcher (her lecture on "charm" is a high-spot), Gloria Holden and Cecil Cunningham. Kenneth Howell plays a moonstruck lad who writes poetry, and Noah Beery, Jr., is excellent as a plumber boy who fights for his Anne.

KING OF ALCATRAZ

THE MONTH WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A GANGSTER FILM—Par.

HERE'S a story that packs a punch and is good entertainment without any fuss or feathers. Lloyd Nolan, who is one grand actor, and Robert Preston, a newcomer who looks good, are ship radio operators who are always feuding over women in the rowdy Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt manner. Assigned to a freighter the feud continues over the affections of Gail Patrick, the ship's



Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea in "Youth Takes a Fling."

freight train just in time to clean up the place.

Widow Fay Bainter (you'll like her) is vainly trying to carry on the ideals established by the founders of her husband's newspaper, but what with Lyle Talbot, an ambitious small time politician trying to manipulate votes and silence her presses by cutting off advertisers, she is having a pretty hard time of it. But Bob forsakes the pleasures of the hobo jungles to come to the aid of the widow.

He becomes a tramp printer and manages to stack the cards against the politicians, even going so far as to enlist the aid of a nearby hobo camp. Jean Parker and Dickie Moore play Miss Bainter's children, and John Beal, with Jean, looks after the love interest and does some first class straight tramping besides.

Irvin S. Cobb is good as the town's constable, and so is Porter Hall as its weakling of a mayor. One of those homespun pictures, but you'll like it if you aren't too, too sophisticated.

STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW

A FIELD DAY FOR ALL LOVERS OF THE RITZ BROTHERS—20th Century-Fox

THE Brothers have never been funnier, and never had a better picture to back them up in their zany pranks. When Harry Ritz becomes Big Chief Running Deer to tangle with the Terrible Turk in a rasslin' match, you'll probably laugh yourself into a fine case of hysterics. The preview audience did.

The picture begins with the boys running a pony concession. They acquire a horse named Playboy, owned by Phyllis Brooks, and in quite the maddest merriest



Mickey Rooney and Wallace Beery in the unusual picture, "Stablemates." It has no love interest, but that won't stop you from liking it. "The Champ" is still warmly remembered. This story has a similar appeal.

way possible discover that he is a jumper. So they enter him in a steeplechase, with Richard Arlen to ride him, and they sew up the race for Playboy by riding the competing nags themselves—and that, you may be sure, is plenty riotous.

Between laughs Ethel Merman sings two grand songs, "Why Not String Along With Me?" and "With You on My Mind," and Phyllis Brooks and Dick Arlen make love.

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS

GUARANTEED TO MAKE A BASKET-BALL FAN OUT OF YOU—Par.

JUST as you suspected—a college picture! And a pretty good one at that. Poor Middleton College is in the doldrums because the head of the college, Thurston Hall, clamps the lid on all athletics. They've never had a winning team and they're sore as a boil about it.

When William Henry, the son of the money bags, enters as a freshman they take out their spite on him too—but he finally proves, after much heckling, that he's an all right guy and he proceeds to turn out a grand basketball team.

Of course there is much excitement when Hank Luisetti, *the* Hank Luisetti, is declared ineligible for the championship game by sour old moneybags, but the entire campus finally convinces him that basketball is too important to be trifled with.

The story is a natural for Hank Luisetti from Stanford University, who has been muchly publicized by sportsdom as the world's greatest basket ball player. Outstanding in the cast are John Arledge and Fritz Feld, who do a swell bit of comedy. Betty Grable and Eleanore Whitney are the gals.

MORE GOSSIP

[Continued from page 15]

Some of the pictures in the album were lost and I was kind of worried how to replace them till I got to noticing these here new styles. Well, sir, I took some kodak shots of my wife and a couple of her friends in their new fall outfits and I stuck them in the album. Nobody knows the difference. They might be Grandma Snazy and Aunt Posey fixed up for a church sociable. Only trouble is people are getting so used to seeing funny get-ups, they don't laugh at my album any more."

IT TAKES more than million-dollar success to change kids' tastes. When Deanna Durbin finished "That Certain Age," her director told her he wanted to give her a party and asked what sort she'd like. She promptly voted for a horror party, meaning a special showing of those old blood-chillers, "Frankenstein" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

In the intermission she and Jackie Cooper and Jackie Searl and the other young guests had ice cream and popcorn.

CHESTER MORRIS, on a personal appearance tour in the East, turned the tables on the candid and movie camera fans. In the midst of his act, Morris had the theatre house manager douse the stage lights and he photographed the entire audience with a sixteen millimeter camera. Audiences got a colossal kick out of it, and Chet's box-office soared.

JOAN BENNETT is convinced she should do a play on Broadway after she finishes "Trade Winds" at the Wanger studio. Last season she appeared in "Stage Door," but only on the road. "I felt I needed to brush up on my stage technique," she explains.

George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, who wrote "Stage Door," have done another play, which Joan is looking forward to reading.

ASOUND stage at United Artists studios was barred to all except those whose work actually demanded their presence during the filming of scenes for Walter Wanger's "Trade Winds," in which two deadly snakes were used. Fredric March and Joan Bennett worked in terrifying proximity to a hooded cobra six feet in length, a native of India, and its strange "stand-in," a hoop racer captured in Texas, while two armed guards and a Singhalese snake charmer stood just outside the camera lines, ready to give any needed assistance. The entire company gave a sigh of relief when the scenes were completed without accident.

ROSALIND RUSSELL's farewell present to Robert Donat at the party which celebrated completion of "The Citadel," at Denham, England, was a miniature doctor's bag containing a baby doll. But the "gag" present which delighted the crew was a mechanical monkey which, when wound up, began combing its hair. It's a standing joke between Donat and the crew that he can't read his lines unless his hair is combed. He accepted the "gag" gift in good spirits and joined in the laugh as heartily as anyone.

BAT-WING silhouette formed by the dolman sleeve which has once again come into popularity, features Norma Shearer's black, finely-ribbed wool crepe topcoat. The pinched waist, slim skirt and wrist and jacket front clips of rhinestone make this coat ideal for dressy afternoon wear.

A GOOD sense of humor helps Hollywood's stars regain their self-confidence and mental poise when they "blow up" or make a mistake in their stage lines. Each of the screen favorites has a different way of letting off steam to relax tense nerves when they have been guilty of some mistake that spoiled a camera scene.

Deanna Durbin, who has a great deal of poise for her age, is visibly upset when she makes a mistake on the set. She explodes with the words "Fuzz," "Bats," and "Fooley." If she is extremely angry with herself, she blurts out all three words together.

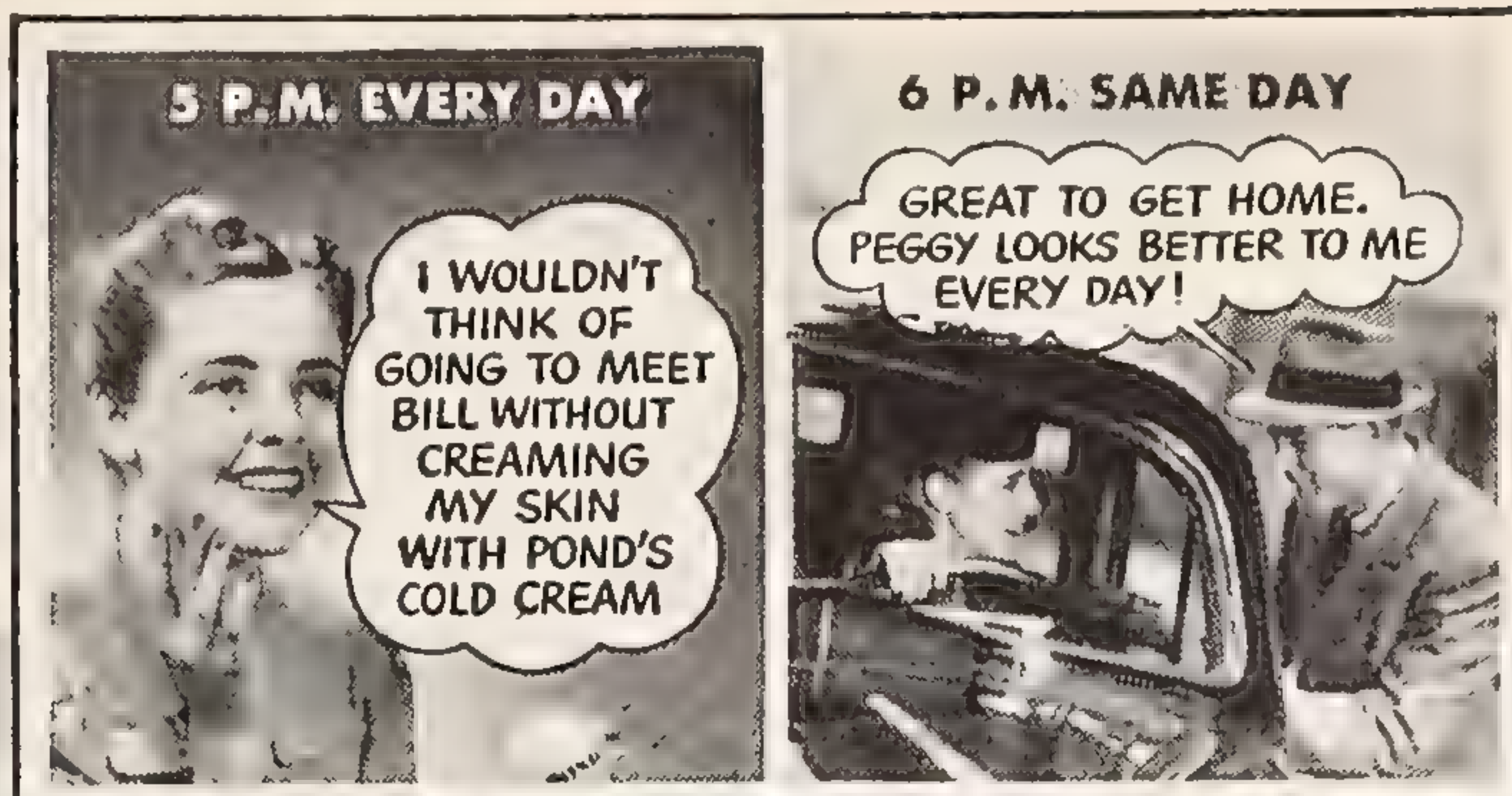
Universal's vivacious French star, Danielle Darrieux, often does a week's shooting without making a single error. Her newly acquired English is so perfect fellow players consider her almost infallible. When Miss Darrieux does blow up, however, she strolls to the edge of the set and starts singing the song "Heigh, Ho!" After cooling off with the song, she steps before the camera to do the scene correctly.

Charlie McCarthy is always ready with a scathing remark whenever his pal Edgar Bergen dares to spoil a scene. "Why don't you study your script, Bergen?" he cracks. Or, "Well, I got it right, Bergen, we can't both be dummies!" When Charlie himself is guilty of an error, he lets out a whole string of double talk that nobody can understand.

DEPARTMENT of Tempus Fugit: In the foyer of the main entrance to the Administration Building at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios there are four photographs: Shirley Temple, Simone Simon, Eddie Cantor, and Loretta Young. Simone and Eddie no longer work there, and Loretta checks out after her next picture.

WOODEN ANNIVERSARY

More Like a Honeymoon!



SMART WIVES USE THIS EXTRA BEAUTY CARE...THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN*



Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vitamin" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."



Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days... "Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. Extra 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream

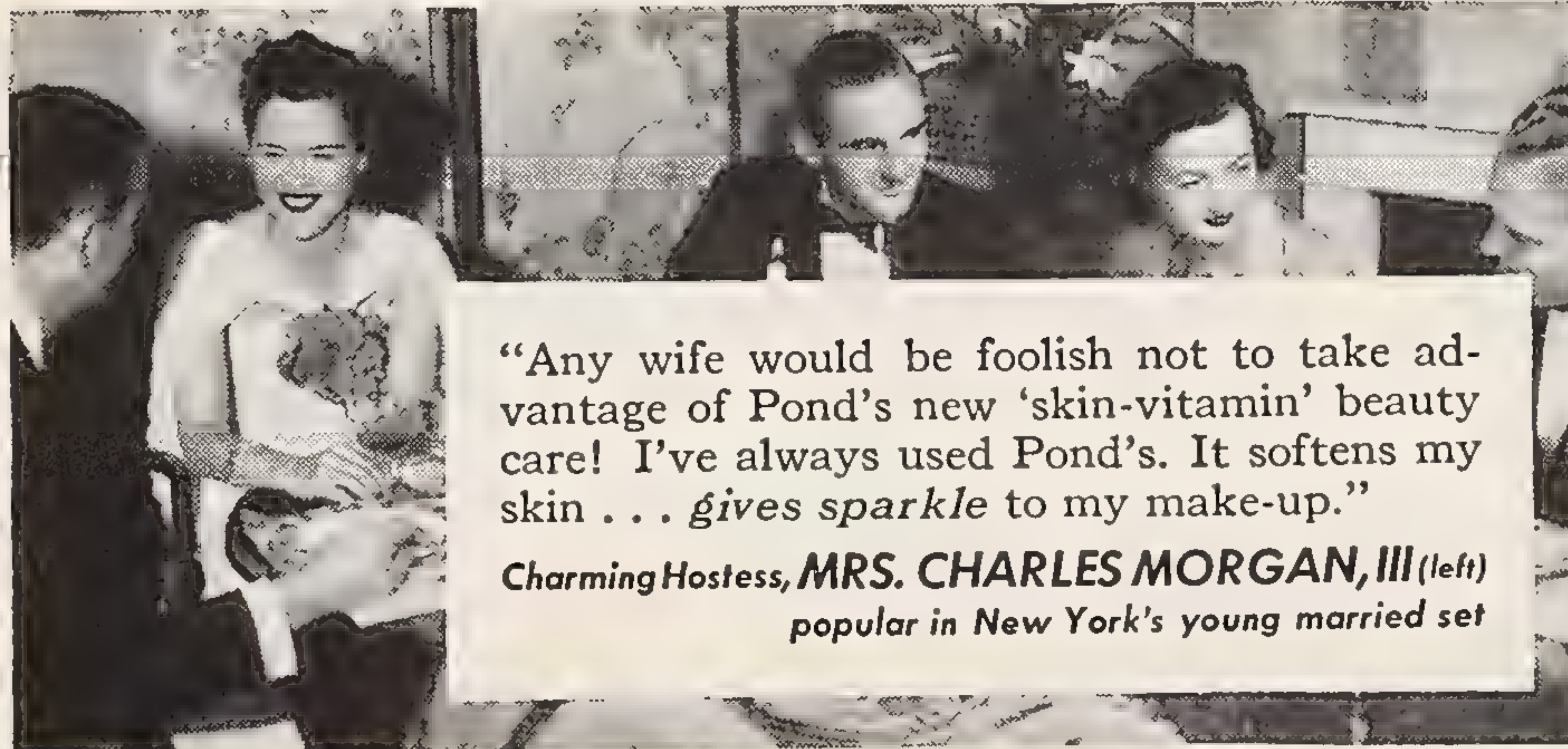


helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin."

(above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

• Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.



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With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get a generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream.

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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WRITE

WIN A MONEY PRIZE!

*Money Makes The Movies Go.
Big Pay—Big Costs—Big Prof-
its. Money—Money—Money!*

SHARE in the fabulous figures. Enjoy a handful of movie money. If you will write a letter about some movie that met with only average success and that you too, did not care for, telling **WHY** the public turned against that particular picture, you may win a prize of \$50.00. Only 150 words needed, but they must express a real criticism.

The producers get reports from the theatres and know quite well when a picture has been turned down by the public. Many explanations are given by the movie critics, but it is the everyday sort of person who really knows why *he* didn't like a certain picture and he's the one that the producer wants to hear from. Movies are not made for the aesthetic few, the exotic stragglers or the ignorant mob. Movies are made for men and women who know life and love, family and friends, trouble and joy. And

*A Number Of Letters Will
Be Printed And Paid For
At \$5.00 Each.*

when a picture misses this goal, Hollywood wants to know **WHY**.

You do not have to tell the producer how to fix the fault which you discover. He knows more about his clever associates and their functions than you possibly can. What he does not know, and what you can tell him is:—

*What It Was
About A Certain
Picture That You
Did Not Like.*

CONDITIONS IN THE \$50.00 LETTER CONTEST

1. Letters must not be longer than 150 words.
2. No letter will be returned.
3. Contest closes November 30, 1938.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Address your letter to PRIZE LETTER CONTEST, SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

*The Best Letter Received Will Be
Awarded The First Prize—\$50.00*

MOVIE audiences are broadminded and forgive many errors of the technical staff—little things do not matter. It is a fundamental fault that you perhaps resent and which the producer does not see. He cannot, as they say, see the forest for the trees.

Suppose that a picture made you feel angry. For example, the lawyer in "You Can't Take It With You" had a nervous contraction of his eyelid. He was hateful, but linking the nervous twitch to hatefulness is unfair and perhaps it made you feel annoyed. It would have aided the producer, in this instance, if he had been informed through the means of a letter in this contest, that the public resented the suggestion that such a trivial affliction is an indication of a mean disposition. Anyone who has a friend similarly afflicted will like this picture less.

*Do Not Unload The Usual
Compliments. This Is A Re-
quest For Letters of Criticism.
Write Your Honest Opinions.*

Address your letter to
PRIZE LETTER CONTEST

Silver Screen
45 W. 45th St.
New York, N. Y.

Bob Hope giving an imitation of a brilliant SILVER SCREEN reader trying for the \$50 prize.

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without extra cost!

A good-will gift to your chapped hands!

MONEY BACK ON THIS

IF NOT SATISFIED WITH THIS

Try Hinds at our expense! Extra Good-Will Bottle comes as a gift when you buy the medium size. No extra cost! A get-acquainted gift to new users! A bonus to regular Hinds users! Money Back if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. If the Good-Will Bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK on large bottle. More lotion for your money—if you are pleased. You win—either way. This offer good for limited time only.



MONEY BACK! Buy the medium size—get the Good-Will gift bottle with it. If Good-Will bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get **MONEY BACK**—where you bought it—on large bottle. If you've never used Hinds, try it now—at no risk. Find out for yourself how good Hinds is. Even 1 application makes dry, chapped skin feel *smoother!*

EXTRA LOTION! Nearly 20% more Hinds—when you buy this Hinds Good-Will bargain! More of this famous, fine hand lotion for the money than ever before. Use Hinds before and after household jobs. Coaxes back the softness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Used faithfully, Hinds gives you "Honeymoon Hands." Also in 10c, 25c, \$1 sizes.

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AT ALL
TOILET GOODS
COUNTERS



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HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

Keep Thin With Gelatine and Aspic

[Continued from page 13]

minutes. Add to hot mixture. Stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and onion juice, extracted by grating onion. Strain, turn into ring mold rinsed in cold water; chill. (Double recipe for 9 inch mold). When firm, unmold on lettuce. Fill center with potato salad, cold slaw, cooked vegetables marinated in French dressing, or cold leftover meats mixed with dressing. Tomato juice or diluted tomato soup may be used instead of tomatoes. This is a versatile little dish. It may be varied by adding combinations of vegetables, seasonings and meats to the mold; or jelly may be cut in various shapes and used as a garnish for cold meats or salads. Another good dish to reduce on.

SEAFOOD MOLD

- 1 envelope gelatine
- 1 cup crabmeat, salmon or tuna fish
- 2 tablespoons chopped olives
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup mayonnaise
- Few grains cayenne
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper, chopped
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery, chopped
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika
- 1 tablespoon mild vinegar

Soften gelatine in cold water. Place over boiling water; stir until gelatine is dissolved. Cool; add mayonnaise, fish separated into flakes, and remaining ingredients. Turn into a mold rinsed with cold water. Chill; unmold when firm.

At this season when cranberries are at their best you will not want to overlook these two grand recipes. The salad is a fine diet dish.

CRANBERRY MOUSSE

Cook $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups cranberries until soft in $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups boiling water. Strain; add $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups sugar; bring to rolling boil. While hot add 1 envelope Knox gelatine softened in cold water. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt. Cool. Whip 2 cups cream and add cranberry mixture. Freeze about 3 hours in refrigerator trays.

CRANBERRY ROYAL

Put 3 cups raw cranberries through coarsest knife in a food chopper. Add 1 cup sugar, 1 cup diced celery, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped English walnuts or pecans and 2 cups hot lemon gelatine (use Knox's #3 or blue package). Turn into individual molds; when firm serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 57]

it. If we don't—we shouldn't be in the show business. What we need is more novelty in the acts. . . ."

"I can sing," Dottie puts in hopefully.

"Yes, Miss Malone," Lloyd rejoins patiently—sarcastically, "I believe you've mentioned it before."

Jessie Ralph is licking her chops. She looks as though she just wants an "in" in this set-to and there's one dame I don't want to clash tongues with so I journey to another stage.

"Say It In French" is supposed to be shooting. This is the story that was bought for Marlene Dietrich or that Dietrich wanted to do, or something. There are a lot of taxis cruising about and there's a traffic jam. There is one taxi with a hole

cut in the top and in this one rides Mr. Ray Milland and Irene Hervey. You know by now—or you should know—what these outdoor scenes are. Nothing ever happens. People are either running in and out of buildings or else taxis are chasing somebody in another taxi or—oh, what's the use. This scene is no different from all the others. When the scene is shot I just say to Irene, "Good day, Mrs. Jones (because she is Mrs. Allan Jones in private life) I'll see you at the riding academy on Sunday next (because Allan owns the Bel Air Riding Academy—in partnership with Robert Young) and to Ray I say, "This is a helluva dull set. I'm leaving and I'll interview you on your next picture (and this last remark is inspired by the fact that when you visit a lot the studio is supposed to buy you lunch, but whenever I visit Paramount the young lady who drags me around always has a previous engagement and says, "Well, you can have lunch with Ray and interview him"). Not even a free lunch could compensate me for sticking around and watching Miss Hervey and Mr. Milland wade through two hours of traffic jams so I decline the interview and the free lunch and proceed to—

United Artists

OVER here we find Mr. Walter Wanger producing a picture written and directed by Mr. Tay Garnett called "Trade Winds" in which Miss Joan Bennett "on a sudden impulse" (that's what the script says) kills a man she knows has driven her sister to suicide. She flees to the Orient, has her hair dyed black (whoever heard of a Bennett with black hair?), flees to the Orient where she meets Ann Sothern (ah, there's a dish!) and Fredric March. Despite my persiflage, this really has a swell plot and it will be an equally swell picture. Ann has been Freddie's secretary (do I need to tell you—there really seems to be an ungodly number of things I have to tell you—that he is a detective), but now she is no longer Freddie's secretary. She is out for the reward offered for Joan's capture. She gets herself engaged as Joan's maid.

A third of the way through the picture, Freddie and Joan meet. Their first glance is electric. Love is in a fair way to conquer all again. They go horseback riding. Joan has sent Ann (whom she has engaged as her maid, not having an idea in the world who Ann really is) out to try to hock a little jewelry and a few knick knacks. Joan and Freddie are returning from the horseback ride.

"I've got an interesting proposition to make to you," Freddie begins. (I can remember the time Miss Bennett gave me a neat call-down for saying "I've got" instead of "I have"—and right she was—but we'll let that pass). "I'll help you off with your boots if you'll buy me a drink" (and Joan down to the hocking stage).

"Sold!" cries Joan gayly, "to the gentleman in the riding clothes." She places one foot against Freddie's—er—rear and sticks the other out for him to yank at.

"You drive a hard bargain," Freddie pants as he tugs. "Two drinks is barely a living wage for this work."

"Take a rest," Joan laughs. "My maid will do it when she comes in."

Freddie stops in surprise and looks around. "Maid? I thought you were traveling alone?"

Joan: "I was. But this girl asked me for work. Her mother and father were missionaries and died of cholera and here she is." Just then the door opens and Ann comes in. "Oh, you're back, Jeanette," Joan remarks.

"Yes, Moddom," Ann admits, giving a bad curtsy.

"This is Mr. Wyne," Joan offers, although when ladies started introducing

their maids to their gempman friends is something I don't know.

Fred glances up and sees Ann smirking in her maid's outfit. "How do you do, Jeanette," he says blandly. "Miss Holden (that's Joan) and I were just saying what a frightful thing cholera is."

"There are worse things," Ann mutters, wondering if he's going to give her away.

About this time Freddie gets the second boot off and Joan rises. "Thanks. You've earned your wages. I'll go change my clothes and (to Ann) Jeanette, order Mr. Wyne anything he wants, will you?" With that she exits.

"May I order you a large case of smallpox, Mr. Wyne?" Ann offers when Joan is safely out of the room.

You can see for yourself that this is pretty snappy dialogue and that, coupled with a swell plot and such a cast, this should be put on your "must see" list.

Ann and I chat awhile and I sip the Coca Cola her maid thoughtfully brings up. But the sun is sinking and my spirits are sinking with it. That is, they're sinking until I consult a production chart. Then, just as the sun sinks over the horizon, my spirits brighten. Universal, R-K-O and Columbia are deader than door-nails. So there is only—

20th Century-Fox

AND if you don't think we're going through this studio like a rabbit through a cabbage patch you're crazy. There are three pictures here—"Hard To Get" featuring Preston Foster, Arthur Treacher, Alan Dinehart, Robert Allen, Slim Summerville and Phyllis Brooks; "Kentucky"; and "Mr. Moto Takes A Vacation" starring Peter Lorre with a whale of a supporting cast.

In the first named Mr. Foster is a sort of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford with his henchman (Mr. Treacher). Mr. Dinehart and Mr. Allen, on the other hand, are another pair of Gyp artists. In the scene I see, Mr. Foster (with a Ku Klux Klan outfit and a mask, is laying down the law to Mr. Allen and Mr. Dinehart and scaring the living daylights out of them. No, I'm wrong. It isn't Mr. Dinehart at all. It's Sidney Toler. "An' I'm warnin' you swindlers," Mr. Foster warns them, "git goin' while the goin's good. Don't let the sun rise on you in Springdale."

This film is being directed by Mr. Alfred Werker. Mr. Werker, in case you haven't heard, directed me in the first film I ever participated in. It is also next to the last one I ever participated in. Despite the doubtful honor of such an achievement he is still a swell director. He directed George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild," among other things. With such a director and such a cast this is another "Must see."

And so we come to "Mr. Moto." This, as usual, is being directed by Norman Foster. Perhaps Mr. Foster doesn't rate with Cecil DeMille as a director but he's a darned sight more human, he's a helluva lot younger and he gives you pictures you can enjoy without feeling you have to be impressed because two million dollars has been spent on the production. (No offense, Mr. DeMille. I just happen to like Mr. Foster and think he is an excellent director).

The last picture of the week (no, that's Jimmie Fidler)—the last picture of the month (that's me) is "Kentucky."

Dick Greene and Loretta Young are involved and it's almost Romeo and Juliet in modern dress. Loretta isn't working today and when anyone gets as middle-aged, fat and bald as I'm getting he resents (but bitterly) anyone as young, as slender and good-looking as Dick Greene. So we'll skim lightly over "Kentucky" and—until next month—Good-ni-ght.

Jacqueline Wells!

COLUMBIA STAR Featured on Page 12 of This Magazine

WHAT HAS HOLLYWOOD TAUGHT YOU ABOUT KEEPING SLIM?

An Interview With Jacqueline Wells Who Next Appears in "Thoroughbred," a Columbia Picture

Are There Any "Don'ts" About Dieting?



"One of the first things a talent coach tells a newcomer is—*don't diet strenuously*. It is too weakening. Instead, order a meal carefully, and select dishes that give pep without pounds—like the delicious new protein salads."

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KNOX NON-FATTENING COMPLEXION SALAD*

Use ¼ package—serves 6
 1 envelope Knox Gelatine
 ¼ cup cold water
 1 teaspoonful salt
 3 tablespoonfuls mild vinegar
 2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley or raw spinach
 ¾ cup carrots, grated fine or shredded
 1 cup hot water
 ¾ cup cabbage, grated fine or shredded
 1 tablespoonful lemon juice
 2 teaspoonfuls onion juice

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add salt, hot water; stir until dissolved. Add vinegar, lemon juice, onion juice (extracted by grating an onion). Put in tray of automatic refrigerator. Turn up cold control; do not freeze. Prepare parsley or raw spinach, carrots, cabbage. When gelatine mixture begins to thicken, combine with prepared ingredients. Turn into mold. Chill. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise.

Total calories: 90. One serving: 15 calories.



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*Actual preparation time: 12 minutes. Tested under the supervision of Professor Bristow Adams of Cornell University, Director of True Story Home Maker's Department.



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These Days Before Christmas!

[Continued from page 10]

fastened, and an efficient and dainty affair. A style by Revlon may be had to suit almost any taste.

A manicure set is always welcome, and you can find almost any style at any price you want to pay.

For lovely hands, give hand lotion or cream. Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, that great favorite, has just emerged in a truly beautiful Christmas package, green, gold and red bells. The large size means hand beauty for a long time. The dime size also is dressed up for Christmas, and is a grand idea for the little gift to be slipped in stocking, package or for tree.

Campana's Italian Balm would make a lovely gift. It is newly bottled in a classic white column with a Wedgewood blue top, an ornament to dressing-table or bath. In a giant size that is a real gift.

Then, something new—Jordeau Hand Cream, whipped to a froth, and in a low, white bowl with a rose-colored lid. Beautiful and different and all that you'd expect in a fine hand cream.

If you want to give something very, very different, how about a black lipstick? Girls would adore one. These sticks are black but turn red on lips. Black Magic by Tattoo is as black as its name, but you may safely give it, regardless of the recipient's natural coloring, because its tone varies according to how it is applied. It is a fine lipstick, lovely tone and a smart fashion accessory, as well. The surprise element of the black makes it very gifty, too.

Very, very much less than our dollar is Debutante, cosmetic case of the carry-all type, by Glida. It holds those odds and ends, and comes in rich colors, so you may substitute it for your bag, on occasion. The perfect small gift idea.

Coty has an "Air Spun" Loose Powder Vanity that is one of the best looking, long wearing and efficient devices I've ever owned. Not brand new, but a beauty, in gold-like finish with a center disc of colored enamel. Looks double its modest price.

"Have more Paris in your life," says Coty, and you'll want it, too, when you see those lovely, new beauty aids all scented with Paris. Paris perfume, let me remind you, that fragrance of coquetties and surprises, may be had within our budget as well as in more costly presentations. Among the Paris scented lovelies, you will find "Air Spun" face powder, dusting powder, talc, toilet water, sachets, bath salts and soap. The bath-size soap is ever welcome. All newly and charmingly packaged. Don't let Paris switch you, however, if you have other Coty scent preferences. They all seem world favorites.

Eau de Cologne by Ciro, especially Surrender and Reflexions, are scents so rich, so lasting and romantic that they are truly unforgettable. These are so masterfully blended that they have almost the strength and depth of real perfume, though they actually are not the concentrate, or full strength. The perfumes, naturally, are higher, but, oh, so lovely!

Bourjois' liting Evening in Paris, in those deep blue flacons with silver touches, always looks like Christmas. There are lovely assortments to please every taste and budget, among them perfume, eau de Cologne, talcum, bubbling bath essence, bath powder and all kinds of things to make one look and feel beautiful. Lovely things to give—and to receive.

If you want to give a number of small presents, don't pass up the Bathasweet gift packages. These are very holiday looking, and contain Bathasweet for the tub, in garden bouquet or forest pine, with matching soap.

Bouquet Lenthéric is just one of those things you can't do without, once you've used it. There are a great variety of fragrances, but the newest is A Bientot. (meaning so long, until we meet again, or some such casual parting sentiment). This is a dry, mellow fragrance after the perfume of that name that flashed on us in the Spring. A Bientot comes in flacons or decanters, with a French flair to the package.

A pat on the back about tells the story of an original idea—Prince Matchabelli's Talc Mitt. Slip it on your hand, pat your body and out flows just the right amount of bath powder. It's made of gay terry cloth, and a rubber lining prevents the powder getting damp. Hang it up after use, and powder doesn't go drifting all over your bath. It's smart and new. Enough powder, too, to last a long time. The Prince Matchabelli perfumes are ever welcome, and come from those lovely, tiny crowns to crowns de luxe.

Within our price range, Max Factor offers a combination Parfum Cologne and Talc box, in either "Trocadero" or "Cocoanut Grove" fragrance, very, very nice and very, very Hollywood.

Corday offers eau de Cologne in the loved scents of Toujours Moi (always me), Orchidee Bleue (blue orchid), and Voyage a Paris (trip to Paris). You can buy the perfumes, too, by the dram, including the new Tzigane (gypsy).

DeVilbiss, maker of fine atomizers, makes a lovely little affair of crystal and gold-finished top to take care of your dram of precious perfume. It is a little jewel of a gift. If you want to double up, you might fill it with a favorite perfume.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Pine Bath Oil is a whiff of pine forest, softening and soothing besides. This comes in a festive carton of silver and white, dotted with red stars. A combination package of the oil and Sonota Cologne is also a good idea.

There are some attractive combination sets for both women and men by Woodbury. There is always interest in the package that contains a variety of preparations—new things to try and things that go together.

Beauty Caddy by Harriet Hubbard Ayer is a most attractive box containing the essentials for re-doing your face, plus face powder and a vial of that lovely Pink Clover perfume. All bath accessories, too, come in this field fragrance, as well as other florals. Inexpensive but exquisite.

As you increase the budget, you might think of an Eastman Kodak, that lasting gift that helps others remember high moments in fine, clear pictures.

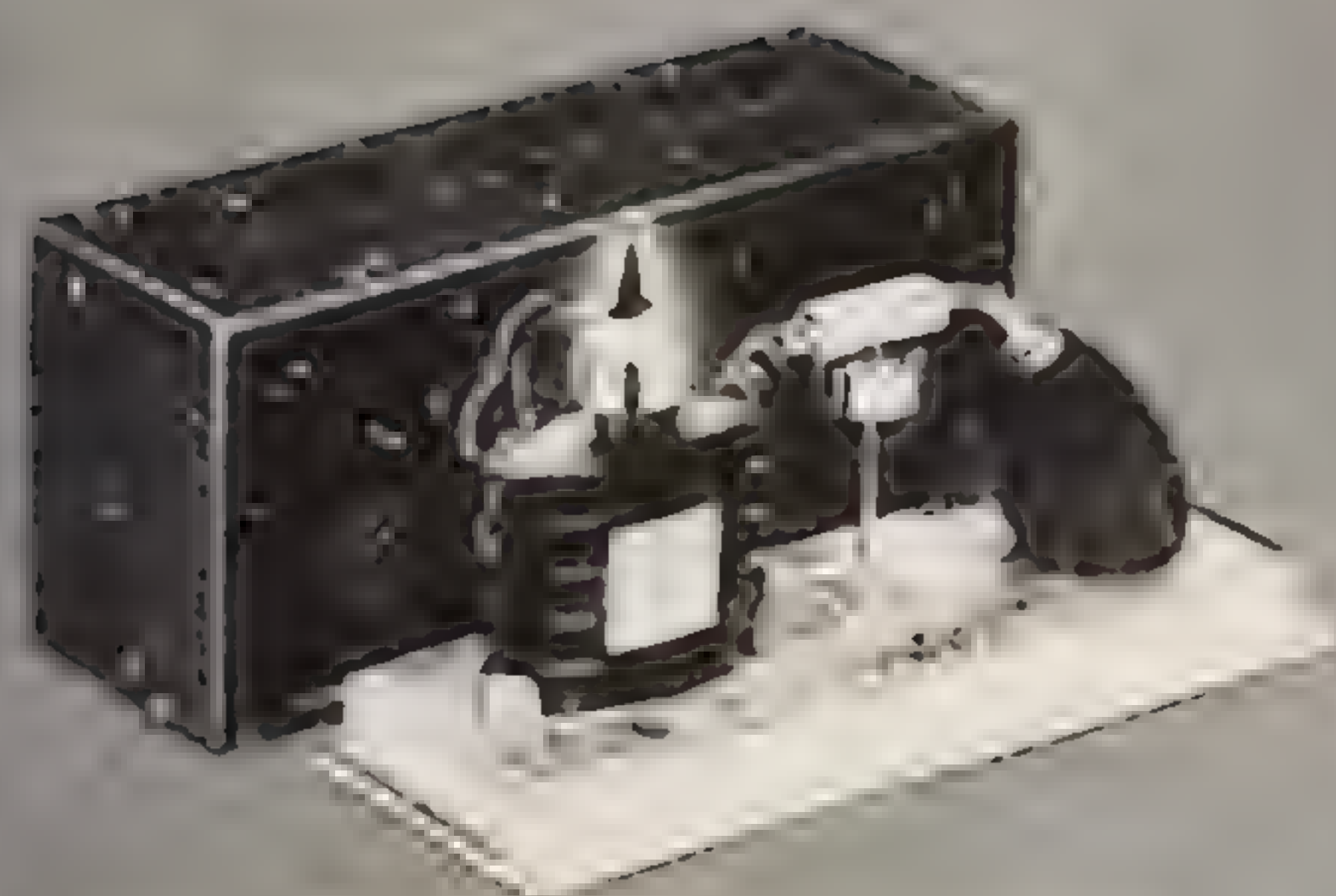
Stationery is always a good idea, and Eaton has done beautiful things with papers, from the very thoroughbred, perfect taste boxes for men to almost gossamer sheets, designed especially for the air mail letter. Children love their own stationery, and there are cunning designs for them, too. And of course, there are lingerie and the feminine foibles, or maybe someone is even getting a diamond bracelet.

Whatever you give, do this. Give it in a very festive Christmas spirit. And that means artistically wrapped with care. One of the stars uses tiny gold and silver bells tied to the package bow. These bells jingle. Another uses real pine cones, while the spray makes a decoration par excellence. There are all kinds of ways to make a simple gift carry that happy message, "Merry, merry Christmas."

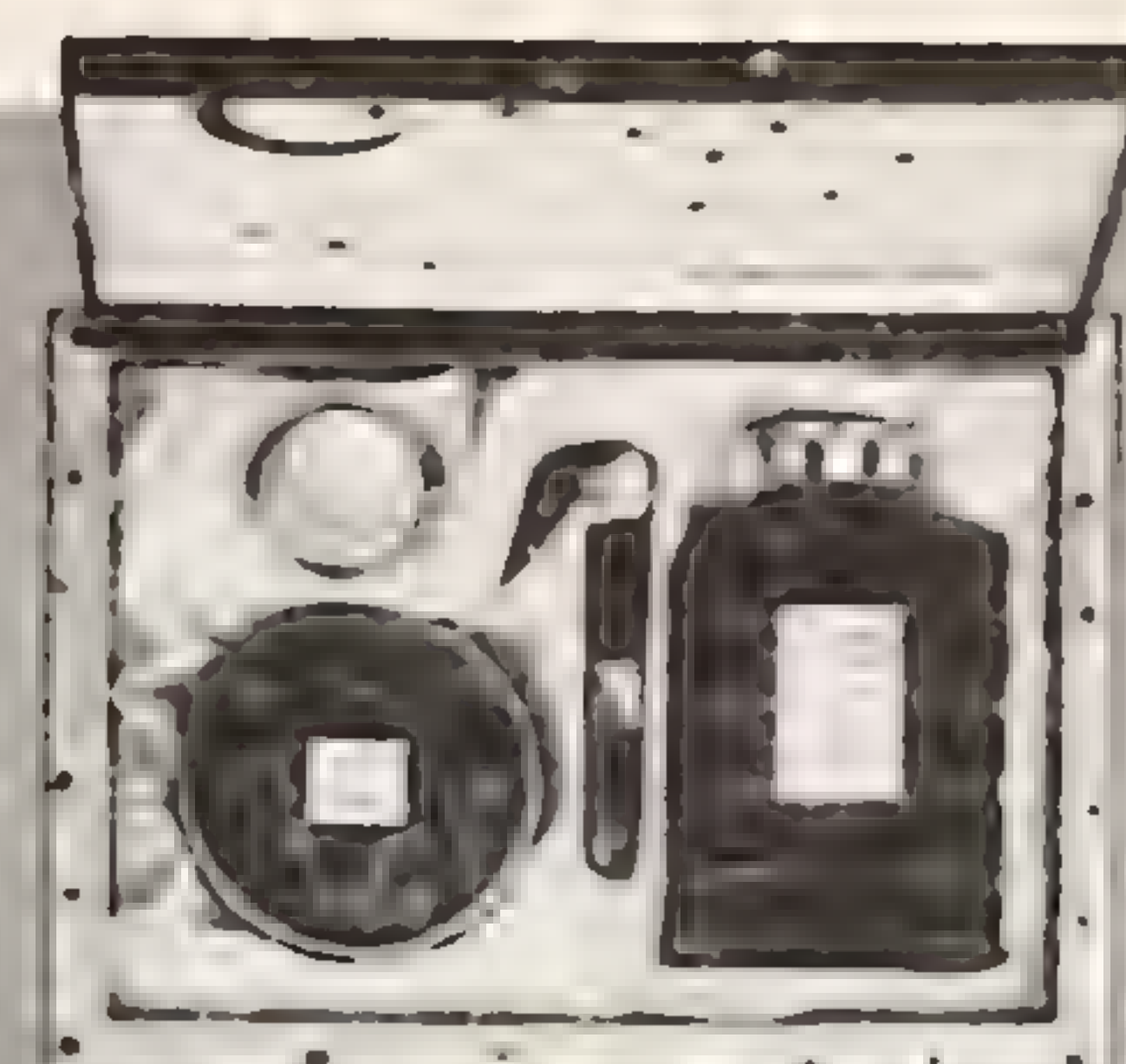
P. S. If your problem of gifts is really too much for you, maybe I can help. Just write a few details.

GIFTS THAT SPEAK A LANGUAGE

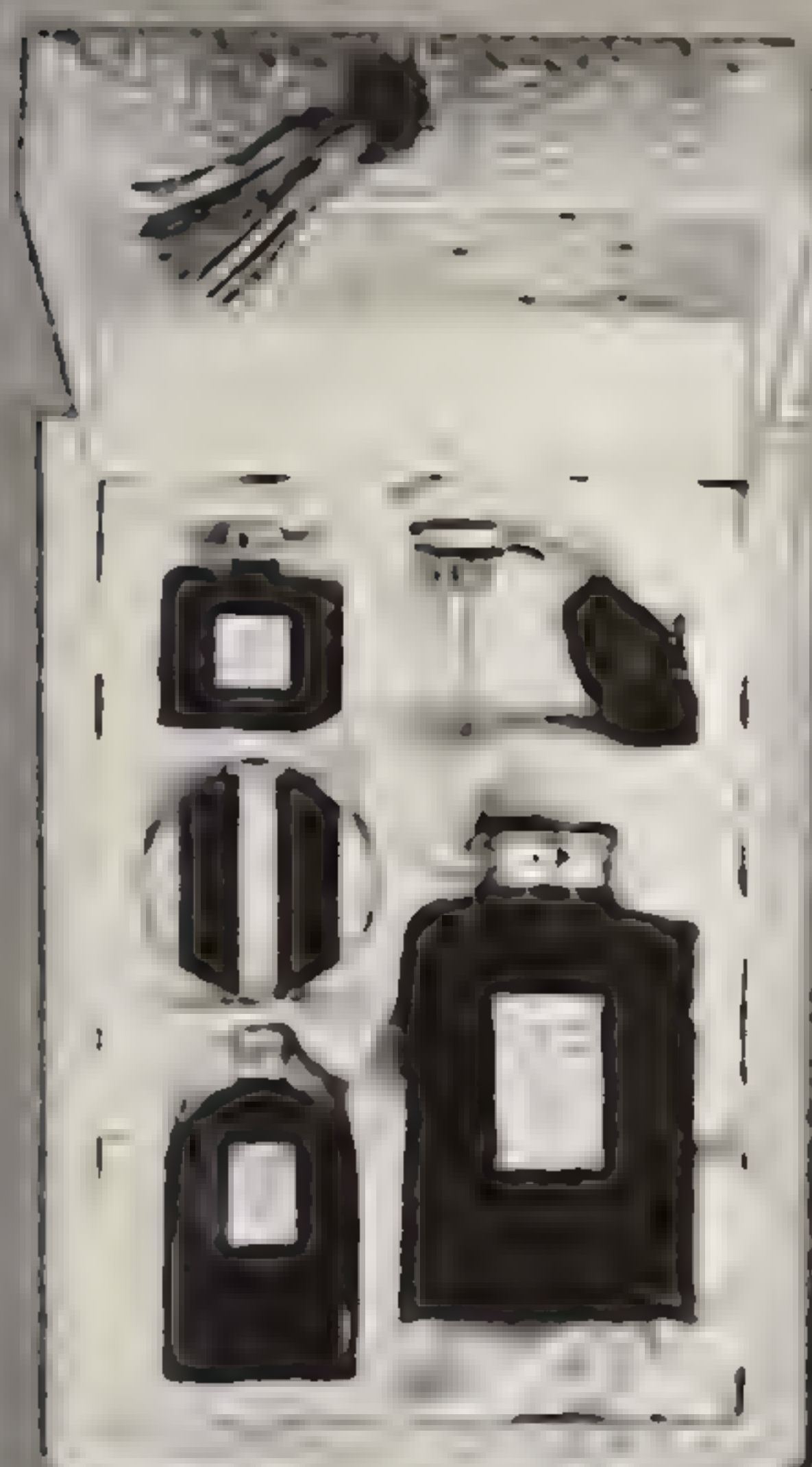
Every woman loves!



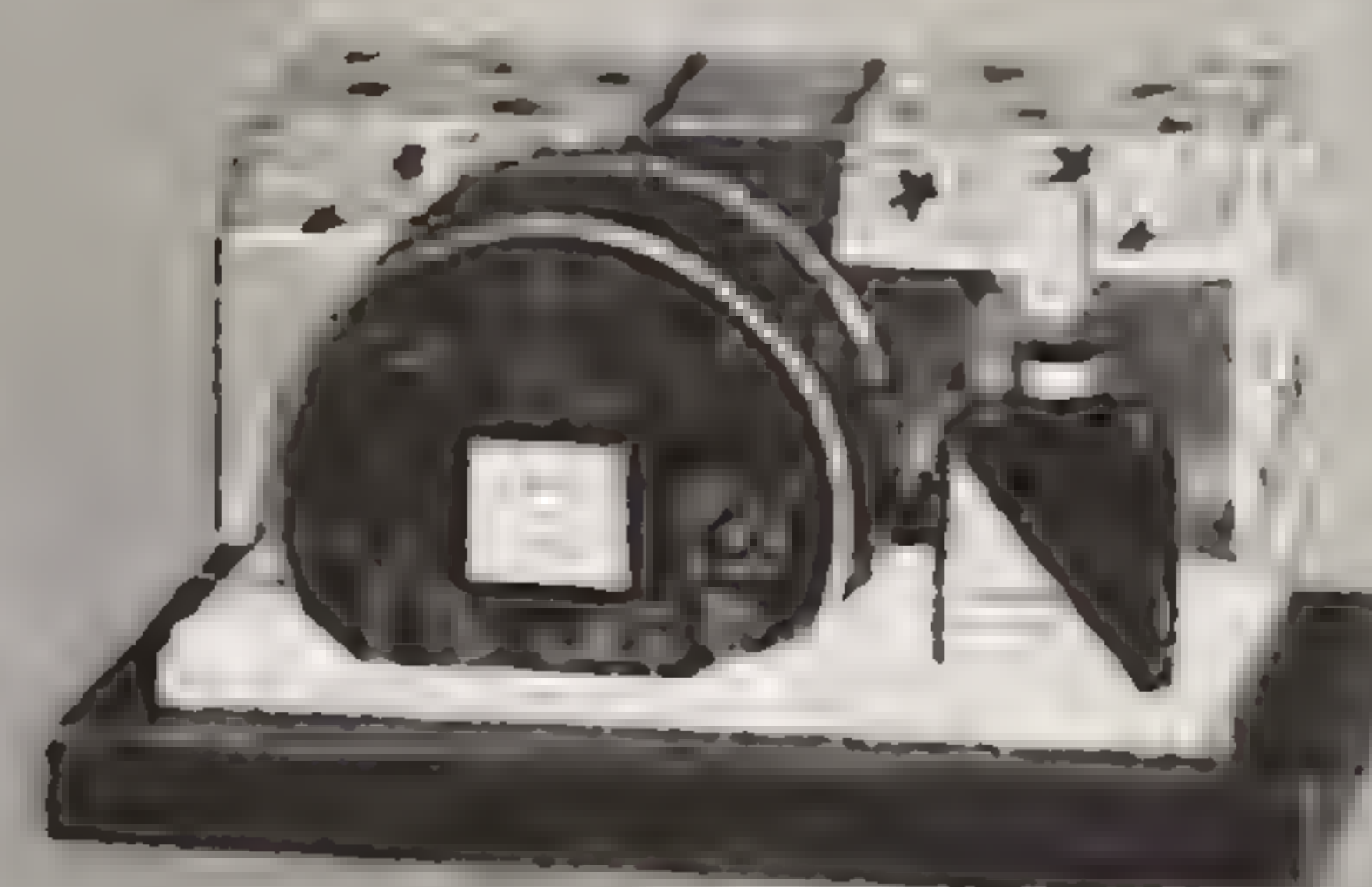
A smart new bottle of Evening in Paris Perfume, with its own, efficient, lasting atomizer. **\$1.75**



Evening in Paris Perfume in silk-tasseled Purse Flacon, Face Powder, Rouge and Talcum Powder. **\$2.95**



Evening in Paris Perfume with its own efficient atomizer, Eau de Cologne, Talcum Powder and Single Vanity. . . **\$4.00**



Evening in Paris Perfume and Evening in Paris Face Powder rest in a gift chest of rich-looking blue and silver. **\$2.25**



Evening in Paris Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder and Double Loose Vanity. Handsome box with rich, satiny lining. **\$10.00**



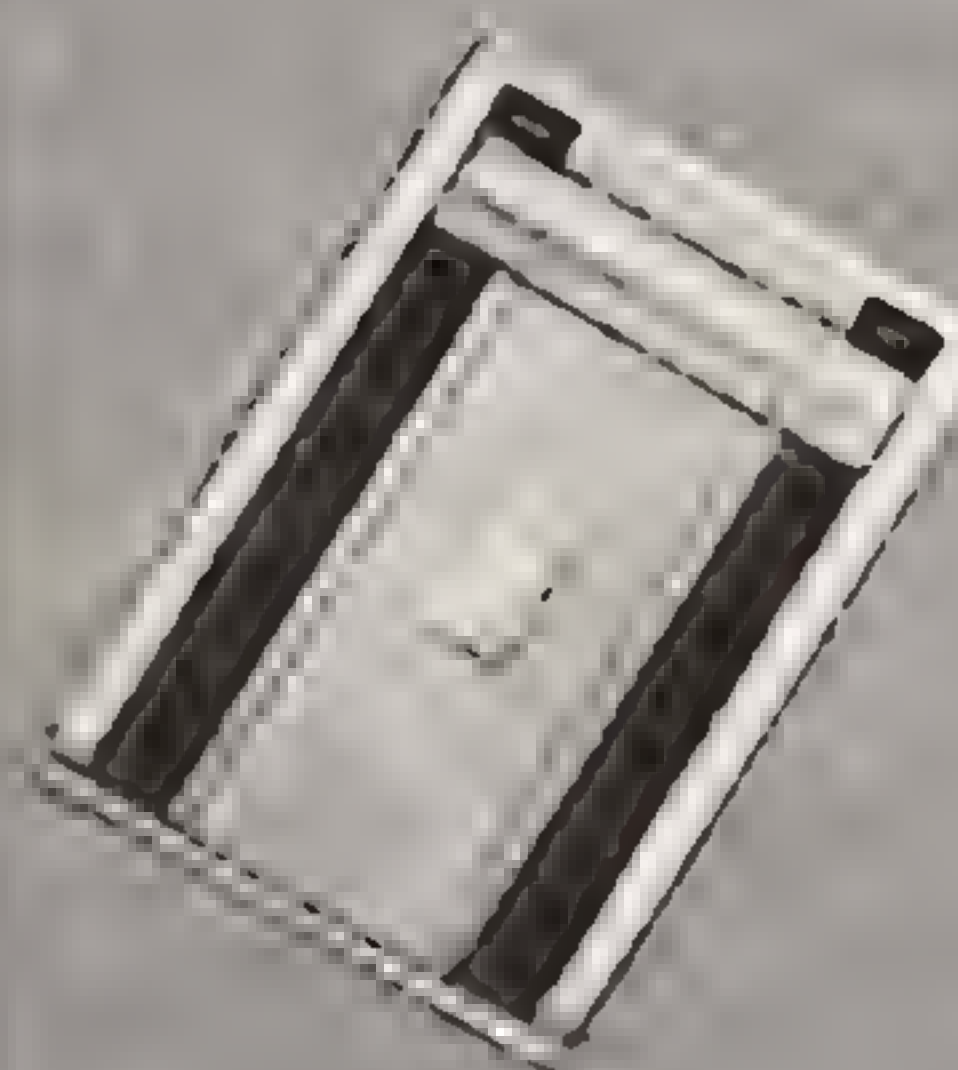
Evening in Paris Perfume, in luxurious presentation boxes, **\$1.10-\$10.00** Purse Flacon . . . **55¢**



Evening in Paris Perfume in purse flacon, and Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne. **95¢**



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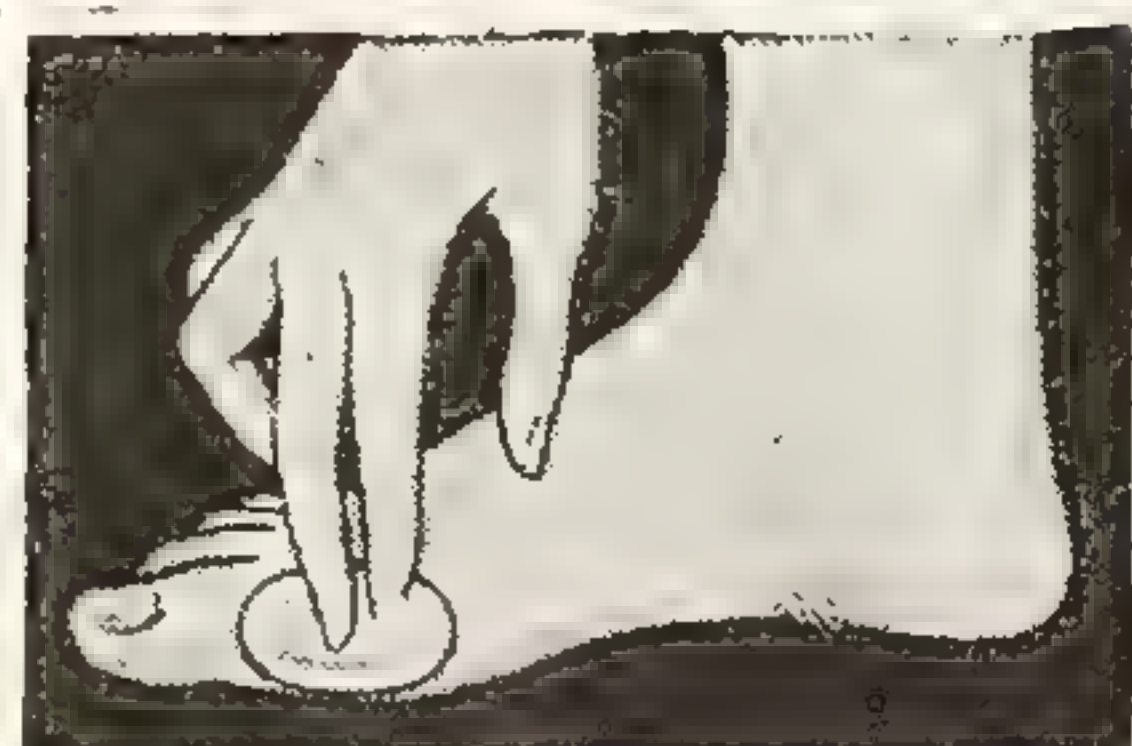
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(45th Year) Drama, Dance, Vocal for Acting, Teaching, Directing, Stage, Screen, Radio. Stock theatre appearance, filming, screening & broadcasting while learning. Graduates: Una Merkel, Fred Astaire, Lee Tracy. (Separate Children's Dept.) Catalog. Sec'y Land, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y.

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And You'll Jump
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Morning Rarin' to Go

YOUR LIVER BILE

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Calling All Ghosts

[Continued from page 27]

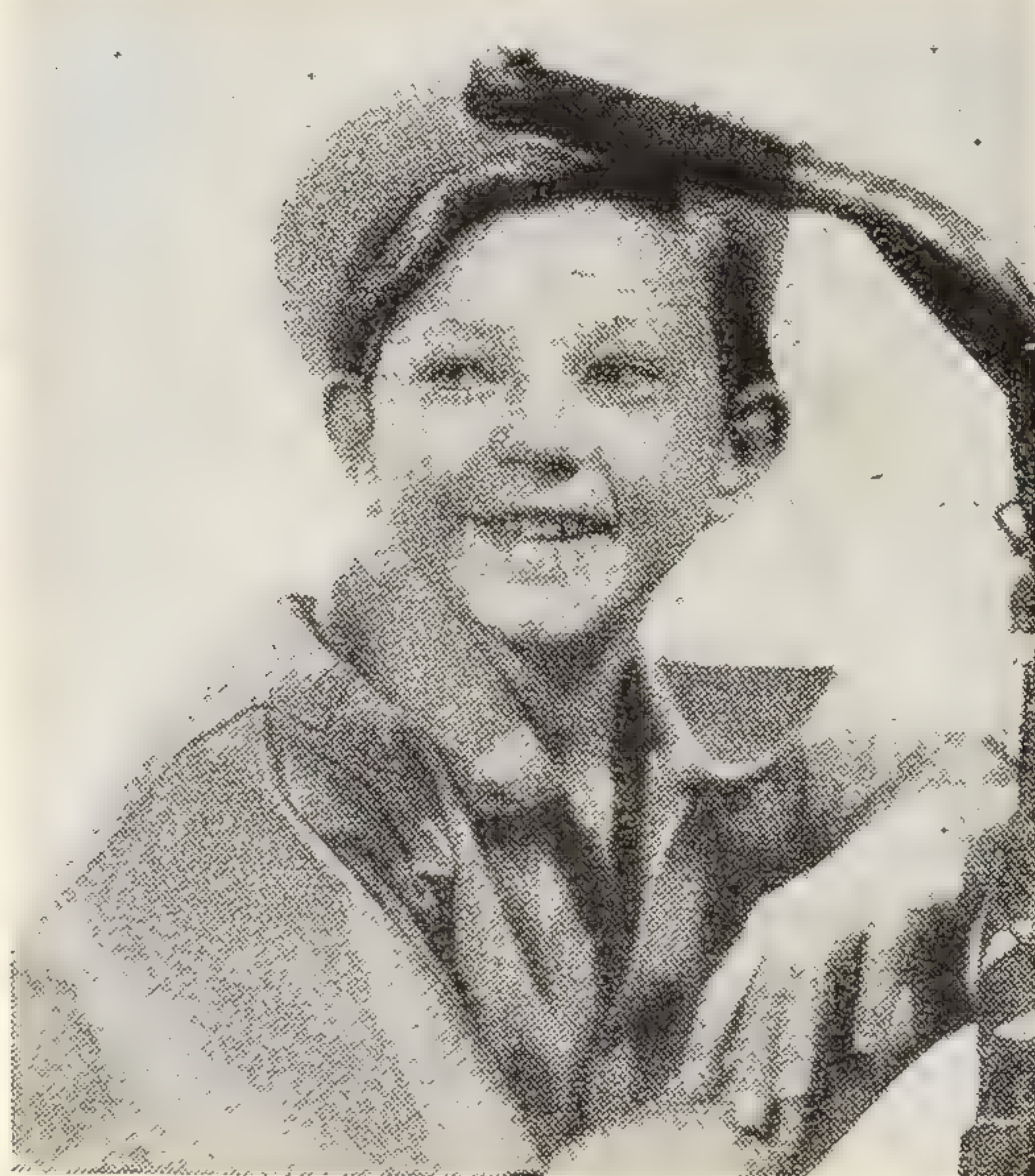
mercial announcement all by itself, with the local printer's ghastly reproduction of stores and restaurants that paid for this curtain advertisement.

Vaudeville, beside going to radio, also went to the movies, and found employment in comedy pictures and in musicals. Vaudeville also went to the comparatively new field of cabaret and hotel entertainment. The Casa Manana, at New York; the Chez Paree, at Chicago; the Club Mayfair, at Boston; the Adelphia Roof and the Arcadia, at Philadelphia; Ben Marden's Riviera, at New York; the Rainbow Room, in Radio City—all of these have substituted for vaudeville by engaging big floor shows headed by stars like Sophie Tucker or Harry Richman.

At perhaps 200 night clubs and hotel rooms throughout the land, and at Jubilestas, such as Kansas City features, vaudeville veterans have found sporadic employment. Others have drifted into small radio stations where they double in brass.

Radio, even more than the movies, changed the vaudeville pattern. In the old days of vaude, where an act could play 23 solid weeks in New York, or sign a 52-week contract that would carry it right across the country and through Canada, an act could use the same material for years. Singers could use the same songs. Radio, which demands a new act once a week, put a lot of the old-timers out of business and washed them up. Radio demands new ideas, new songs, new sketches. Only those vaudevillians who could adapt themselves to this necessity have survived.

Radio smartened up national audiences. Once upon a time, for instance, Al Jolson could hold down the Winter Garden stage for a solid hour—by himself. Today Jolson is on the radio, but he must be surrounded by Martha Raye, Parkyakarkus, a name band and a guest star. Perhaps the greatest single change has been in material. Radio and the movies put a lot of vaudeville acts out of business overnight by banning double entendre jokes and situations, the type of thing that vaudeville termed "blue" material. There were many vaudeville acts in the old days which relied on dirty material to win laughs, and, when that was denied them, they were through because they didn't have great talent. They had gotten by for years on a dubious raincheck.



Donald O'Connor's success in "Sons of the Legion" carries on his initial triumph in "Sing, You Sinners."

In this article, I've tried to give you a complete picture of what happened to vaudeville, and what it will be when it returns, as it is returning. I'd like, for the purpose of the story to say that it sums up to this: "Hooray! It's come. We're going to work again. They fired us and left us to starve, and now we are going back behind the footlights again." That, unfortunately, is not the picture or the promise. The ones who will be benefited by vaudeville are not the old troupers, but those who have won added acclaim via the movies and radio. These acts will get all the money; the veterans will continue to live precariously on slashed salaries, because the vaudeville that is coming back is not the vaudeville that your Dad knew and loved. It is a 1939 version of the ancient and honorable variety act, and while it is better than nothing at all, it falls far short of a Monday matinee at the Palace Theatre, when that house was the No. 1 vaudeville house of show business.

Flashshots

[Continued from page 19]

New York he was off to Baltimore, Washington, etc., for more appearances and then back to Hollywood and work.

Mary Brian is another who has been doing a lot of stage work. She dropped into the apartment after lunch, all done up, I thought, in Cellophane, but Mary assured me it was a raincoat.

The day I went to see Wayne Morris in his dressing room a man in the theatre said: "Don't you think you'd better take a photo of Johnny Davis?" And I allowed as how I didn't know who Mr. Davis was. And if ever a guy was kidded for swing ignorance I was that guy. Anyway, I finally did get a shot of Mr. Davis just as he was about to go on the stage.

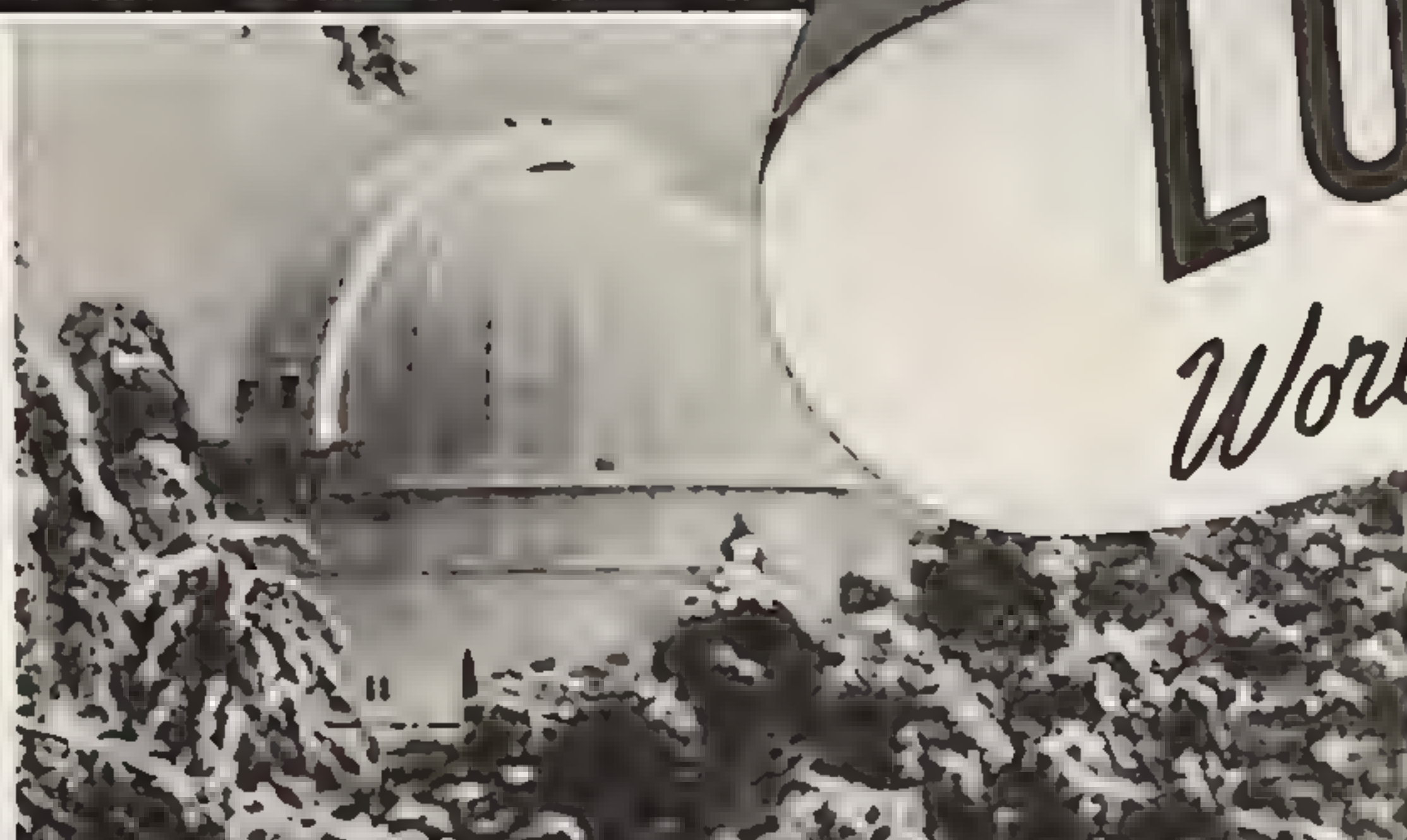
Few things in New York's night life causes more excitement than an opening of importance. The girls spend long painful hours to achieve the right hair-do, they worry if the color of their dresses will be right for the lights, if their boy friends will look their best and if the columnists will write them up and thus reward them for all their trouble. Certainly the reopening of El Morocco for the winter season brought out all the glamour boys and girls, and celebrities of all types, sexes, and talents. By midnight, frantic police were trying to unsnarl traffic for blocks near the entrance and columnist Lucius Beebe stood in amazement on the curb as car after car, filled with magnificently dressed people, were assured there was absolutely no more room, and were waved on by an exhausted policeman towards other night clubs which were only too grateful for the sudden windfall.

Inside, in the room famous for its zebra striped benches, its white palm trees and its twinkling stars, and mixed in with the society celebrities, was many a Hollywood runaway. Jack Warner and his beautiful wife were with Hope Hampton, whose hair has been made so blonde it looks like pulled taffy, Lily Damita, whose dress sent the fashion reporters into rapturous swoons, and Anderson Lawlor, who is often said to be one of the funniest men in Hollywood. The Warners and their friends left, after an hour, for newer pastures and within another hour were pushing through the crowds to get back in. "Another time we'll learn to stay put," laughed Ann Warner, flashing those enormous eyes of hers.

Lanny Ross and his wife, the former Olive White, arrived very late and had the distinction of being the only people admitted not in evening clothes. But then, as Lanny said: "You can't let an old friend down." And well I couldn't, for Lanny and



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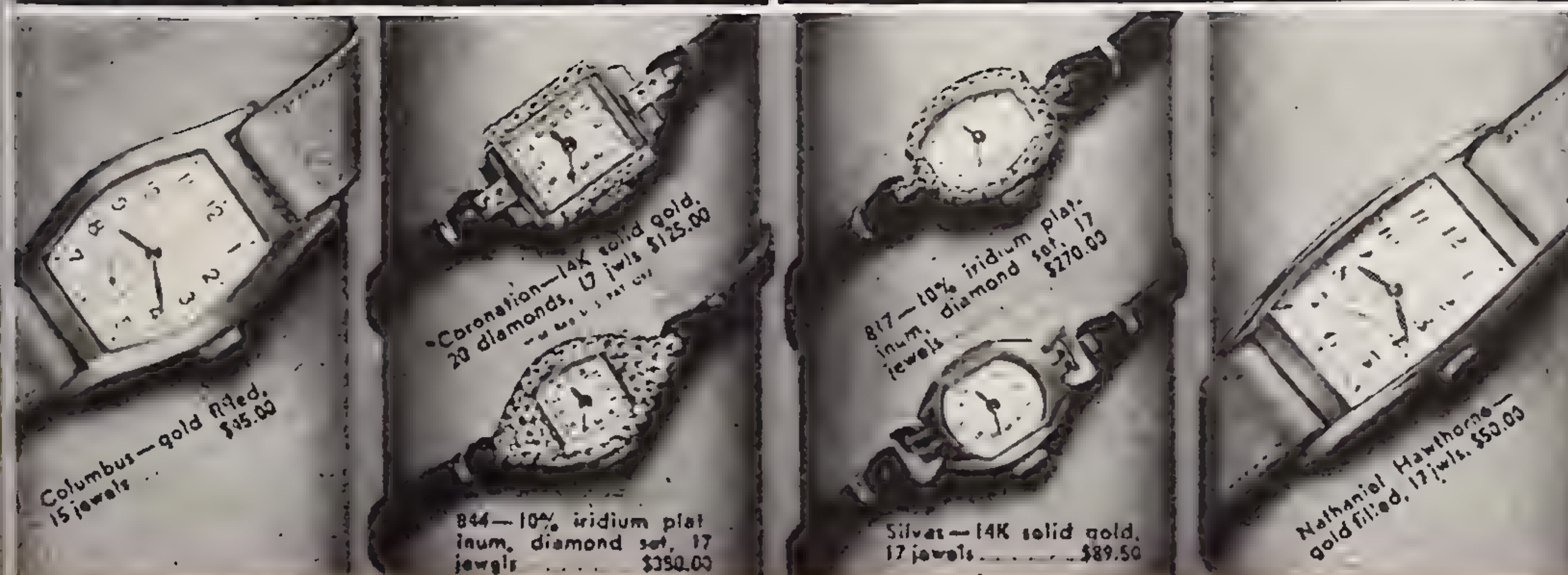
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IT TAKES JUST A JIFFY to use Colorinse after each shampoo. The cost is small—a few pennies can make your hair shine with fascinating youthful highlights.

Rinse gleaming lustre into your hair with Colorinse — quickly, simply! Colorinse is easy to use — it is not an ordinary bleach or dye.

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10c for package of 2 rinses at 10c stores.

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Remove superfluous hair privately at home, following directions with ordinary care and skill. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again by killing the hair root. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."

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I had been friends for some years before we graduated from Yale together in the class of 1928.

Somewhere scrambled together in the crowded room were Patricia Ellis, dressed in shades of mauve and rose, with Johnny Walker, once a star of the silent pictures, Arline Judge Topping with her handsome playboy husband. Arline was wearing gold leather gauntlets with her crepe dress which had a gold lame bodice.

Eleanor Whitney was almost buried under silver fox. She and Clifton Webb had quite a chat out in the hall. Clifton is the brilliantly successful actor dancer who, several years ago, spent two years in Hollywood under contract to M-G-M at a reputed thirty-five hundred dollars a week and never made a picture. This year he is in Cole Porter's new musical, "You Never Know." Certainly in Hollywood *you never know*.

Rudy Vallee was around with Judy Stewart. In fact you rarely see one without the other these days, and there, over in another part of the room, was famed aviator Dick Merrill with blonde, and *how*, Toby Wing.

Harold Young, the young dancer who made his picture debut in "Gay Divorcee" and has been in many of the big musical numbers like "Broadway Melodies," "Born to Dance" and "Pigskin Parade," came in to see me the day after the El Morocco opening. When I asked him if he'd had a good time the night before he replied: "Damn it, no. I like to dance and no one could dance in that mob unless they could dance under a table."

Games to Make Your Party Go!

[Continued from page 29]

were then matched and they blew into the balloons—for all they were worth! As soon as one balloon popped, another contestant stepped up and into the game. This kept on until one side had used up all its balloons. That side, of course, won the game and each player a nice prize. Anita says you can speed the game up by matching more people at one time, but half the fun is in watching and heckling from the sidelines.

But to really see something, you should witness your favorite movie stars playing "Indicators," the game that took Hollywood by storm. Glamour folks crawling, feet first, from under furniture, ducking their heads under water taps and sewing on imaginary socks is nothing unusual, when they're acting out "A rolling stone," "A stitch in time," and the like. You'd have died laughing at Loretta Young, who is one of the foremost "Indicator" fans of the colony, tossing imaginary loaves of bread into a bathtub, doing "cast your bread upon the waters" at a party given for Claudette Colbert. And speaking of Claudette, she even went so far as to actually stick her beautifully coiffured head under a kitchen sink water faucet (turned wide open!) to act something out!

"Three Floperooos And You're Out!"

[Continued from page 31]

for five weeks drawing his pay and trying to keep from going nuts and wondering if anybody at the studio really knew he was in town, or cared, even. But at last he got the call and was told to report the next

morning at seven-thirty. Pat was there champing at the bit. Oh, sure, they had a swell picture all picked out for him. Yes, he had the lead and it was something colossal, a knock-out of a story . . . everything!

And Pat Barton, being what is known as a very "quick reader," memorized his lines, along with everyone else's, in practically no time and, although he wondered vaguely at the story idea and at most of the lines, he decided that, after all, he was a newcomer and maybe that was the way they went about making one of those super productions.

The story the Gigantic producer had chosen to launch Pat on his career was a tasty little tid-bit entitled "Love Under The Magnolia Blossoms," or something just as bad. Pat and everyone else in the cast struggled heroically to make something presentable out of the impossibly puerile lines and situations. They might as well have saved their time and energy, for Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, with all their established popularity, couldn't have saved that picture. When it was finally released, and why it ever was still remains a mystery, it met with such a storm of criticism that after a few weeks it was finally recalled.

By this time Pat had learned all about the old Hollywood BUGABOO and that first flop threw a pretty bad scare into the poor kid. It wasn't as if he couldn't act (you can't play in two long-run Broadway hits unless you *can* act) and it wasn't as if he had buck teeth and bow-legs. He had every requisite tool of a successful actor, was highly ambitious and anxious to learn, and still his initial effort had met with horrible failure.

In a couple of months Pat was handed the working script of what was to be his second attempt at celluloid fame and told to learn his lines. Pat took the script home, read it through a couple of times, threw it under the bed and headed for the bathroom in an advanced stage of nausea. It was even worse than the "Magnolia Blossoms" opus. The next day he called on the producer and, according to Pat, the conversation went something in this manner:

PAT: I don't like to kick or anything like that, but couldn't you find a better part for me than this thing you're about to shoot?

PRO: What's the matter with the part, Barton, old man? This is going to be a smash hit, mark my word!

PAT: Well, maybe so, but I'm banking my future on the next two pictures and if you don't mind I don't think I'll take the part.

PRO: Suit yourself, Barton. You'd like your contract renewed at the end of the year, though, wouldn't you?

Well, that was the general trend of things and of course Pat had to take a long chance and accept the part rather than virtually sign his resignation then and there. And the picture turned out to be another "smeller" and so did the last and fatal third one. I saw Pat the other day on Hollywood Boulevard, still anxiously determined, still ambitious to succeed. But behind the engaging grin I could see the terrible hurt to the boy's pride, could sense the resentful bewilderment of the thing that had smashed his hopes of doing the one thing in the world he most wanted to do. Maybe, sometime, Pat will get another chance at a part to which he could do credit or that would do *him* credit. Maybe. But chances are he won't. There are so many in Hollywood with Pat's same story and they live in a perpetual land of "maybe." Maybe today, perhaps tomorrow.

The natural supposition is that there must be an answer to a situation of this kind. Why must a half-baked, unintelligent condition like this be allowed to exist in one of the country's leading industries?

What it actually boils down to is: Why would any company be content to offer the market an inferior brand of product? Doesn't it stand to reason that a manufacturer, no matter if he is producing motion pictures or lawn-mowers, should try his darnedest to make the very best merchandise his money and working materials will allow?

But, conversely enough, it seems that the forces that guide the picture making industry are as unexplainable, as ephemeral as the Aurora Borealis. Pat Barton's case is typical. Here is a major studio, not a fly-by-night "quickie" company, mind you, that bought and paid good money for a story that would be rejected in a hurry by the editor of any pulp paper magazine in the country, regardless of what brand of tripe it had heretofore published. I don't know who wrote the story and I'm quite sure you don't care. Possibly it was bought as an original after the story editor had recommended it during a moment of depression or indigestion . . . perhaps it was an adaptation of a best-seller of the early '90's, or, as seems most probable, possibly the nice boy dashed it off one day during his lunch hour. However, the person responsible for the purchase of that masterpiece was likewise responsible for the ruined career of a boy who had something tangible and talented to offer the public, which, after all, is the sole judge of what is good and what is bad in motion pictures.

Picture, if you can, the dilemma of a boy or girl who is a newcomer to the screen. After all, they are hardly in a position to dictate as to the pictures in which they shall or shall not appear. That right is reserved for the old established stars, and sometimes it still gets *them* into plenty of hot water, as witness, Raft and Cagney and dozens of others too numerous to mention.

No, they must string along docilely while producers and directors pick stories to film that would tax the credulity of an Australian bushman, not to mention our own theater-going populace. I've often wondered just what the average mature American I. Q. is in the opinion of one of these cinematic geniuses. Possibly the shoe is on the wrong foot and the average American often wonders the same thing about the producers.

Unless the newcomer's first picture is an out-and-out hit his toboggan has already started down the slope that leads to film oblivion. His second picture then must be just twice as good to make up for lost ground. If it is no better than the first he is well on the way to being washed up, and the third bad one amounts to nothing more than the formality of reading the obituary of another hope that was "killed in action."

The thought of these young actors and actresses having to stand mutely by and watch impotently while their life's ambitions go a'glimmering, the sight of all the fine talent going to waste, is truly tragic, but until that time arrives when you, and you, and I are willing to r'ar back on our hind legs and *demand* better quality in films, it looks as if things are likely to go on much as they are.

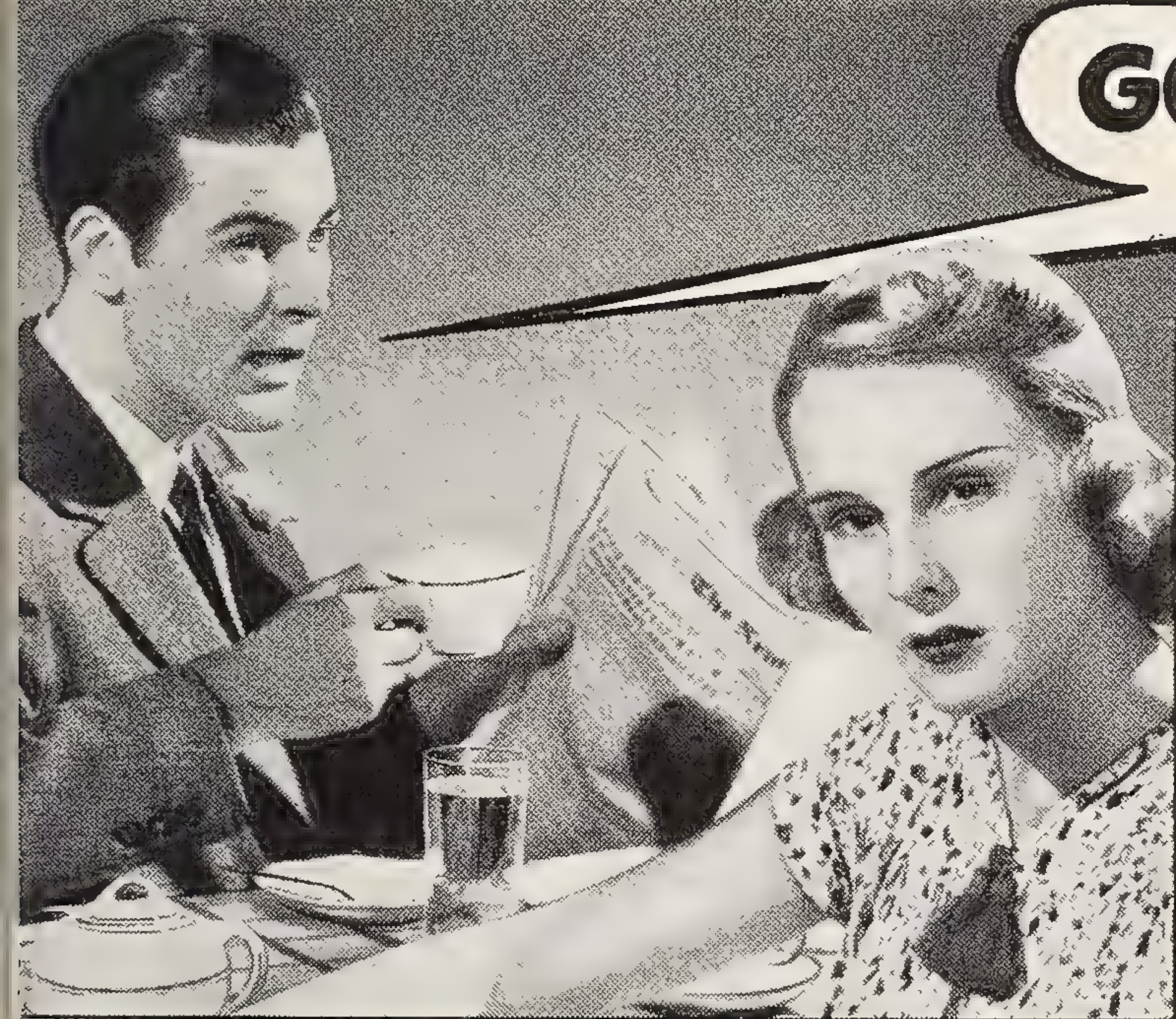
It has been suggested before this that one major cause of poor pictures is the double feature bill, and it seems as if that might be true. Naturally, every picture can't be another million dollar production; no one could expect that. But surely there must be enough good stories, enough good writers and directors around every big studio to turn out pictures which, while not necessarily sensational, will leave an audience with at least a pleasant taste in their mouths.

Producers, directors, writers, cameramen, continuity and dialogue directors, electricians, actors, all go into the making of a film, good or bad, and it is nearly inconceivable that companies can turn out such fine entertainment as "The Hurricane," "It Happened One Night," "Dead End," "A Letter of Introduction," "Night Must Fall," etc., and at the same time, and right on the same lot, be making a film that wouldn't draw a dozen people per performance if it had to be shown alone. It seems that if a story is worth filming at all it should be worth the best efforts of everyone concerned in its making.

Here is a suggestion, though, that might tend to raise the picture standard a bit. If you see a class "B" picture and, although it may reek to high heaven of amateurishness, if there is a new face in the cast whom you believe might have possibilities if given something decent to work on, then write a letter to the studio who made the picture. Tell them you thought the story was a lemon but that so-and-so, whoever it was, seemed to have something on the ball and that you'd like to see him or her in something better. It might work. I don't know. However, I do know that something drastic should be done about pictures that ruin the careers of promising young actors and actresses and the dispositions of the people who pay their thirty cents or so at their neighborhood houses.

THREE BAD ONES AND YOU'RE OUT! Sure. The poor unfortunate screen aspirant is out in the cold nursing his grief, and the public who paid to see his career steered onto the rocks is out on the sidewalk about eleven thirty at night wondering why in the name of all that's holy he ever had to sit through anything like LOVE UNDER THE MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS.

GO AHEAD AND SULK, IT'S STILL TRUE!



WHY SHOULDN'T I SULK? YOU WOULD, TOO--IF SOMEBODY SAID YOU HAD BAD BREATH!

I'M SORRY I'VE HURT YOUR FEELINGS, HONEY. BUT WHY DON'T YOU SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



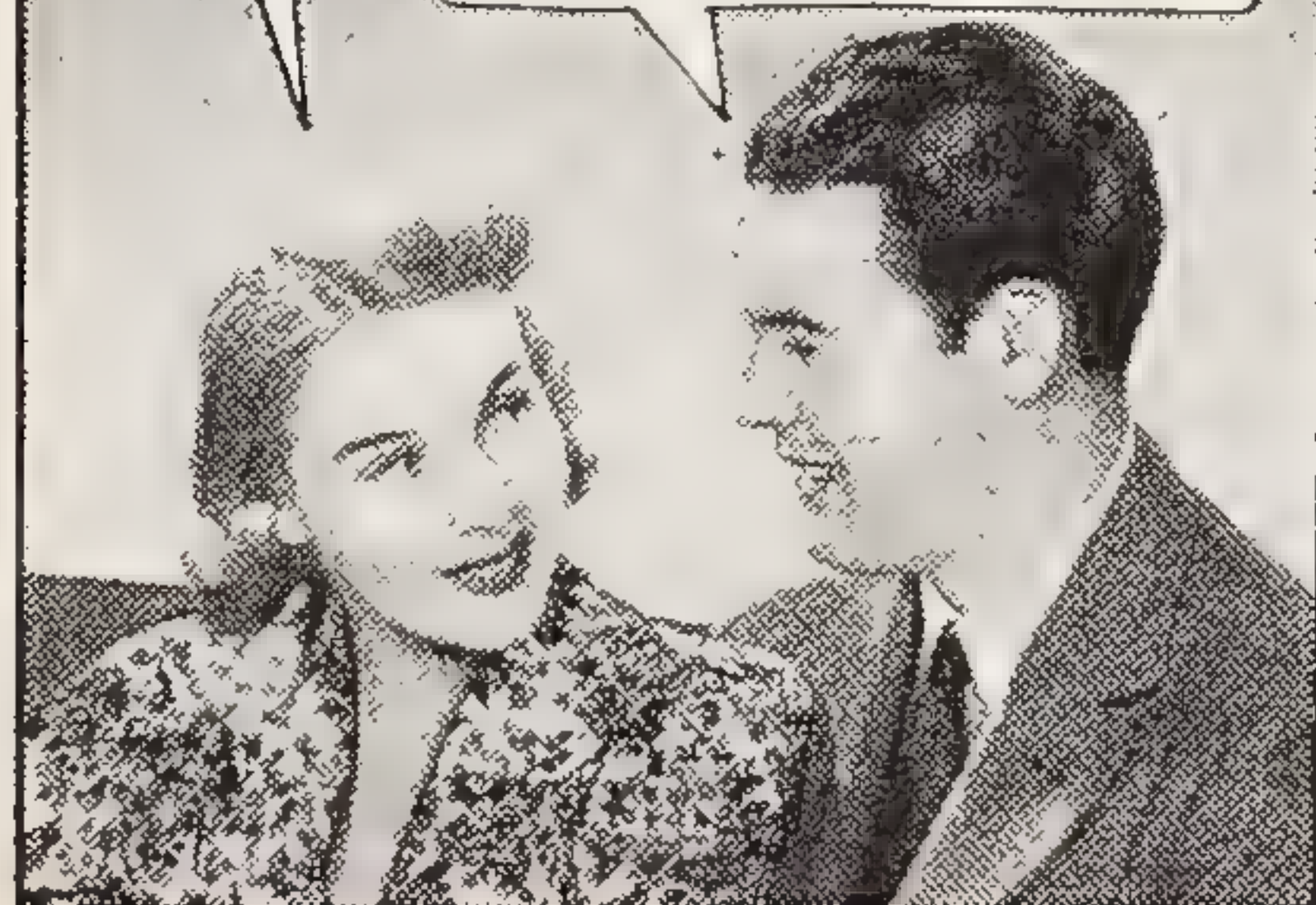
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF YOUR BLARNEY, MISTER!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HONEY—I MEAN EVERY WORD OF IT!



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!





"EXQUISITE HANDS are essential for feminine charm", says GLORIA STUART* co-starring in Columbia's "The Lady Objects." "A little regular care helps keep a woman's hands smooth and lovely." Try caring for *your hands* with Jergens! Used regularly, it *prevents chapping!*



*Gloria Stuart has lovely hands. With Lanny Ross in new Columbia Picture success "The Lady Objects"

How to help keep Your HANDS Smooth and Soft

HAND SKIN SUFFERS from loss of natural moisture, when exposed to cold and wind, or frequent use of water. Looks coarse and older, feels harsh. Girls, furnish beautifying moisture for the skin by using Jergens Lotion. No stickiness! Jergens contains 2 ingredients, so effective to help whiten and soften the skin that many

doctors use them. Quickly soothes chapping! Use Jergens regularly for soft, smooth hands that kindle love's flame. At business—have a bottle in your desk drawer; at home—keep Jergens in kitchen and bathroom. Use after every hand-washing. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ — or \$1.00 for the special economy size—at any beauty counter.



Its 2 effective ingredients help even rough, neglected hands to be delightfully soft and velvet-smooth.

JERGENS LOTION

FREE: GENEROUS SAMPLE

See—at our expense—how wonderfully this fragrant Jergens Lotion helps to make red, rough, chapped hands smooth and white.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2348 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario)

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Projection of Merle Oberon

[Continued from page 21]

the world. She loves to bring a little happiness into the lives of poor tired souls—and that happens to be where the Oberon money goes, that and the governments (having to pay income taxes to both England and America she keeps pretty well stripped.) She is generous and kind-hearted to a fault and you must never be surprised to find a stray dog, probably without pedigree, or a stray person, definitely without pedigree, in the Oberon house.

It's a toss up as to whether Connie Bennett or Merle is the most chic person in Hollywood. Simple and smart in her clothes, Merle has that devastating French allure about her and 'tis said that at the mere sight of her men long to throw their domestic security to the winds. (Wives *aren't* her best friends, for some weird reason, well, maybe not too weird. Thank goodness I'm not a wife so I can like her in peace.)

Her wardrobe is from Paris, of course, as she only spends a few months of the year in Hollywood, and she likes black for evening wear. She's feminine enough to know that men are helpless before black when white skin glimmers through it. In her sports clothes, yellows and whites and blues, she looks like a sixteen year old. She adores odd and expensive slippers, provocative perfumes, and Parisian nighties.

Well, now, I've got to correct another impression. You probably think that with all this Schiaparelli finery and this decided feminine flair, Merle spends her evenings dining, dancing, flirting and making pretty talk with the Upper Crust of Hollywood, who are just too utterly bored by it all. But not Merle. If you want to find her in a hurry some evening don't bother to look for her with a dull party of the Right People sipping champagne at the expensive night clubs in Hollywood—no indeed, you're far more likely to find her devouring, but daintily, a dish of fried shrimp and hot mustard sauce in a Chinese restaurant, or swinging into a merry shag at the Palomar. (The Palomar is a big dance hall in Los Angeles where the jitterbugs hang out. There's no cover charge, and no silver fox. But there's the best swing orchestra in town.)

Merle loves to dance. I've never seen anyone who enjoyed it more. When someone says to her, "I do want you to meet dear So-and-So. May I bring him over some day for tea?" Merle always asks, "Does he like to dance?" If he doesn't like to dance dear So-and-So stands a very slight chance of being invited for tea, or anything. She's mad about Chinese food and has been in every Chinese restaurant in Los Angeles and Hollywood. She collects names and addresses of Chinese joints with the same eagerness as some actresses collect antiques. She doesn't drink or smoke and drives headwaiters crazy in swanky places by ordering water.

In a place where rudeness grows on trees (they call it an inferiority complex out here and it covers even more than a multitude of sins), Merle simply can't bring herself around to being rude. She wastes a lot of valuable time by being polite, her friends tell her, but she goes right on, day after day, being faultlessly polite.

Only once in Hollywood has she been rude—and she was scared into it that time. She has a holy horror of the radio, and just the thought of an open mike can bring out the goose pimples. When the publicity department told her that she would have to take part in the broadcast

held in the forecourt of the Carthay Circle the night of the gala premiere of "Marie Antoinette" she became so ill she could hardly finish the day at the studio.

"But Norma is one of my best friends," she kept saying to herself. "Why, of course I want to say nice things about Norma over the air. Why, this is silly of me. I wonder—just suppose I didn't go to the premiere? No. No, Norma would never forgive me." So she made up a beautiful speech about Norma and Marie Antoinette—and prepared to mount her own guillotine, there in the forecourt of the Carthay Circle.

Doug, Jr., arrived to escort her to the premiere, and for the first time since he and Merle had been dating she suddenly went very feminine on him and kept him waiting for ages. "You'd better hurry," Doug, Jr., called upstairs, "we'll miss the first reel." "Oh, that would never do," Merle called back, "and I must get there for the broadcast." Well, it's a little hazy here. Merle says Doug's chauffeur was slow, and Doug's a gentleman and can't say much. But imagine Merle's sorrow (yes, just imagine it) when they arrived just two minutes after the broadcast had been taken off the air. The picture had started in the meantime and Merle and Doug had to climb across Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur and Norma herself, and Norma glared something awful. "I did expect my friends at least to be on time," she said during intermission. Rather than annoy any more stars by being late to their previews and premieres Merle has decided in the future not to go at all—if there's going to be a microphone.

Little Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson was born February 19 on the Island of Tasmania. Her father, who died of pneumonia three months before her birth, was an English army officer and her mother was English on the paternal side and French-Dutch on the other. When Merle was seven her mother accepted an invitation to visit in Bombay, India, and two years later went to join her brother and sister in Calcutta.

Merle has a lot of pictures of herself taken when she was a little girl in Calcutta—in which she shows definite traces of the Pola Negri influence. Movies were her greatest pleasure then, as she found Indian life very boring and army people very stuffy, and time and again she would promise herself that some day she would go to England (Hollywood was just too much to wish for in those days) and try to get into the cinema. She lived in Calcutta for the next eight years and was educated in the La Martinere College there.

When she was sixteen she became a member of the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society and danced in the chorus of "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Aladdin." (When Bob Benchley saw these pictures of her in costume in her scrapbook he turned to playwright Sam Behrman and said, "Think what we missed, Sam, by going to New York instead of Calcutta.")

When she was seventeen her uncle got my leave for a trip to England and as a special treat took Merle along with him it would be a nice visit, he told her. But Merle had other plans. When it came time to return to India, Merle rebelled. "I shall stay here and become an actress," she said, probably in just the same tone she said, "I came to fish, and I'm going to fish." Anyway, the poor uncle had no way of dealing with this unexpected problem child, so he gave her the equivalent of \$100 and her return ticket, and washed his hands of the whole affair.

Merle promptly altered her name to Merle Oberon (Oberon, she decided, being a bit more theatrical than O'Brien or Thompson) and started her heart-breaking

She won College Honors

... but
"Flunked"
as a
Wife!



*One subject she hadn't learned
was Feminine Hygiene—with "LYSOL"*

MANY family doctors—and husbands, too—have seen otherwise happy marriages fail, for lack of knowledge about proper feminine hygiene. A wife may not be conscious, herself, of any neglect on her part. That's the tragic thing about so many cases of "incompatibility". Wives don't realize . . . and husbands can seldom bring themselves to the point of mentioning it. If only there could be more frankness . . . but the subject of feminine hygiene is so delicate.

If there is any doubt in *your* mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". For more than 50 years "Lysol" has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and thousands of women, for the exacting needs of feminine hygiene.

Some of the important reasons why it is especially valuable in feminine hygiene are—
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5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

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Lysol
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FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

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Many young people help solve this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this famous fresh food helps eliminate intestinal waste poisons from your body before they can get into the blood stream . . . and so gives these pimples a chance to clear up. Don't run the risk of permanent scars by neglecting such pimples. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now—3 cakes daily—one cake ½ hour before meals. Begin now!

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RIGHT in your own home you can make and apply a gray hair preparation that quickly and easily gives the appearance of youth and beauty to gray, faded, streaked hair. Get from your druggist one-fourth ounce glycerine, one ounce bay rum, one box

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Acme



hunt for a job. The money and the cash on the return ticket didn't last long in London, as you can well assume, and Merle more than once was pretty near the verge of starvation. One day she heard that the H. M. V. Film Company was holding an audition for players at the Cafe de Paris in London, so she answered the call along with fifty other girls. She was not picked—but she did get a job to dance in the cafe. It paid rather well, and gradually she bought herself a new wardrobe and began to bluff her way into the agencies.

Her first movie pay check was for extra work in "Alf's Button" for British Gaumont, and she got \$10 a day for three weeks. So elated was she over this that she sent for her mother.

While lunching in the studio restaurant one day, Merle suddenly looked up from her chicken curry to see a man standing over her. "My name is Alexander Korda," he said. "I would like to discuss a test with you." Merle thought it was another one of those cruel studio jokes but, sure enough, two months later, she received a call to report at the Wembley Studios for a Korda picture.

After various tests it was decided that Merle was the siren type, and her unusual features were made to look quite exotic. She played the feminine leads in "The Battle" (her best dramatic picture, with Charles Boyer), "Broken Melody" and "The Private Life of Don Juan" with Douglas Fairbanks. (Doug, Sr., and his new wife, Lady Ashley, became Merle's close friends.) But it was Ann Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" that brought her the most fame in America.

While she was working in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with Leslie Howard, Darryl Zanuck arranged to borrow her from Korda for his "Folies Bergere de Paris" and Merle, at long last, made Hollywood. The picture was not well received here—Merle was just too exotic for words—but she attracted the attention of Sam Goldwyn and she was immediately signed on one of those fifty-fifty contracts where she makes pictures in Hollywood for Goldwyn part of the time and for Korda in England the other half. Sam Goldwyn, smart man that he is, immediately decided that Merle was not the siren type (she certainly isn't in real life) and made her take all that vampish make-up off. She emerged a wholesome and beautiful modern young woman, which she certainly is in real life. He starred her in "The Dark Angel," "These Three," "Beloved Enemy," "The Cowboy and the Lady," and soon will hand her the *piece de resistance* of the year—"Wuthering Heights."

Yes, she's doing all right.

Another East Side Genius

[Continued from page 51]

their offspring: "Why can't you be like John Garfield?"

"Being treated as a sort of hero was something new," he grins as he tells it. "It felt pretty good. It was better having kids come up and ask your opinion about things than have them duck out of sight when they saw you coming because they thought you were a bully."

He began writing and producing plays in his neighborhood. By the time he finished the Patri school there was no doubt in his mind what he wanted to do. Nothing interested him but acting.

My first meeting with Garfield was more or less accidental. I wandered on the set of "They Made Me a Criminal," and, after a casual introduction, we chatted a few moments.

At the time, all I knew of him was that he had scored a big hit in "Having Wonderful Time" on the New York stage, had left the play in the middle of the run to take a small part in "Golden Boy," had repeated his success and had then signed by Warner Brothers for the male lead in "Four Daughters" in which he scored a success that even eclipsed the other two.

Talking to him—listening to his easy flow of conversation—I was amazed on returning to the office, and reading his biography, to discover what his background had been. Grabbing the biography, I rushed back to the set. "Is this stuff on the level?" I demanded.

"It's my biography," he countered.

"Yes, I know," I exclaimed impatiently, "but have you read it? Is it right?"

"Sure it's right," he muttered defensively. "I wouldn't let them write it that way if it wasn't."

"Well, where'd you get your education?" I shot at him. "What college did you go to?"

"I got my education at the Patri School and I never went to college. The only subjects I ever passed in my life were English and dramatics."

"Why, this is sensational," I chortled. "There isn't one person in a hundred on the screen with the colorful background you've had. Tell me about it."

"No!" said John. "I'm sick of talking about myself. As a person, I'm unimportant. If I'm of any consequence it's only for what I represent. My past is dead. It doesn't matter. All that matters is what I do with my life—what I make of myself from this point on."

"You talk about color! What's colorful about not having enough to eat when you're hungry, shivering in winter because your parents are too poor to buy you—or themselves—enough clothing or bedding to keep warm. Why do people only want to read sordid things?" he went on heatedly. "Possibly time *does* tint hardships with a rosy hue as those things slip back down the years into a haze of memory. But there's nothing colorful about it to me. If you want to talk about current events or philosophy I'll talk to you all night."

"No!" I flung back stubbornly. "The people who read this don't *care* what you think about current events or philosophy. They can get that from the newspapers. They want to know about *you*."

"I've had too much publicity," he contended. "I can't live up to it. Nobody could. Out here everything is superlative. I thought I was fair in 'Four Daughters.' The critics said I was very good. Suppose somewhere between the two opinions lies the truth. Suppose I was competent. Because everything in Hollywood has to be superlative writers credit me with being better than I am. Even if I was better in that part than I thought, how do I know, in my next picture, that I can live up to the reputation that has been given me? It isn't fair. If I am any good the public will find me out. I don't want to be foisted upon them."

This was rank heresy. In all my years of set-trotting and interviewing I have never before heard an actor complain of getting *too much* publicity—never before heard one admit he was sick of talking about himself.

But John was not through. "When I finished the Patri School I racked my brains for some way to get some dramatic training. I finally wrote to Jacob Ben-Ami, one of the really brilliant actors of the theatre.

He wrote back suggesting I try the Heckscher Foundation. I went to see them, equivocated, deliberately misled them into believing Ben-Ami had sent me to them. I got a scholarship and sold papers to make enough to see me through. I averaged about \$6 a week and Mr. Patri lent me another \$5 as long as I was at the school.

"When I finished, I got work with the Le Gallienne Repertory Company. It was good experience but I didn't get any parts. I wasn't discouraged or disgusted but I decided I needed broader experience. I thumbed my way across the continent and spent the summer in California picking fruit. Early in the fall I started back to New York—and this time I rode the freights. In Nebraska, one of three bums with whom I was traveling fell between two cars and was crushed to death.

"I finally reached New York with a swell case of typhoid. When I recovered I went back to the Le Gallienne company for a time and then got a part in 'Lost Boy'—a story of life in a reformatory. It was a little gem of a part. Anyone with any imagination could have made it stand out. Then I got a bit with Paul Muni in 'Counsellor at Law.' I've been in 'Johnny Johnson,' 'Waiting For Lefty,' 'Awake and Sing,' 'Weep for the Virgins,' 'Peace on Earth' and the other two I mentioned.

"I've been getting picture offers for four years and turning them down because I didn't feel I knew enough to come to Hollywood. So finally I do come and what happens? I make one picture and am led to believe I'm the last gasp—that I've arrived. I *haven't* arrived. I've only started.

"I have a clause in my contract stipulating I'm to have the privilege of returning to the stage any time I want, providing I give the studio sixty days' notice. I can learn from pictures—but I can learn more from the stage."

He paused for breath and I seized the opportunity to get in my two bits' worth. "You may go back to the stage for one play—possibly two—and then you'll sink back into the desuetude of Hollywood life." I challenged him. "I've seen others come out here with the ideals and ambitions you have—but none of them go back—Muni, Spencer Tracy, Robinson, John Beal. This life—and the money—gets them."

"It's not going to get *me*," he averred positively. "I only want a little money—enough to live on. Money is never going to run me—or my life. The acquisition of it is never going to be the alpha and omega of my existence."

"Yeah," I jeered, "if you should make another hit in this next picture and another hit in the picture after that, how long do you suppose it would be before you'd be striking for more dough?"

I was half kidding but there was nothing light or kidding in John's face as he answered. "I'll never strike for money. I would strike for parts or conditions—but not for money. If they give me good parts I'll stick here until I feel I'm beginning to stagnate. But if they try to type me or cast me in pictures that don't mean anything I'll be long-gone from here before they realize what's happened."

His rugged face was lit up—fired with an inner enthusiasm as he spoke.

I left him, mulling over in my mind many things he had said that lack of space prevents my giving you. I've thought of him often since then—of a little East Side arab, working his way slowly and tortuously up from the gutter to the heights—carrying, not guns but White Banners! I look at him and see a rough looking mugg who talks tough and cracks wise because people expect him to talk tough and crack wise. But, underneath that shell I see an idealist and a dreamer.



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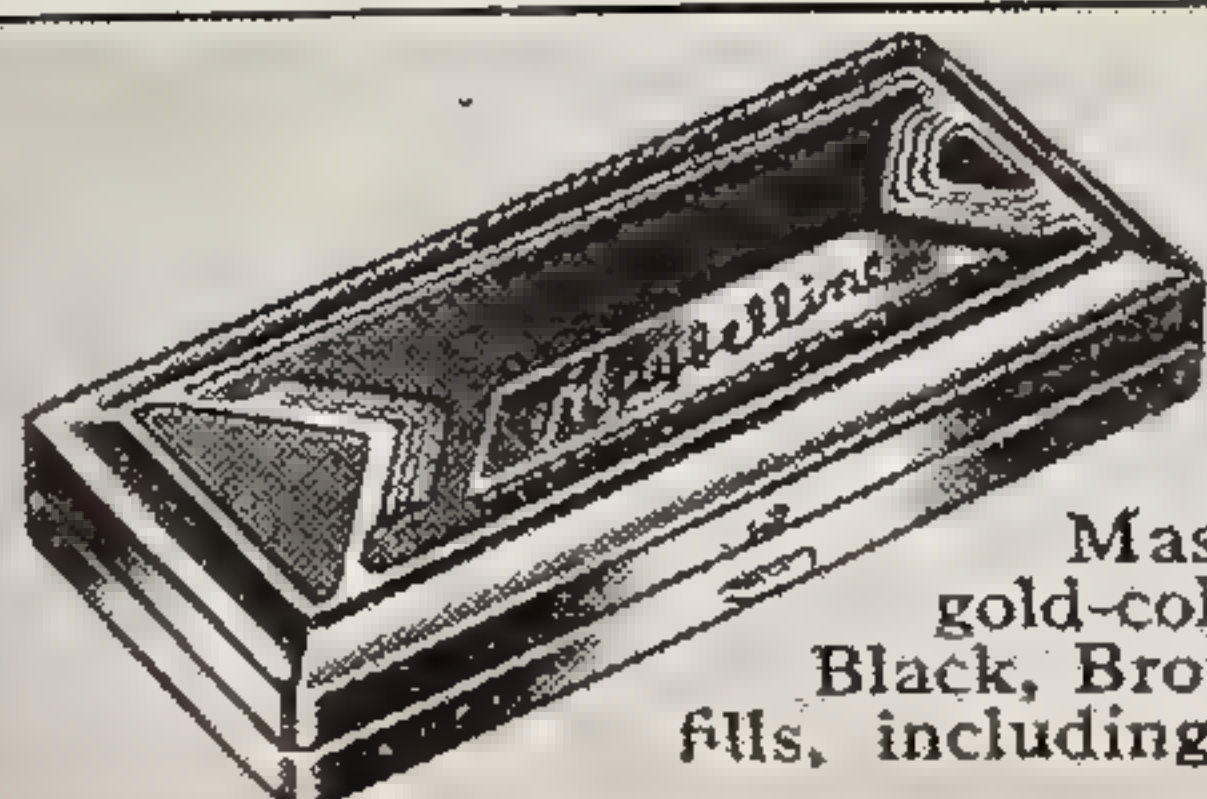
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join in with the rest.'

"I was petrified. Too scared to move. But I did. I was assigned several lines. Later I asked who he was. He was the celebrated theatrical producer, Max Reinhardt, himself.

"When my fifteen hours was exhausted, and I could no longer get away from school, I had to tell the family the truth. They were indignant, of course. The title of the play was 'The Weaker Sex.' I am sure the title did not refer to me. There was nothing weak about my daring then.

"A year was to pass before the theatre and I were to join hands again. And this time I left school and decided to make my way in the theatre. Quite as boldly as before I tried to get a part at the Komödie [Comedy] Theatre in Vienna. And to my complete astonishment they assigned me one of the leading roles in 'Private Lives.'

"I signed a contract at a magnificent salary of \$5 a day . . . and then I went home. I had enough courage to get the part, to rehearse for it, and to impress my director. But it took more than simple courage to face my family.

"I told them a week after I was hired. Father appeared angry, but I could tell that he was secretly proud of me. Mother gave her consent immediately. It took a lengthy family conference, with me pacing up and down waiting for the decision. And it arrived. Father came out of the drawing room and said, 'Hedy, if that is what you want to do, then do it well.'

After the stage the screen caught her imagination. Her youngish appearance was somewhat against her, so she applied for a job as a script clerk at one of the studios in Berlin. She knew that studios in Vienna would check her references and turn her down. Overhearing one day that a girl was needed for a small role as a secretary, she applied for the job. She got the role on the spot.

After her first experience before the camera she was assigned a more important role in a picture titled, "They Don't Need More Money." It required some persuasive talking before the executives of that company, but Hedy succeeded in getting the part. It was this performance which really established her as a player of outstanding merit.

At that time she decided to try her

Hedy's Here!

[Continued from page 34]

chances with Hollywood. She sent some of her stills from Germany to the film capital. The answer was routine. "We are sorry, but we are not considering applications at this time." Her rejection was but a carbon copy of a thousand and one others that come out of Hollywood annually.

While Hedy and her mother were in St. Moritz enjoying a winter vacation, Mrs. Kiesler (that's Hedy's family name) saw the French film "Pepe le Moko."

"Hedy, my mother told me, 'that is a picture you must see. And there is a part in it suited exactly for you.'

"I met Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Louis B. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer while they were vacationing in Europe. Mr. Mayer signed me to a contract and I was bound for Hollywood. That was in the summer of 1937. At the time he told me that he had a good role in mind for me in a play called 'Pepe le Moko.'

"When he returned to Hollywood and we discussed a part suitable for me, he was informed by the Scenario Department that the script had been sold to Walter Wanger.

"Then I met Charles Boyer at a party given by Lady Castlerosse. We talked for a while discussing a thousand and one subjects. Finally, he thought for a while, and then said, 'You know, Mr. Wanger has given me the role of Pepe le Moko in a picture he plans to call 'Algiers.' And I know there is a part in it for you.'

"I thought no more of it until I was called over to Mr. Wanger's studio for a test of the role of Gaby.

Her role in "Algiers," for which she has received acclaim from one end of the country to the other, is but the first step in what promises to be a meteoric career.

At present MGM, the studio to whom she is under contract, plans to co-star her with Spencer Tracy in "A New York Cinderella."

"Right now," Miss Lamarr concluded, "aside from living up to the confidence everyone has placed in me, I have one driving ambition. That is to play the role of that romantic, colorful figure, Lola Montez, a celebrated European actress of the last century."

And no wonder. There is much in the bizarre adventures of Lola Montez' career that are almost a counterpart, in color, of the experiences of Hedy Lamarr.

Personality Comes In All Sizes

[Continued from page 53]

the rigorous training that most of these young people must undergo. There's plenty of learning that goes on in their lives. They have to attend school three hours per day, must learn the lines for each new picture, must learn to dance, to sing, to ride horseback, to swim, to play tennis or badminton or baseball, to row a boat and to paddle a canoe, or any other activity that's required for a picture. And most important of all is the fact that they must learn consideration for others, take exacting orders without a murmur, and interpret and execute them intelligently, even if they are playing the roles of such homelike kids as Lucy or Roger Jones (June Carlson and George Ernest, respectively) members of America's Number One Jones Family.

Reflecting in sincere and human fashion the joys and sorrows of a typical American boy will be the theme of a new series of pictures produced by Sol Lesser, starring Tommy Kelly. "Peck's Bad Boy With the Circus," the first of the series, will be released early in the winter. Tommy will be

remembered for his impersonation of Tom Sawyer in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," in which he co-starred with eleven-year-old Ann Gillis. Ann will again play opposite him in the series. Incidentally, Colonial pictures, a new organization, will soon put Ann in "Little Orphan Annie" before the cameras. Later David O. Selznick will star Ann and Tommy together in "Heartbreak Town."

So the producers are definitely looking to the adolescents for starring material. And, who knows but that from this roster of young players will come more box-office champions. At the moment a number of them, who have so far had little opportunity before the cameras, are being considered for important leads. The chances are that the various studios won't go amiss in entering them in the current "adolescent derby."

Somehow, right down the line these youngsters are filling a "close to the heart" place in entertainment that has been vacant far too long.

Christmas Between Friends

[Continued from page 33]

you must admit!

All the good shops, of course, have a corps of professional people who will wrap your gifts in the newest and most glittery doodads. For a nominal fee one of these experts will come to your home and concoct packages which will make your mouth water. But sentimental Anita Louise will have none of this. She wraps each one of her myriad packages with her own hands and licks the silver stars which adorn them with her own tongue. It takes her days to do it, and destroys her appetite, besides. But she feels better about it.

Olivia de Havilland is another careful shopper. She has had *such* a time here lately because she has a friend who is particularly fond of Persian designs—has her house filled with Persian rugs, screens and so on. Olivia was determined to find a compact with such a design for her friend's Christmas gift. "I don't even insist that it be a compact!" she said. "It could be a cigaret case or something. But I want something small that she can put in her purse and carry about with her, and it must be really beautiful. If she enjoys those things so much I want her to have something which she can have with her all the time!" Olivia was radiant when she found "the very thing" at an obscure shop far off the beaten path. But she had spent her spare time for weeks in the search.

And Una Merkel has been working hard trying to memorize the names, breeds and sizes of Madge Evans' five dogs. Una wants to give her five harnesses with brass name plates attached. "But—to get the right name



Olympe-Bradna. "She's Mademoiselle from Paramount, Par-lay-voo!" (Go on from there).

on the harness of the right size for the dog that *has* that name. . .!" she sighed. "It's quite a task."

Joan Blondell treasures a gift from her small boy, Norman. He heard her complain one day when she found a spot on her frock just as she was leaving the house—and there was no cleaning fluid on the pantry shelf. So when Christmas came he proudly presented her with a can of solvent, announcing, "I knew it was sumpin you needed!"

Joan didn't do so badly, herself, with her Christmas shopping for Dick Powell. "He's always losing ties," she said. "He is in a

constant fret because he can't find just the right tie for the suit or shirt he is wearing. I thought I'd fix him up for a while—so I bought him three hundred ties—every material, color, pattern, shape I could find. That should hold him."

Pat O'Brien buys things for his wife that he likes himself. Last year it was the fluffiest of trailing negligees in the soft blue which he loves to see her wear. Pat, by the way, likes to shop for feminine gadgets—compacts, costume jewelry, dressing table accessories and other pretties. Eloise shops for their men friends! But there is a rule at the O'Brien's. The people they like best are invited to come to see them during the holidays, and if one of thesefortunates doesn't show up some time before the Christmas tree is dismantled, he simply doesn't get his present and that's all there is to it.

Jack Haley was a bit nonplussed when his thirteen-year-old daughter developed a desire to write, and demanded a typewriter. Her room had been newly decorated in the Louis XV period and a typewriter didn't seem to fit in. The child was extremely proud of her room. It took considerable ingenuity on the part of Jack and a furniture designer to contrive a desk which could conceal a typewriter and still fit the Louis XV mood. But they finally accomplished it.

So you see, other reports to the contrary, a prominent screen star *doesn't* yawn and instruct her secretary to order two gross of wrist watches to be delivered on Christmas morning to other screen stars who already own grosses of wrist watches. Hollywood loves presents and values them with an almost childish delight. Screen stars take their Christmas buying as strenuously as they take up new games. And they dramatize Christmas just as they do every other event in their lives.

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What It Takes To Be A 1939 Girl

[Continued from page 17]

of them straightened. There are few stars in Hollywood who haven't.

She is without illusions as to her own importance. "I know that I am here partly because I have worked and partly through luck. I know that if I stay, it will be for the same reasons. There is nothing to get a swelled head about," she told me.

She is not temperamental. "It doesn't get you anywhere," she said.

She is ambitious. "You have to work, to make good. You have to study. You have to apply yourself. You have to live and breathe career, at least a screen or stage career, if you want a real one," she confided seriously. "You've no time for anything else."

"Not even for love?" I said.

"Not even for love. At least, in the beginning. Of course," she added. "I am only seventeen. Maybe I don't know what I am talking about. But I am pretty sure I sha'n't fall in love for years and years."

But so much for "Miss Hollywood of 1939 . . ." The rest of Hollywood's feminine "white hopes of 1939" whom Nancy Kelly typifies—those twenty-seven other outstanding girls, whom, their studios insist, are the Big Names of tomorrow—are:

At Warner Brothers, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, Jane Bryan, Ann Sheridan, Marie Wilson and Jane Wyman; at Twentieth Century-Fox, besides Nancy Kelly, Arleen Whelan, Phyllis Brooks and Amanda Duff; at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Lana Turner, Lynne Carver, Virginia Grey and Ann Morris; at RKO-Radio, Lucille Ball, Ann Miller and Joan Fontaine; at Paramount, Shirley Ross, Betty Grable and Ellen Drew; at Universal, Nan Grey, Dorothea Kent and Helen Parrish; at Samuel Goldwyn's, Andrea Leeds; at Selznick International, Margaret Tallichet; at Columbia, under contract for the "Dagwood and Blondie" series, Penny Singleton; and at Walter Wanger's, Louise Platt.

Considering them collectively, several characteristics, physical and temperamental, stand out as completely typical. In the first place, all are young, ranging from sixteen to twenty-three, with the 'teens predominating. All are slender, in accordance with the camera's inexorable demands. With the exception of Priscilla Lane and Dorothea Kent, who are only slightly over five feet, all are between five feet, four inches and five feet, six inches tall.

Almost all have broad foreheads and with a few exceptions, an extraordinarily attractive hair-line. All have luxuriant, healthy hair, worn for the most part, simply. All are full-lipped, the once-upon-a-time vogue for the small, thin mouth having gone the way of the bustle and the "perfect thirty-six." Most of them have at least slightly arched eyebrows and at least passably good legs—which, incidentally, are

a screen prerequisite. There is, in fact, only one ranking woman star in pictures, today, who has not.

Of the twenty-eight listed, twenty-one have brown hair, in the majority of cases fairly dark. The era of the blonde—at least the synthetic blonde—is pretty well passe by now and even the big stars, Bette Davis, for instance, are forgetting the peroxide bottles and again allowing nature to take its course. Of the brunette players, sixteen have brown or hazel eyes and the other five grey eyes. The blondes, with the exception of Marie Wilson (whose eyes are brown) have blue eyes. Arleen Whelan has red hair—a beautiful mop—and sea green eyes. Ann Sheridan's hair is red and her eyes hazel.

All of these studio "white hopes" have had extensive theatrical training, either on the stage, in dramatic schools or in a series of minor screen roles. Every director will tell you that no matter how talented a newcomer may be, she (or he) must learn screen technique—the "tricks of the trade"—before any sort of success is forthcoming.

Several of the girls I interviewed have special talents, such as singing and dancing, but with the exception of Ann Miller, who wants to be a dancer first and an actress afterward, the others have gotten where they are as actress-personalities.

Even Shirley Ross, rated high as a singer (especially since "Thanks for the Memory"), became more valuable in the eyes of her studio after her dramatic performance in "Prison Farm" than she had ever been before.

Talking to these twenty-eight girls, listening to them and watching them, I learned another thing about the Ideal Girl of 1939. She lacks the old "dramatic temperament" favored of yesteryear, and, in lieu of that, she has a good deal of rock-bottom common sense.

As winsome "Pat" Lane put it: "I am not kidding myself that I am another Bernhardt. In fact, I am not sure what another Bernhardt would do here in Hollywood, where you make pictures in pieces . . . where you have to turn emotions on and off something like you do a spigot. To me, a career in Hollywood is a job. A good job and an interesting one. A job to be done seriously and as well as I can, but not one which calls for dramatizing myself twenty-four hours of the day.

"I think, too," she confided, "that the more an actress does what her director says, the better off she is. Me—" she finished with a grin, "I am not one to tell William Dieterle or Michael Curtiz or Busby Berkeley how a scene should be done. Me—I try, at least, to do as I am told . . ."

A dozen more had the same sensible idea about this and other things.

"Does it bore you to be signing autographs every time you appear in public?" I asked Lucille Ball, who is so very popular since the first of the "Affairs of Anabel" series.

"Bore me? Heavens, no!" she protested. "I'm flattered that any one wants my autograph."

"Looks like you may be going places," I said to young Ann Miller, whom you have recently seen in "You Can't Take It With You."

"How do you like being famous?" I added.

"Famous? I wouldn't now about that," she said, seriously. "And," she added, "if and when I do, well, if I get to liking it too much, I hope some one gives me a good push in the face!"

Like Nancy Kelly, all the young players I talked to are ambitious. You have to be,

in Hollywood. You have to work and try and hope and work and try some more. You have to forget everything but the career you hope for. You have to forget even love . . .

At least, that is what most of the girls I interviewed believe. Also like Nancy, most of them think there isn't time for love, especially at first, when the going is hard.

"Love and marriage must wait," Andrea Leeds said to me. "I don't think the two can ever mix. A career demands all of the effort, the strength, the interest a woman has to give. I also believe that love and marriage are a full-time job for any woman. And so—" her gesture was expressive, "in my case, career must come first, while opportunity is here . . . love, later."

Of course, that day, Andrea talked in generalities, but I knew the story back of what she said. I knew that time was when she and Ken Murray meant much to one another—and that career had intervened. I knew, too, that she and Jack Dunn, the handsome youth who was Sonja Henie's skating partner, and who died a few months ago, had been in love. But again, Andrea's career bested romance. She had to work too hard. Her time was completely filled. She didn't have time for love and so Jack, like Ken Murray, faded out of the picture.

She is a fine, sensitive girl—Andrea—one of the gentlest and most charming I know in Hollywood. But she's ambitious, too. And she'll make love wait a long time—I think.

Ann Sheridan tried to combine love and career—and failed. Her divorce from Eddie Norris, the actor, was only recent. Ann, herself, doesn't say much about it, but those who know her best, say that, try as she would to fulfill them both, the demands of wifehood and career were too much for her.

Her only comment to me was: "Perhaps an established star, with wealth and at least a certain amount of leisure at her command, could combine the two, but an actress who is still striving for success must give ambition all she has . . ."

"Pat" Lane thought much the same thing, too. No, she didn't want to come out and say that career contributed to the break between herself and Wayne Morris. She didn't want to talk about him at all. But again—well, there are those who hold that Wayne, a jealous, exacting youth, wasn't satisfied with a girl who had so little time and thought to give him. For jealousy in a man is not, alone, of other men. A man in love often resents anything that claims the time and interest of his adored. That's the way they are. . . .

And that's the way Wayne was—or so I am told.

Several of the other girls, especially those still in their 'teens, hadn't given much serious thought to love.

As pretty Lana Turner at M. G. M. said: "Of course, I have boy friends, but as for serious love and marriage—I don't give them a thought. Why, I'm still in school! And besides," she added, just like most of the rest, "I'm too busy!"

Of course a few—notably Shirley Ross (and now I know why, for she got married the day after I saw her) believe quite the contrary.

"You can't work all the time," Shirley said.

Ellen Drew feels that way, too. She's married.

So does Betty Grable, married also, to Jackie Coogan, as everyone knows.

But, as I say, they are the exception. On the whole, Miss Hollywood of 1939, not only is unmarried, but is heart-whole and fancy free—ready for the present, at least, to give all of her time and all of herself toward winning and keeping the fame and fortune which the New Year promises to bring.

LUCKY BELLE OF THE ARCTIC

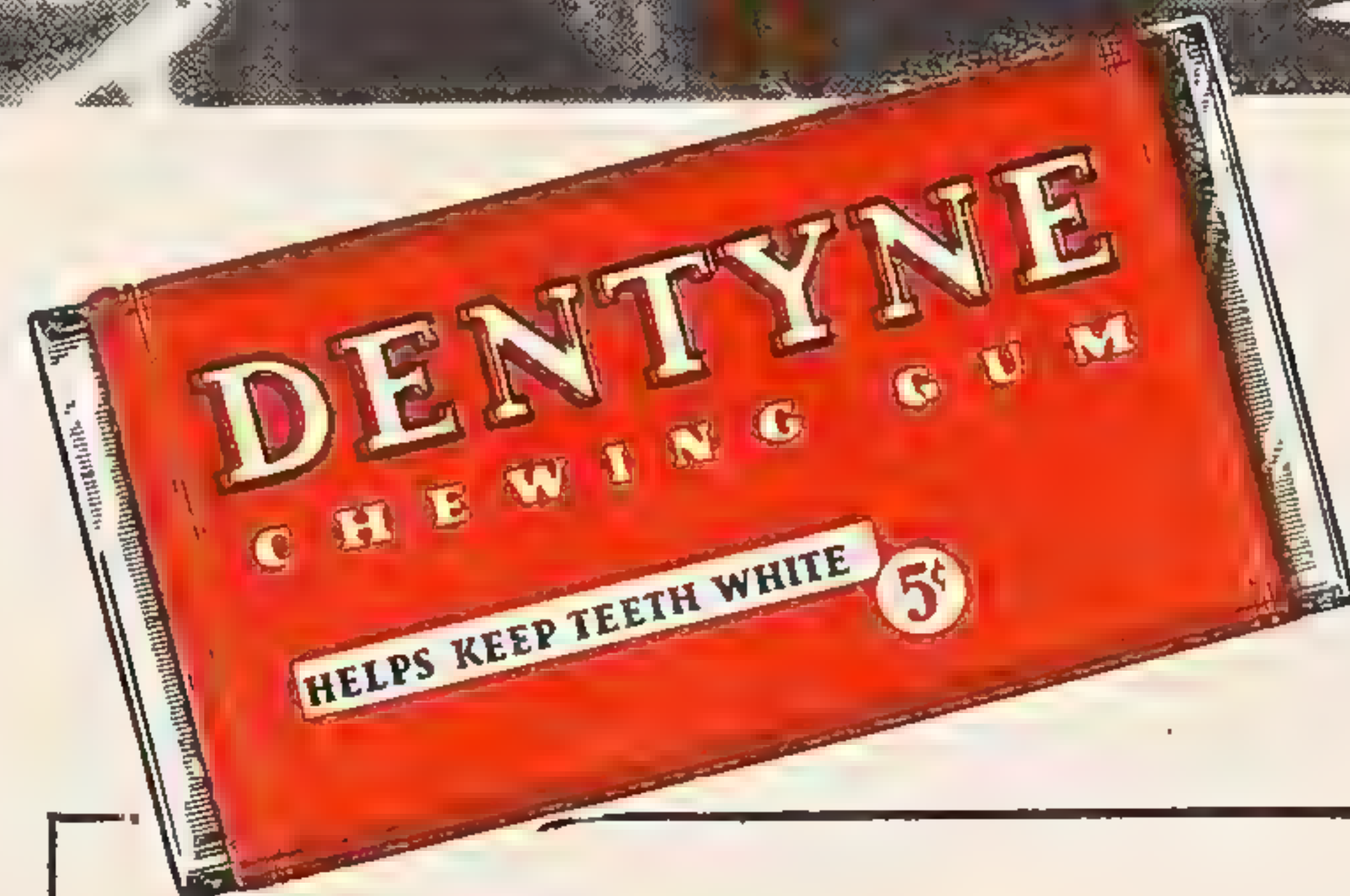
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Capturing Jesse James!

[Continued from page 23]

(Henry Hull), delivering a eulogy over the outlaw's grave.

Director King spent several days directing the important train robbery scenes, using an ancient train, which, until a year ago, operated between Dardanelle and Russellville, Ark. Filming of the jail delivery scenes also required much detailed effort, since action by several hundred extras garbed as soldiers or townspeople is required in the sequence.

The stars, themselves, have been leading a busy life, but have found some leisure time to enjoy the many facilities for sport and recreation in the region.

Their favorite pastime is fishing in the numerous crystal-clear streams which abound in the region. His first day out, Henry Fonda caught a seven and one-half pound catfish, and he and Tyrone Power have made frequent expeditions since then.

Even Miss Kelly, who isn't exactly an enthusiast, succumbed to the fishing fever, and went out with Randolph Scott to try her luck. The young actress did not have the usual beginner's luck, but Scott snagged a big bass and landed it after a battle.

Handsome Tyrone is enjoying himself "roughing it," in the rugged hill country, and has found that the homespun trousers, old checkered shirt and leather boots he wears in the picture are ideal attire for fishing trips or horseback rides.

"Those James boys had the right idea about comfortable clothing," he told Director King.

In a more serious mood, the young star has confided he is particularly happy over being given the coveted role of Jesse James because of the opportunity to portray on the screen the life of a real individual, whose name has been a by-word with every school boy of the country for years.

Hearing the two stars tell about the thrill they experienced riding on the surfboards, comely Miss Kelly decided to try the sport. An hour later she returned, drenched to the skin, but enthusiastic.

"Nothing to it," she boasted. "I only fell off three times."

Miss Kelly, incidentally, has become about the busiest young woman in picture business. Two days before the young actress left Hollywood for the Ozarks she had just completed her first starring role for 20th Century-Fox in "Submarine Patrol." As soon as she completes her work in the "Jesse James" picture she will have to rush back to Hollywood for another leading role in "Tail-Spin," in which she will be co-starred with Alice Faye.

Such an onrush of fame, however, has

not made the young star conceited, and Miss Kelly, one of the most level-headed and even-tempered actresses in the business, would be the first to laugh at the mere suggestion of such an idea. The first thing she did when she arrived in the Ozarks was to pack away her frilly dresses and don a pair of blue overalls.

"When in Rome do as the Romans do," quoth Nancy, and set out to make friends with all of the natives living in the vicinity. It is hardly necessary to add that there isn't a native in the Ozarks who has met the young actress but who thinks she is a rather wonderful person.

Nancy's mother, once a stage star of some renown, and her father, Jack Kelly, are spending their vacation with their talented daughter in the Ozarks.

In the evening she dances with other members of the cast at a summer resort dancing pavilion. Her principal partner on such occasions is Randolph Scott.

"I've danced more since I've been in the Ozarks than I had for ages," she said. The dancing pavilion also is a favorite hang-out for Tyrone and Fonda, who have been giving the local belles a thrill dancing with them. Hull and Carradine have been improving their marksmanship at a Noel shooting gallery, Carradine laughingly pointing out that "if I'm going to have to kill Jesse James, I'd better get in a little practice."

Presence of the stars has had a profound effect on the natives, and the native boys have begun to wear slacks and polo shirts in the traditional Hollywood manner. The girls have begun to fix their hair "just like Nancy Kelly's."

During the filming of the technicolor picture, the fall term of school opened at both Pineville and Noel, and teachers have been having a problem on their hands attempting to keep their young protégés from playing hookey.

School officials, however, are lenient, and are excusing students who work as extras from classes.

For the first time in the history of the Pineville school, a study of the life of the outlaw, Jesse James, was added to the curriculum, and the art of making motion pictures has been included in the general science course.

"All anyone talks about anymore is the 'Jesse James' picture," said genial John Turner, superintendent of the Pineville school, "and we decided the students might as well gain some practical knowledge about the making of motion pictures while the company is on location here."

Radio Types Them For Keeps

[Continued from page 25]

When Joe Penner asked: "Wanna buy a duck?" and a radio network carried that question all over the country, he became a prospect for movie material. As the delineator of the down-trodden, clumsy oaf his actions are held strictly within the bounds of what radio has made of him. "While most other actors are trying their best not to get typed by radio, I'm doing my level best to stay in that rut, if you must call it that," he explained to me. "Here's why. If I had ever played such a role as an irate father or a dumb detective to the exclusion of all other parts, so that

I got to be known only for these parts, I'd object to such typing because such parts aren't always available and producers wouldn't think I could play anything else.

"But the thing I try to be, on the air and in the movies, is a sort of universal fall-guy. I'm the well-meaning fellow everybody picks on because no matter how I try to do a good turn, something always happens and things go wrong. Everybody knows someone like that. And because they do, I don't think that, given the proper material, such a character can go stale. I want to

become the screen specialist of the underdog, as I was in radio. When I shout, 'I'll smash you!' in a shrill falsetto, everybody just has to shake his head sympathetically at the little fellow with the squeaky voice who wants to roar like a lion. And out of that sympathy comes acceptance of my radio sponsor's product and the pleasant tinkle of coins that are shoved at the cashier for tickets of admission to see my pictures. Say, it's smart to be the dopey type, sometimes."

It's also smart to be the timid type, too. When Jack Benny tacked the nickname of "timid tenor" onto Kenny Baker, he gave him a shove into a gold-lined rut. Radio and the movies have many tenors. Some are worse, a few are better, and many are just as good as Kenny. But when his ether acting and singing earned for him the designation of "bashful," that meant that he was immediately typed as a special sort of tenor. No acting of ordinary juvenile roles for him, after that. He could never pinch-hit for Tony Martin, Dick Powell or Rudy Vallee, swashbuckling valiants who get the girl with a minimum of struggle. No, for the way radio has tagged him for the movies, poor Kenny gets the girl in the end but only after he's scored a double victory for, poor guy, he not only has to fight the villain, he's also got to overcome the awkward misunderstandings created by his shy and backward ways—which is certainly placing love's sweet dream in double jeopardy.

Even that tried and true turfman and troubadour Bing Crosby, has been typed by radio. Bing rolled up such a terrific fan following by his chores in front of a radio mike it seemed natural to cash in on this overwhelming appeal by giving him a job in front of the movie sound cameras. So they did. And found that the customers liked him even better for being able to see

as well as hear him. Scenario writers make certain things will stay that way by giving him stories that are expertly tailor-made to fit his bag of tricks. Bing will probably never haul home the Academy Award for acting. But his public won't mind because he gives them just what they want. And that is, no matter what the setting may be they can rely upon a lot of glib gab, some light romancing, and a double order of tinkling Tin Pan Alley tunes served up with the special tantalizing Crosby quiver in the region of the tonsils. Just what they get on the network.

Lovely Dorothy Lamour, another product of radio, gave out with such a sultry voice that movie makers immediately put her down as a producer of hot vocal music. To set off her figure to best advantage, her principal costume has been a sarong. Although she has occasionally worn more covering, Dot's smart enough to stick to the beaten path laid out for her, for she says: "For years the common talk in Hollywood has been that 'typing' is fatal to a player's career. But there are just as many instances of stars who were successful only as long as they remained 'true to type' and lost out when they tried to change. It seems to me that a good character or type is something worth keeping. Change for its own sake means nothing. I don't see why making a jungle or outdoor picture should hurt or type me if I can get a different pace in each portrayal."

Martha Raye, however, doesn't agree with Dorothy. Despite the movies' effort to keep her true to her radio type, you have probably by this time made the acquaintance of the new Martha Raye who is doing her best to unwind herself from this typing. For years she has screamed, sprawled and guffawed in front of the microphone with a slapstick technique that made her a favorite with the armchair audience.

Although they couldn't see her, the size and shape of her mouth was pointed out plenty by her associates on the program and publicized in grotesque pictures in newspapers and magazines. There was no doubt about it; everybody got to know the size of Martha's mouth. When the movies grabbed her, her fans made known their appreciation by crowding the houses where her pictures were playing and by storming the theatres where she made personal appearances. There was no mistaking that they enjoyed wide-mouthed movie-actress Martha as much as they liked her on the radio—and for the same reasons.

Then Martha had a change of heart. She just decided that she didn't want to be a lady roughneck any more. She wanted to be glamorous. In other words she wants to exploit her sex-appeal and um-m-ph! The lady may care to be known as "legs" Raye instead of "mouth-a" but it is still up to the fans to decide whether they want her in the Dietrich or the Joe E. Brown class.

Stepping out of line is risky business, never doubt that. Because when you look at the roster of film luminaries and come across such names as Alice Faye, Jack Benny, Bob Burns, Milton Berle, Ethel Merman, Don Ameche, Frances Langford and Parkyakarkus, and recall that they came to the screen from the airwaves, you'll have to admit that these boys and girls are doing all right because they do in the movies those things that they know are sure-fire and that the public has come to expect from them—the specialties by which they have been strictly typed by radio.

After all, success is not so easily achieved that anyone, either actor or office worker, can afford to scorn the good old rut that keeps the bills paid and the belt reasonably tight. Let's all be typed—

The Success Type.

3 P.M. Her Petal Smooth Skin THROWS HIM FOR A LOSS!



**NOW
SMOOTHING AWAY
ROUGHNESS**

**BRINGS EXTRA
"SKIN-VITAMIN"
TOO! ***

Now—give your skin extra beauty care—Smooth extra "skin-vitamin" (Vitamin A) into it by using Pond's Vanishing Cream! When skin lacks this vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored to it, it helps skin become smooth again. If your skin has enough of this vitamin, it stores some of it against a possible future need. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

9 P.M. ... LURES THE STAG LINE

COLD WEATHER DOESN'T HURT MY SKIN. I ALWAYS USE POND'S VANISHING CREAM TO HELP SMOOTH AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES WITH ONE APPLICATION



I'VE ALWAYS USED POND'S VANISHING CREAM TO SMOOTH MY SKIN FOR POWDER. NOW I USE IT OVERNIGHT TOO. IT SMOOTHS EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO MY SKIN

**JOAN
BELMONT**

now
Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey,
society sportswoman

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

The Final Thing

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



Basil Rathbone

YOU know that the critics are far above being influenced. Their opinions are honest and usually expressed fairly and without rancor. That's what you think! We'll tell you. The critics are ambitious to succeed in the unstable game of writing and self-expression. Since somebody said that the critic lays bare his own soul when he measures the heart of another, critics are timorous in attack and prefer to "damn with faint praise."

But when they meet a great motion picture player, they catch fire from his sincerity and in the glow of his personality they gladly call out, ready for his next screen appearance, the precious superlatives they have been hoarding.

This is to tell you that we saw several newspaper critics meet and listen to Basil Rathbone, and it was dramatic indeed to see him isolate each one and then win them to his standard. He is a great actor and he will fare better in certain reviews in the future. Rathbone talked with genuine enthusiasm, but he knew where he was and who listened and touched glasses with him. Therefore, what we are leading up to is this: Go to every personal appearance that you can take in. Get acquainted with the players and you will enjoy the movies more.

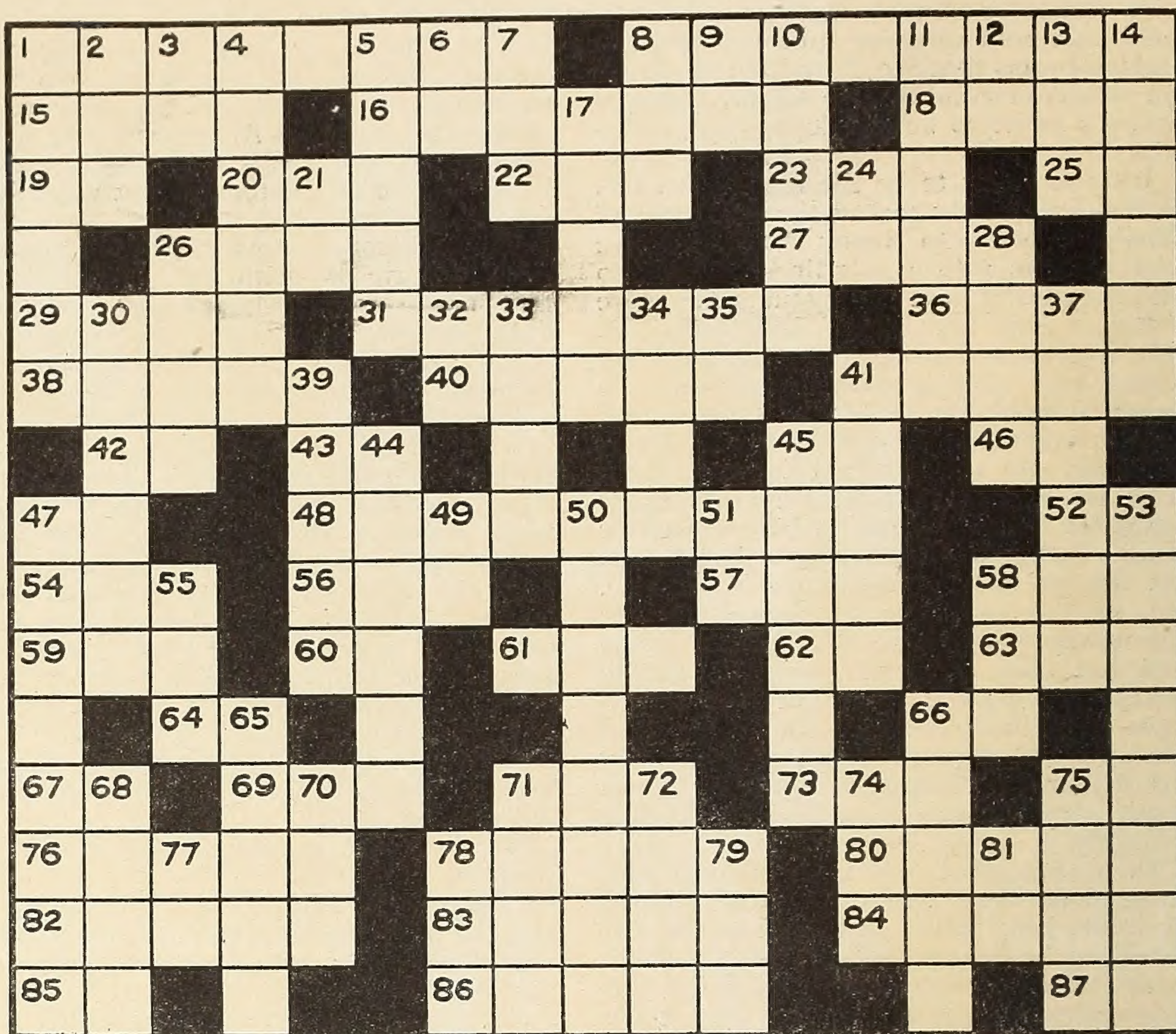
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IN THE Loy-Gable picture, "Too Hot To Handle," we tried to find what was so warm and found it. It wasn't Gable, although we did not see how anyone could do the part better. Nor Walter Pidgeon, who was surprisingly good. Nor Myrna, who even could be criticized, but not by us. No. The picture was wonderfully made and was a triumph for the technicians. The burning ship scene especially, which we viewed from our seat on a cloud while Gable and Loy roared around in their plane. We know it must have been illusion but it was *grand illusion*. Jack Conway, the director, may take a bow.

* * *

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could get our wish? What wish? Why our wish for a Gay and Smiling Christmas for you.

Elmer Keen
EDITOR



ACROSS

- 1 Mickey Borden in "Four Daughters"
- 8 Publisher in "Three Loves Has Nancy"
- 15 In addition
- 16 Tony Kirby in "You Can't Take It With You"
- 18 Hungry ballet master in "You Can't Take It With You"
- 19 Biblical pronoun
- 20 To perch
- 22 Ever (poet.)
- 23 Label
- 25 Regarding
- 26 Head of the rackets in "I Am the Law"
- 27 Feminine name
- 29 Cast coquettish glances
- 31 One who peddles
- 36 Resound
- 38 Educates
- 40 Fugitive in "Algiers"
- 41 "Guard-waiter" in "Gateway"
- 42 Preposition
- 43 Toward
- 45 Myself
- 46 Speech of hesitancy
- 47 Title of respect (abbr.)
- 48 Tom Hamilton in "Mother Carey's Chickens"
- 52 1100 (Rom.)
- 54 Grow old
- 56 Form a knot
- 57 Commit a fault
- 58 Disfigure
- 59 Color
- 60 In "Frontiersman" (initials)
- 61 Orb
- 62 Suffix
- 63 Collection of facts
- 64 Pronoun
- 66 Near
- 67 American Legion (abbr.)
- 69 Vegetable
- 71 Officer of the law (slang)
- 73 Pronoun
- 75 Whether
- 76 Artist in "Desperate Adventure"
- 78 Man's name
- 80 Creed
- 82 Perform
- 83 The "Army Girl" herself
- 84 Vexation
- 85 Tellurium (abbr.)
- 86 An insertion
- 87 Paid publicity

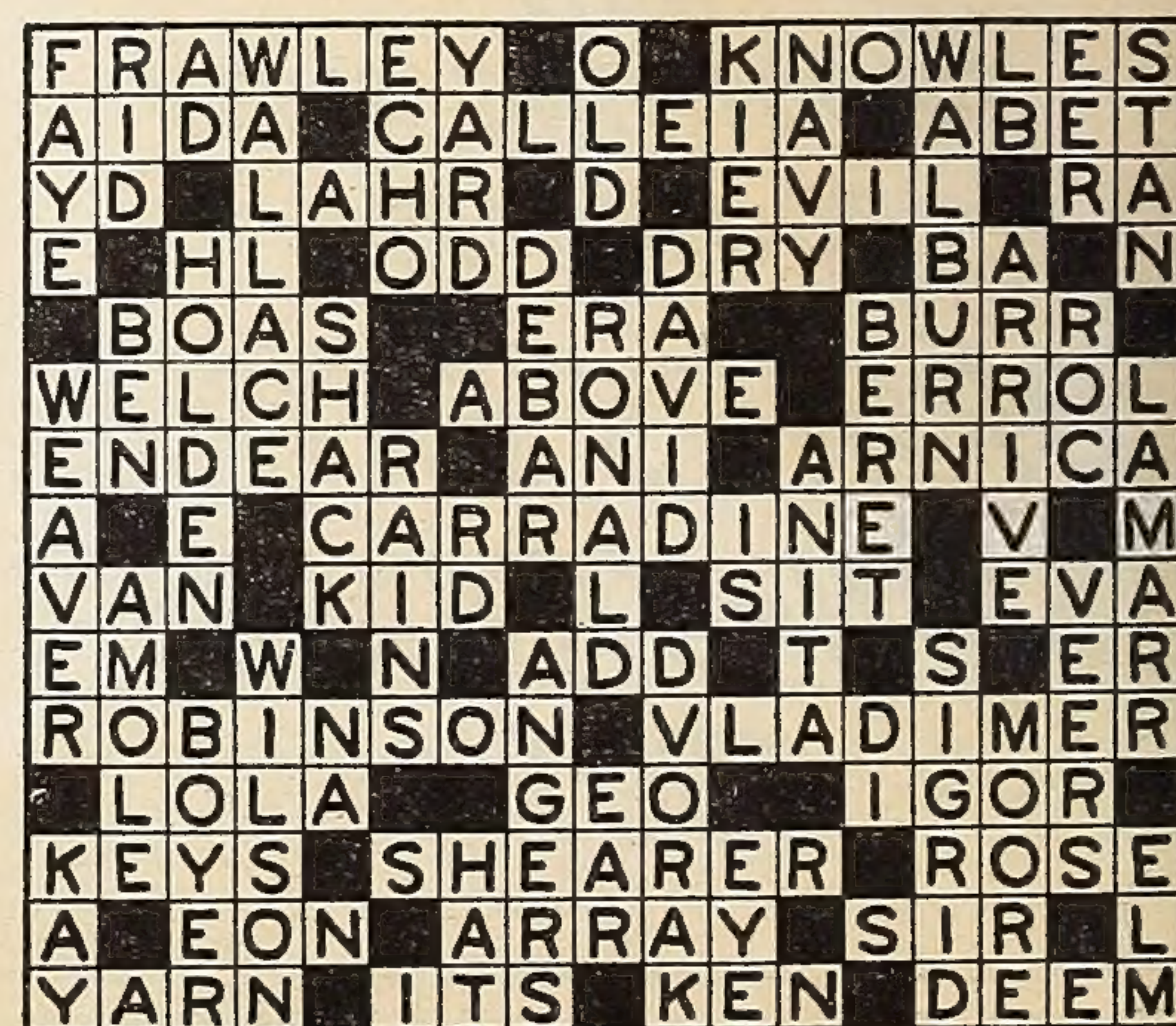
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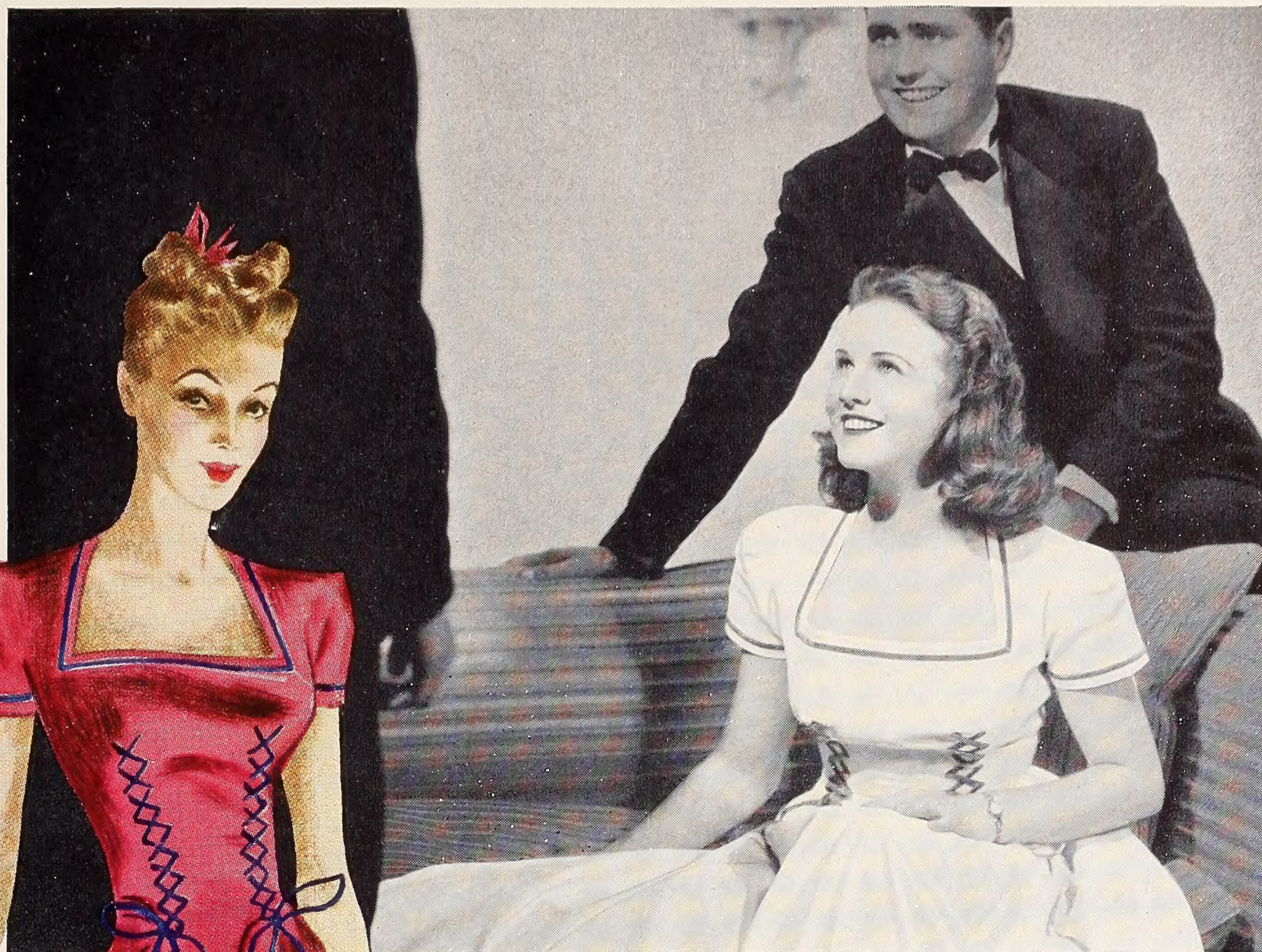
- 1 The bride in "Three Loves Has Nancy"
- 2 Beverage
- 3 Trapper in "The Texans" (initials)
- 4 Captain in "Army Girl"
- 5 To bar
- 6 Army officer (abbr.)
- 7 In "If I Were King"
- 8 Distant
- 9 Mode of transportation (abbr.)
- 10 Oil from rose petals
- 11 One of the scenario writers in "Boy Meets Girl"
- 12 Chinese measure

13 Over (poet.)

- 14 Co-starred with Wayne Morris in "Valley of the Giants"
- 17 Ex-newspaper woman in "I Am the Law"
- 21 Neuter pronoun
- 24 Indefinite article
- 26 Patron saint of Norway
- 28 Highest point
- 30 Shirley's dancing partner in "Little Miss Broadway"
- 32 Member of famous theatrical family (initials)
- 33 To deal out
- 34 For fear that
- 35 Suffix
- 37 Barber in "Four's a Crowd"
- 39 Declare
- 41 In "Spawn of the North"
- 44 One of the girls in "Four's a Crowd"
- 45 The king in "Marie Antoinette"
- 47 In "Shopworn Angel"
- 49 Exist
- 50 Tommy, as a boy, in "The Crowd Roars"
- 51 Direction of compass (abbr.)
- 53 Star of "The Shining Hour"
- 55 Masculine name (abbr.)
- 58 Month
- 65 Any definite period of history
- 66 The bazooka player
- 68 Hollywood's most famous sisters
- 70 Entomology (abbr.)
- 71 Social group
- 72 One of the "Four Daughters"
- 74 South American wood sorrel
- 75 Mental conception
- 77 Parent
- 78 Friend (Fr.)
- 79 Meshed fabric
- 81 For example (abbr.)

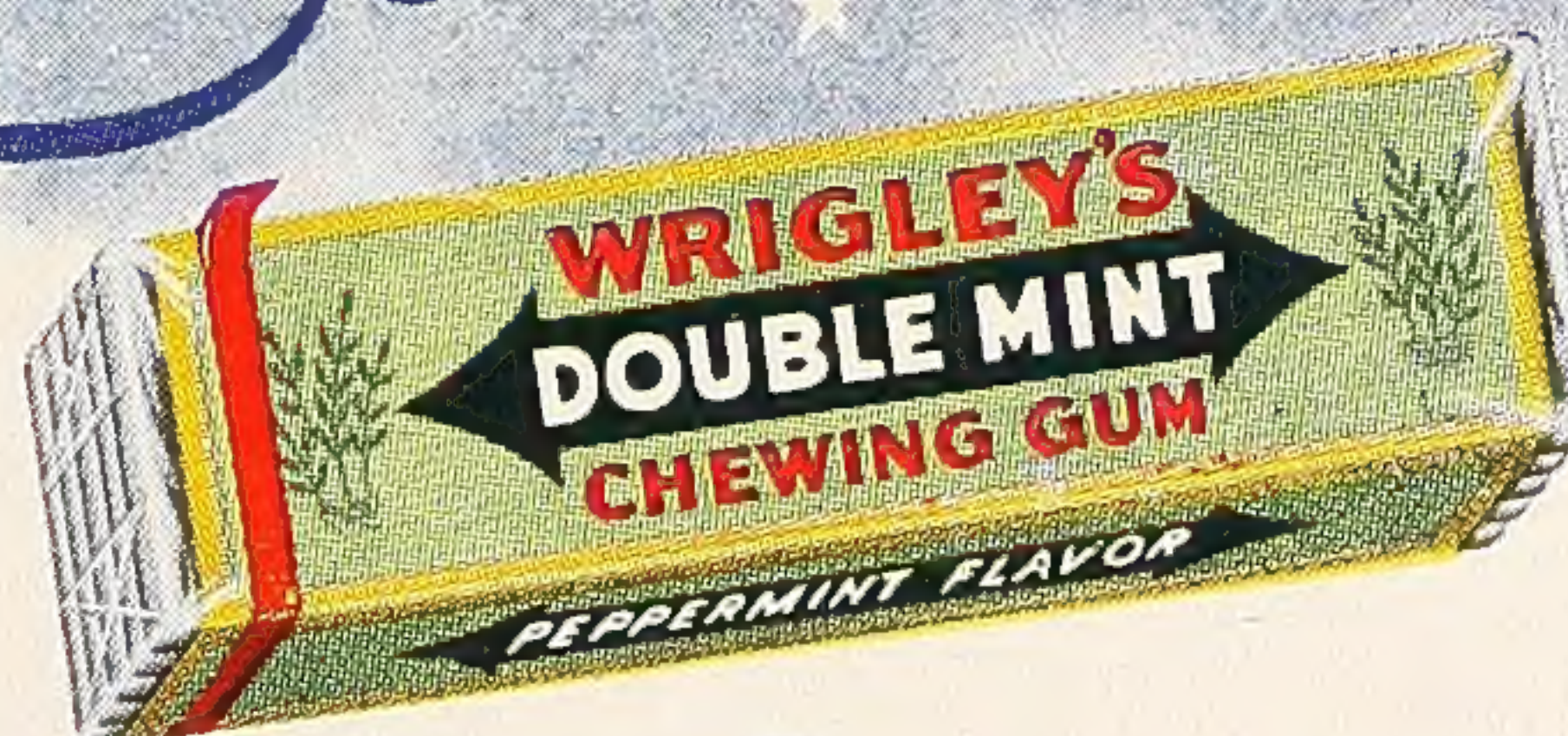
Answer To Last Month's Puzzle





Be lovely and be happy with healthful, delicious

Double Mint Gum



Lovely and happy... now this describes
DEANNA DURBIN

Hollywood's attractive young star, *above*. And it is such light-heartedness that Double Mint gum helps bring you. This popular, double-lasting gum is so delicious, it helps you forget minor cares and you become more at ease and people like you better. Besides, the relaxing chewing exercise helps relieve tenseness and nervousness so that you look more refreshed and lovely. Try some Double Mint gum today.

As a becoming dress sets off a happy face, **DEANNA DURBIN**, Universal Pictures' star, now playing in "That Certain Age"—permits Double Mint to show style-sketch of her new party dress by Vera West, Universal Pictures' fashion creator. In Simplicity Pattern 2951 at **SIMPLICITY** dealers or write Simplicity, 200 Madison, N.Y. City.

But remember Double Mint gum helps you to be lovely and happy—first essentials to looks.

S-218

Healthful, delicious *Double Mint Gum* benefits your Digestion, Breath, Teeth. Sold everywhere. 5c. Get some today.

What every woman should know about her nerves

COCKER SPANIEL

Spanyell family dates back to 1386. Cocker is smallest of family. Most popular pure-bred dog in U.S. Standard colors range from solid blacks, reds to shades of cream; liver red and combinations. Versatile in field. Lover of human family.



HE'S GIVING HIS
NERVES A REST.

AND SO
IS SHE

YOU and the cocker spaniel have something important in common. A complicated nervous system, highly strung! But the cocker is kinder to his nerves...*he stops frequently to rest.* And *you???* All day, you probably go without a real let-up...household duties, social activities, each with its own contribution to nervous tension. So, when you feel yourself getting jumpy, ease up and smoke a Camel. You'll find Camels so mild—pleasantly soothing and comforting to the nerves. Notice the difference in the way you feel at the end of the day. Nerves smooth—unruffled—your daily life *far more* enjoyable...when you "Let up...light up a Camel."

These happy busy people find more joy in living because they
"Let up—*light up a Camel*"



"A NEWSPAPER JOB is one rushed assignment after another," says Estelle Karon, writer on a New York daily. "Honestly, I'd feel like a wreck if I didn't let up now and then. I ease up frequently and smoke a Camel. Camels soothe my nerves. A bit of rest with a Camel helps me work better!"



RALPH GULDAHL, U. S. Open golf champion, reveals a bit of the "inside" story of his steady nerves. "I don't have to worry about my nerves. I've learned to ease up now and then—to take time for a Camel. And I've discovered that Camel is a cigarette that is actually *soothing* to my nerves!"



Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**

A matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**... *Turkish and Domestic.*

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LET UP—*LIGHT UP A CAMEL!*

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves